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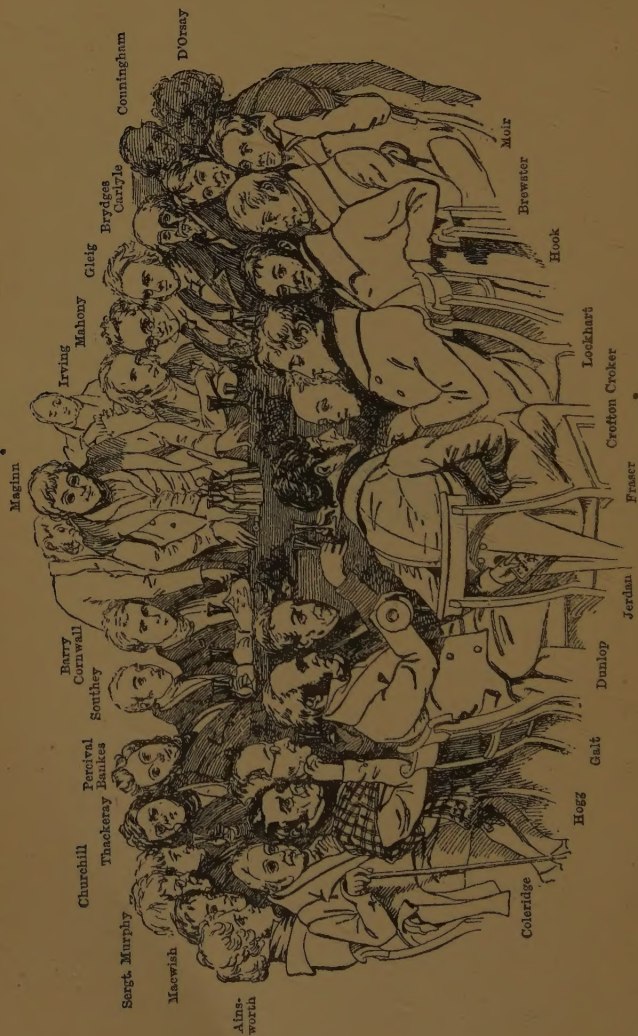
THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE

JEAMES'S DIARY

THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND

ETC.





THE FRASERIANS

Drawn by Daniel MacIver, 1835

43874

THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE
JEAMES'S DIARY
THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND
ETC.

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

With Illustrations by the Author and John Leech

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NOTE.

ALL bibliographers of Thackeray are brought face to face with the problem: What were his earliest contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*? There are only two things to guide the searcher. The first is a letter from Thackeray at Weimar in which he mentions that *Fraser* has just come out. This, however, is of little value, except that it shows he knew of the magazine from its first appearance in 1830. The second is much more important and proves that he had contributed before 1835—and this is to admit by inference that even then he had obtained some standing in the world of letters, since the contributors to the magazine were by no means a race of 'leetle' men—for in the number dated January, 1835, there appeared a drawing by Maclise showing the chief contributors to the periodical—Maginn (the editor), Barry Cornwall, Lockhart, John Galt, Ainsworth, Sir Egerton Brydges, G. R. Gleig, Theodore Hook, Southey, Coleridge, Carlyle, etc., and our Mr. Titmarsh—dining at the house of Mr. Fraser. It was doubtless through Maginn that Thackeray obtained his introduction to *Fraser's Magazine*. In 1831 'Father Prout' in Paris had introduced the Doctor to Thackeray as a possible editor of a magazine that the young man, then possessed of means, desired to establish. Maginn, a big man in those days, would not go into the matter until five hundred pounds was put down—which may explain the tale, still current, that Thackeray lent him that sum. The magazine was never published, but the men became firm friends.

The first contribution that may safely be attributed to Thackeray is to be found in *The Fraser Papers for May* (1834), and is a version of Béranger's *Il était un Roi d'Yvetot*. This must not be confused with the later versions, called *The King of Yvetot* and *The King of Brentford*, included among the *Imitations of Béranger* in *The Paris Sketch Book*. The original adaptation is printed in this edition among the *Ballads*.

There are several articles that competent judges believe to have been written by Thackeray. However, conjecture is not certainty, and 'internal evidence' is frequently misleading. It has not been thought advisable, therefore, to reprint these 'doubtful' articles; but the following list may be of interest.

- (i) *Elizabeth Brownrigge* (August, September, 1832);
- (ii) *Hints for a History of Highwaymen* (March, 1834), a review of *Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen, Pirates, and Robbers*, by C. Whitehouse;
- (iii) *A Dozen of Novels* (April, 1834), reviews of stories of which, with the exception of Miss Edgeworth's *Helen*, the modern reader has probably never heard;
- (iv) *Highways and Low-ways; or Ainsworth's Dictionary, with notes by Turpin* (June, 1834), a review of *Rookwood*;
- (v) *Paris and the Parisians in 1835* (February, 1836), a review of a book with that title by T. A. Trollope;
- (vi) *Another Caw from the Rookwood; or Turpin out again* (April, 1836);
- (vii) *The Jew of York* (September, 1836), a burlesque;
- (viii) *Mr. Grant's Great Metropolis* (December, 1836), a review;
- (ix) *One or Two Words about One or Two Books* (April, 1837), reviews of Savage Landor's *Satire on Satirists* and an anonymous tragedy, *The Student of Padua*;
- (x) *Letters from Cambridge to Oliver Yorke, about the Art of Plucking* (June, July, August, 1837);
- (xi) *Paris Pastimes for the Month of May* (June, 1839); and
- (xii) *Paris Rebels of the Twelfth of May* (August, 1839).

But even if these articles were written by Thackeray—and they certainly bear traces of his workmanship—there must be others, still undiscovered, especially between 1830 and 1834, for, in the latter year, Thackeray was recognised as an established contributor. Mr. John Camden Hotten supposed that these unknown papers dealt with the Fine Arts and that they were written while the author was still studying in Paris and before the pseudonyms of Yellowplush, Titmarsh, and Fitz-Boodle were employed.

There was included in each monthly number of *Fraser's Magazine* a sketch, accompanied by a portrait, of some prominent man of letters, and it is possible that Thackeray may have

contributed some of these. In the copy belonging to the London Library of *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1838 (vol. xvii. p. 468) the portrait of Sidney Smith has been marked by some anonymous scribbler as 'ascribed to Thackeray.' On what authority this note has been made is, of course, unknown; but it opens up a fresh field for conjecture.

After the early *Imitation of Béranger*, the next article identified is *Fashionable Fax and Polite Annygoats* (November, 1837), a review of a volume entitled *My Book; or The Anatomy of Conduct*, by John Henry Skelton, a half-demented West-end linen draper, who had the fixed idea that his mission was to instruct the world in the true art of etiquette. This was the first of the item of the *Yellowplush Correspondence*. It was followed during the next year by *Miss Shum's Husband*, with an illustration 'Mr. Altamont's Evening Party. Mr. Yellowplush brings Refreshment to the Ladies' (January); *Dimond cut Dimond*, with an illustration, 'Mr. Dawkins advises with Mr. Blewitt upon a difficult point at Écarté' (February); *Skimmings from 'The Dairy of George IV.'* (March); *Foring Parts*, with an illustration, 'The Calais Packet. Mr. Yellowplush's Emotion on first going to Sea' (April); *Mr. Deuceace at Paris*, with two illustrations, 'Lord Crabs bestows on the Ladies his parting Benediction,' and 'The Last Stroke of Fortune' (May, June, July); and *Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew* (August). Mr. Yellowplush contributed *Epistles to the Literati*, No. xiii. (January, 1840), in which he criticised Bulwer Lytton's play, *The Sea-Captain*.

'I suppose we all begin by being too savage. I knew *one who did*,' Thackeray wrote some years later, and no doubt he was thinking of his attacks on Lytton in these early papers. Years later a mutual friend of Thackeray and Lytton wrote to the latter: 'I saw Thackeray at Folkestone. He spoke of you a great deal, and said he would have given worlds to have burnt some of his writings, especially some lampoons written in his youth. He wished so much to see you and express his contrition. His admiration as expressed to me was boundless; also his regret to have given vent to his youthful jealousy, etc. I tell you all this because I feel certain he meant me to repeat it.' Thackeray made a direct apology in the preface to Appleton's edition of his minor works (New York, 1853), and himself sent a copy of this cry of 'Peccavi' to the author of *The Caxtons*.

The Yellowplush Correspondence, including *Fashionable Fax*, but with the omission of the *Ajew*, was pirated and published without illustrations in book-form by Messrs. Carey and Hart (Philadelphia, 1838). This is the first volume issued of Thackeray's works.

The first page of this book is numbered '13,' and it has been assumed that it was the intention of the publishers to insert a preface. This intention, however, was probably abandoned, for no known copy contains it.

The *Correspondence*, from *Miss Shum's Husband* to *Epistles to the Literati*, was reprinted, under the title of *Papers by Mr. Yellowplush, sometime Footman in Many Genteel Families*, in *Comic Tales and Sketches* (1841); but *Fashionable Fax* was omitted, and also the letter to Oliver Yorke (the pseudonym of Dr. Maginn, the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*) prefixed to *Miss Shum's Husband*. The original illustrations were replaced by five new drawings: (i.) 'Mrs. Shum's Ejectionment'; (ii.) 'Mr. Deuceace paying for his Father's Cigars'; (iii.) 'Mr. Deuceace's Disinterested Declaration'; (iv.) 'Mr. Yellowplush displaying his Credentials'; and (v.) 'The Two Celebrated Literary Characters at Sir John's.'

The *Correspondence*, without illustrations, was reprinted in *The Yellowplush Papers* (Appleton's Popular Library of the Best Authors; New York, 1852); and, under the title of *The Memoirs of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush, sometime Footman in Many Genteel Families*, in *Miscellanies* (vol. ii.; London, 1856). They appeared under the latter title, with the illustrations from *Fraser's Magazine*, in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works. *Fashionable Fax* and the letter to Oliver Yorke were omitted in these editions. *Fashionable Fax* was included in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of the Collected Works (vol. xxiii., 1885).

The letter to Oliver Yorke is now reprinted for the first time since 1838. When reading the latter it must be remembered that in *Fraser's Magazine*, *Fashionable Fax* was No. 1 of *The Yellowplush Correspondence*, and that it is to this article Yellowplush refers when he speaks of the 'pritty distubbance . . . when your magaseen arrived in our hall and was read by all the men and gals there assambled.' *Fashionable Fax* and the letter to Oliver Yorke have been copied from *Fraser's Magazine* for this edition; the rest of the *Correspondence* from *Comic Tales and Sketches*.

The five full-page illustrations from *Comic Tales and Sketches* are now reprinted for the first time.

After an interval of several years Mr. Yellowplush, who, in the meantime had made a fortune by speculating in railroads, took up his pen again, and told the story of his adventures in the columns of *Punch* over the signature of C. Jeames de la Pluche or Fitz

James de la Pluche. His first contribution was *A Lucky Speculator* (August 2, 1845)—with an illustration by John Leech, now for the first time reprinted. It is interesting to compare Leech's portrayal of Jeames with that of Thackeray.—This was followed by *A Letter from Jeames of Buckley Square* (August 23); and a *Sonnick sejested by Prince Halbert graciously killing the Staggs at Sacks-Cobug-Gothy* (September 20). Then came *Jeames on Time Bargings* (October 24). His *Diary* appeared between November 1845 and January 1846; and afterwards came *Jeames on the Gauge Question* (May 16), *Mr. Jeames Again* (June 13), *Mr. Jeames's Sentiments on the Cambridge Election* (March 6, 1847), *The Persecution of British Footmen* (April 1, 1848), and, finally, *Thoughts on a New Comedy* (February 2, 1850).

A Lucky Speculator, *A Letter from Jeames of Buckley Square*, and the *Diary* were reprinted in *Jeames's Diary*, *A Legend of the Rhine*, and *Rebecca and Rowena* (Appleton's Popular Library, of the Best Authors; New York, 1853), and in *Miscellanies* (vol. ii.; London, 1856). *Jeames on Time Bargings*, *Jeames on the Gauge Question*, *Mr. Jeames Again* were reprinted in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xvi., 1869), and *The Persecution of British Footmen* and *Thoughts on a New Comedy* in a supplementary volume of that edition (vol. xxiv., 1886). A well-known authority states that *Mr. Jeames's Sentiments on the Cambridge Election* has been reprinted, but the writer of this Note is unable to verify the assertion.

The last three items are now for the first time included among the *Jeames Papers*; and the *Sonnick* is now for the first time reprinted in a collected edition of Thackeray's Works.

The *Diary* was dramatised before it had run its course in *Punch*, where the close of the narrative left Jeames happy and contented, save that 'A witless version of his adventures has been produced at the Princess's Theatre, "without with your leaf or by your leaf."' Later, on August 27, 1878, Mr. John Hollingshead produced at the Gaiety Theatre, '*Jeames: a New and Original Comedy*,' with Mr. Edward Terry as Jeames and Miss Ellen Farren as Mary Ann Hoggins. The adapter was Sir Frank (then Mr.) Burnand. The play was not a success, and was withdrawn after a run of eight weeks.

'The best thing I ever wrote,' Thackeray said, on the eve of the publication of *Vanity Fair*, about *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*. Edited and Illustrated by Sam's Cousin, Michael Angelo. This story, after being rejected by *Blackwood*, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* from

September to December, 1841; but in spite of the original title the story was not illustrated. It is said that the editor of the latter periodical made Thackeray shorten the tale! Indeed the merits of the work were overlooked also by the public, who, no doubt, found the story amusing, but did not discern how good it was. There were a few critics less blind, however, and among these was John Sterling, who wrote to his mother: 'I have got hold of the first two numbers of *The Hoggarty Diamond*, and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius, and with quiet comfort might produce masterpieces which would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers, than in all Dickens' novels put together.'

It was issued in book form in 1849, when it contained a preface, nine full-page plates and a pictorial wrapper and a pictorial title-page. The original title-page ran: The History | of Samuel Titmarsh | And | The Great Hoggarty Diamond | By | W. M. Thackeray, | Author of 'Pendennis,' 'Vanity Fair,' &c. &c. | London: | Bradbury and Evans, | 11, Bouverie Street. | MDCCCXLIX.

The above, with the medallion on the wrapper, the pictorial title-page (with the name and address of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. substituted for those of the original publisher), and all the illustrations, was reprinted in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xiii., 1869).

The wrapper and the pictorial title-page are now for the first time facsimiled.

In 1836 Thackeray returned to London from Paris, where he was studying art, to settle the preliminaries of a scheme for establishing a daily newspaper projected by his step-father, Major Carmichael Smyth, who, at the moment when the newspaper tax was about to be reduced, formed a small joint-stock company, with himself as chairman, registered as 'The Metropolitan Newspaper Company,' with a capital of £60,000 in six thousand £10 shares. A respectable paper (with a small and ever-decreasing circulation) entitled *The Public Ledger* was bought; and the first number, produced under the auspices of the company as *The Constitutional and Public Ledger*, was issued on September 15, 1836.

Laman Blanchard was appointed editor, and Thackeray was the Paris correspondent. The politics of the paper were radical, and the ballot, triennial parliaments, complete freedom of the press, and religious liberty and equality were advocated in its columns.

Joseph Hume, George Grote, George Evans, Charles Butler, William Ewart, John Roebuck, Sir William Molesworth, and other leaders of the advanced party, promised their support. Thackeray contributed the letters printed in this volume, and no doubt also many literary and art notices, which, however, have not been identified.

Thackeray's last Paris letter appeared on February 18, 1837, and shortly after he came to town to assist at a meeting summoned to discuss the affairs of the company, which were in a very unsatisfactory condition.

The proprietors continued to issue the paper simply because they did not know what to do. They could not pay their contributors; their correspondent in Portugal, sent out to report on the disturbances there, was quite destitute, and wrote letters entreating a remittance; and Laman Blanchard, with a wife and five children to support, wrote articles every day, and had not been paid for months.

'One day Major Carmichael [Smyth], the active manager, told me that he had sent for his son-in-law, Mr. Thackeray, from Paris, where, I understood, he was correspondent for a London daily paper, I think *The Morning Post*, to come and take the editorship of the paper,' Mr. William Howitt has related. 'Just as I was going out of the office, which was in Fleet Street, I met on the stair a tall, thin young man in a long dark-blue cloak, and with a nose that seemed some time to have had a blow that had flattened its bridge. I turned back and had some conversation with him, anxious to know how he, Thackeray, proposed to carry on a daily paper without any funds and already deeply in debt. He did not seem to know any more than I did. I thought to myself that his father-in-law had not done him much service in taking him from a profitable post for the vain business of endeavouring to buoy up a desperate speculation.' Mr. Howitt must have misunderstood Major Smyth, who probably said that his step-son (not son-in-law) was the Paris correspondent of *The Constitutional*. There is no reason to believe that Thackeray ever had any connection with *The Morning Post*.

On March 1 the paper was enlarged; but subsequently it was reduced to its original size. It dragged on an almost saleless existence until July 1, on which day the last number appeared, with a black border for the death of the King, and an announcement explaining the cause of the failure of the paper. It is not certain that Thackeray wrote the announcement, but there is no doubt that he assisted in its composition.

Letter No. 1 is headed 'From a Private Correspondent';

and Letters Nos. 2-46 are headed 'From Our Own Correspondent.' All are signed 'T. T.'

Letters Nos. 1-5, 7-10, 12-46 were reprinted in 'Mr. Thackeray's Writings,' and *The National Standard* and *The Constitutional* (1899); and these, with three letters which have never before been reprinted, are now included for the first time in a collected edition of Thackeray's Works.

L. M.

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THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE



MR. ALTAMONT'S EVENING PARTY
MR. YELLOWPLUSH BRINGS REFRESHMENT TO THE LADIES

I

MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND

DEAR HOLLYVER Y.—There was a pritty disturbance, as you may phancy, when your magaseen arrived in our hall and was read by all the men and gals there assambled. Fust there was coachmin: he takes his whig off when I comes into dinner, and boughing with a hair of mock gravity, drinks to 'Mr. Charles, the littery man.' Nex, Shalott, my lady's maid (a French gal) says, '*O Jew, Maseer Shawl, vous eight ung belispre.*' 'Will you have some bile mutton, Yellowplush,' cries cook; 'it's the *leading Harticle* of our dinner to-day.' Never, in fack, was such chaffin heard, the jockes and repparees flashin about lightnin.

'I am,' said I, in a neat spitch, 'I am a littery man—there is no shame in it in the present instins; though, in general, it's a blaggerd employment enough. But it ain't my *trade*—it isn't for the looker of gain that I sitt penn to payper—it is in the saycred caws of nollitch (*Hear, hear*). The exolted class which *we* have the honour to serve,' says I, 'has been crooly misreparysented. Authors have profist to describe what they never see. Pepple in Russle Square, and that vulgar naybrood, bankers, slissitors, merchints' wives, and indeed snobs in general, are, in their ideer of *our* manners and customs, misguided, delooded, HUMBUGGED—for I can find no more ellygant espression—by the accounts which they received of us from them authors. Does BULWER,' says I, 'for instans, know anythink of fashnabble life? (*Snears, and hallygorical cries of "Hookey," "How's your mother?" etc.*) You jine with me in a pinion,' says I, 'and loudly hanser, No! Did SKELETON know anythink more? (*Cries of "Hoff, hoff," from coachmin, "Fee dong," from my lady's maid.*) No, no more nor Bulwer. It is against these impostors that I harm myself; and you, my friends, will applod my resolution.'

The drawing-room bell had been ringing all this time like mad, and I was here obliged to finish my spitch, in a pint of

porter to the health of the cumpny. On entring the room, I only found miss smilin and readin a copy of your Magazine.

'Papa has been ringin this half-hour, Chawls,' says she, 'and desires you will wait till he returns from the libry. And then Miss (Lucy her name is) simpered and stuttered, and looked down and looked up, and blushed, and seemed very od—bewtiful she always is. 'Chawls,' says she, a-summonsing her curridge, 'is this—that is—is that—I mean, is this article in *Fraser's Magazine* your composition?'

'It is, miss,' says I, lookin at her most tendrilly, 'an insignificant trifle from my pen.'

'It is the best Magazine in Eurup,' adds Miss Lucy.

'And no mistake.'

'Your article is—really—very—amusing,' says she, blushin as red as a piany.

'Do you, *do* you think so, miss?' says I: 'miss, *dear* miss, if it gives you any pleasure, oh how amply it repays me!' I gev her, as I said this, one of my pecuniary loox—I never knew them loox fail with any woman at any hage. I was on my knees, as I said, quite appropo; for I had just been emptying coals from the skittle. I laid one of my hands on my left weskit, and said, 'O Miss Lucy!' in a voice of such excrooshiating tenderness, that I saw at once it was all up with her. But 'Hush!' cried she, all of a sudden; 'get up, sir—here's papa.'

And papa it was, sure enough. Sir Jeames came into the room very stately, and holdin a book in his hand. 'Chawls,' says he, 'we have been readin your artickle in *Fraser's Magazine*, and very much amused we was. High life was never so well described, or so authentically. Pray, sir,' says he, 'may I ask is this review also yours?' and he holds up to me the *Quotly Review* of October, on 'Ettykitt.' I saw at a glans that this was none of *my* doing.

'Sir,' says I, 'I never so much as see the thing.'

'Well, sir,' says he, 'take it, and read it, and go about your bisniss; and, harky, hanse the bell when it's rung next time.'

Cuss the aristoxty, say I, for a set of proud tyrants, who won't reckonise the highest order of merit, genius.

For the whole of that afternoon I shut myself in the pantry, and devoted myself to the perusal of that artickle. The author of it is particly proud, as I see, of the annygoats which he intro-juices; and which are, though I say it, no more to my annygoats than wisky to milk and water. They are ingenus, they are pleasant (many of 'em being very old frens, and not the less welkim for that); but they are not the real thing—only a juke

or a juke's footmin can do fashnabble life justice; and it is for that reason that I have determined to have another wack at magazine writin.

In this artickle the author quotes fifteen or sixteen boox about politeniss. Nonsins! only experunce can give authority on the subject—and experunce I have had.

I felt convinced that, to describ fashnabble life, ONE OF US must do the thing, to do it well; and I determined to give you a few passidges from my own autobograpy, in which I have passed through all grads of it, from a shopkeeper up to a duke, from a knife-boy to the dignaty of a footman. Here is my fust tail: it aint about *very* fashnabble society; but a man don't begin by being at once a leader of the ho tong—*my* fust services was in a much more humble capacity.

CHAPTER I

I WAS born in the year one, of the present or Christian hera, and am, in consquints, seven-and-thirty years old. My mamma called me Charles Edward Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachmin whom she knew, who wore a yellow livry, and drove the Lord Mayor of London.

Why she gev me this genlmn's name is a diffiklty, or rayther the name of a part of his dress; however, it's stuck to me through life, in which I was, as it were, a footman by buth.

Praps he was my father—though on this subjiet I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my buth in a mistry. I may be illygitmit, I may have been changed at nuss; but I've always had genlmnly tastes through life, and have no doubt that I come of a genlmnly origum.

The less I say about my parint the better, for the dear old creature was very good to me, and, I fear, had very little other goodness in her. Why, I can't say; but I always passed as her nevyou. We led a strange life; sometimes ma was dressed in sattn and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt; sometimes I got kisses, and sometimes kix; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang: law bless us! how she used to swear at me, and cuddle me; there we were, quarrelling and making up, sober and tipsy, starving and guttling by turns, just as ma got money or spent it. But let me draw a vail over the seen, and speak of her no more—its 'sfisht for the public to know, that her name was Miss Montmorency, and we lived in the New Cut.

My poor mother died one morning, Hev'n bless her! and I was left alone in this wide wicked wuld, without so much money as would buy me a penny roal for my brexfast. But there was some amongst our naybours (and let me tell you there's more kindness among them poor disreppytable creaturs than in half a dozen lords or barrynets) who took pity upon poor Sal's orfin (for they bust out laffin when I called her Miss Montmorency), and gev me bred and shelter. I'm afraid, in spite of their kindness, that my *morriels* wouldn't have improved if I'd stayed long among 'em. But a bennyviolent genlmn saw me, and put me to school. The acadmy which I went to was called the Free School of Saint Bartholomew's the Less—the young genlmn wore green baize coats, yellow leather whatsisnames, a tin plate on the left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffling. I stayed there sick's years, from sick's, that is to say, till my twelfth year, during three years of witch, I distinguished myself not a little in the musicle way; for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin, and very fine tunes we played too.

Well, it's not worth recounting my jewvenile follies (what trix we used to play the applewoman! and how we put snuff in the old clark's Prayer-book—my eye!); but one day, a genlmn entered the school-room—it was on the very day when I went to subtraxion—and asked the master for a young lad for a servant. They pitched upon me glad enough; and nex day found me sleeping in the skullery, close under the sink, at Mr. Bago's country-house at Pentonwille.

Bago kep a shop in Smithfield market, and drov a taring good trade, in the hoil and Italian way. I've heard him say, that he cleared no less than fifty pounds every year, by letting his front room at hanging time. His winders looked right opsit Newgit, and many and many dozen chaps has he seen hangin there. Laws was laws in the year ten, and they screwed chap's nex for nex to nothink. But my bisniss was at his country-house, where I made my first *ontray* into fashnabl life. I was knife, errint, and stable-boy then, and an't ashamed to own it; for my merrits have raised me to what I am—two livries, forty pound a year, malt-licker, washin, silk-stockins, and wax-candles—not countin wails, which is somethink pretty considerable at *our* house, I can tell you.

I didn't stay long here, for a suckmstance happened which got me a very different situation. A handsome young genlmn, who kep a tilbry, and a ridin hoss at livry, wanted a tiger. I bid at once for the place; and, being a neat tidy-looking lad, he took me.

Bago gave me a character, and he my first livry; proud enough I was of it, as you may fancy.

My new master had some business in the city, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbry at the Citty Road, and had it waiting for him at six ; when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park, and drove one of the neatest turnouts there. Wery proud I was in a gold-laced hat, a drab coat, and a red weskit, to sit by his side, when he drove. I already began to ogle the gals in the carriages, and to feel that longing for fashnabl life which I've had ever since. When he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Condiok Gardens ; and Mr. Frederic Altamont's young man was somebody, I warrant ; to be sure there is very few man-servants at Pentonwille, the poppylation being mostly gals of all work : and so, though only fourteen, I was as much a man down there, as if I had been as old as Jerusalem.

But the most singlar thing was, that my master, who was such a gay chap, should live in such a hole. He had only a ground-floor in John Street—a parlor and a bedroom. I slep over the way, and only came in with his boots and brexfast of a morning.

The house he lodged in belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shum. They were a poor but prolific couple, who had rented the place for many years ; and they and their family were squeezed in it pretty tight, I can tell you.

Shum said he had been a hoffer, and so he had. He had been a sub-deputy, assistant, vice-commissary, or some such think ; and, as I heerd afterwards, had been obliged to leave on account of his *nervousness*. He was such a coward, the fact is, that he was considered dangerous to the harmy, and sent home.

He had married a widow Buckmaster, who had been a Miss Slamcoe. She was a Bristol gal ; and her father being a bankrupt in the tallow-chandlery way, left, in course, a pretty little sum of money. A thousand pound was settled on her ; and she was as high and mighty as if it had been a millium.

Buckmaster died, leaving nothink ; nothink excep four ugly daughters by Miss Slamcoe : and her forty pound a year was rayther a narrow income for one of her appytite and pretensions. In an unlucky hour for Shum she met him. He was a widower with a little daughter of three years old, a little house at Pentonwille, and a little income about as big as her own. I believe she bullyd the poor creature into marriage ; and it was agreed that he should let his ground-floor at John Street, and so add somethink to their means.

They married ; and the widow Buckmaster was the grey mare, I can tell you. She was always talking and blustering about her famly, the celebrity of the Buckmasters, and the antickety of the Slamcoes. They had a six-roomed house (not counting kitching

and sculry), and now twelve daughters in all; whizz.—4 Miss Buckmasters: Miss Betsy, Miss Dosy, Miss Biddy, and Miss Winny; 1 Miss Shum, Mary by name, Shum's daughter, and seven others, who shall be nameless. Mrs. Shum was a fat, red-haired woman, at least a foot taller than S., who was but a yard and a half high, pale-faced, red-nosed, knock-kneed, bald-headed, his nose and shut-frill all brown with snuff.

Before the house was a little garden, where the washin of the famly was all ways hanging. There was so many of em that it was obliged to be done by relays. There was six rails and a stocking on each, and four small goosbry bushes, always covered with some bit of lining or other. The hall was a reglar puddle: wet dabs of dishclouts flapped in your face: soapy smoking bits of flanning went nigh to choke you; and while you were looking up to prevent hanging yourself with the ropes which were strung across and about, slap came the hedge of a pail against your shins, till one was like to be drove mad with hagony. The great slattnly doddling girls was always on the stairs, poking about with nasty flower-pots, a-cooking something, or sprawling in the window-seats with greasy curl-papers, reading greasy novls. An infernal pianna was jingling from mornin till night—two eldest Miss Buckmasters, 'Battle of Prag'—six youngest Miss Shums, 'In my Cottage,' till I knew every note in the 'Battle of Prag,' and cussed the day when 'In my Cottage' was rote. The younger girls, too, were always bouncing and thumping about the house, with torn pinny-fores, and dog's-eard grammars, and large pieces of bread and treacle. I never see such a house.

As for Mrs. Shum, she was such a fine lady, that she did nothink but lay on the drawing-room sophy, read novels, drink, scold, scream, and go into hystarrix. Little Shum kep reading an old newspaper from weeks' end to weeks' end, when he was not engaged in teachin the children, or goin for the beer, or cleanin the shoes, for they kep no servant. This house in John Street was in short a reglar Pandymony.

What could have brought Mr. Frederic Altamont to dwell in such a place? The reason is hobvius: he adoared the fust Miss Shum.

And suttlnly he did not show a bad taste, for though the other daughters were as ugly as their hideous ma, Mary Shum was a pretty, little, pink, modest creatur, with glossy black hair and tender blue eyes, and a neck as white as plaster of Parish. She wore a dismal old black gownd, which had grown too short for her, and too tight; but it only served to show her pretty angles and feet, and bewchus figger. Master, though he had looked rather low for the gal of his art, had certainly looked in the right place.

Never was one more pretty or more hamiable. I gav her always the buttered toast left from our brexfast, and a cup of tea or chocklate as Altamont might fancy; and the poor thing was glad enough of it, I can vouch; for they had precious short commons up stairs, and she the least of all.

For it seemed as if which of the Shum famly should try to snub the poor thing most. There was the four Buckmaster gals always at her. It was, Mary, git the coal-skittle; Mary, run down to the public-house for the beer; Mary, I intend to wear your clean stockens out walking, or your new bonnet to church. Only her poor father was kind to her; and he, poor old muff! his kindness was of no use. Mary bore all the scolding like an angel, as she was; no, not if she had a pair of wings and a goold trumpet, could she have been a greater angel.

I never shall forgit one seen that took place. It was when master was in the city; and so, having nothink earthly to do, I happened to be listening on the stairs. The old scolding was a-going on, and the old tune of that hojus 'Battle of Prag.' Old Shum made some remark; and Miss Buckmaster cried out, 'Law, pa! what a fool you are!' All the gals began laffin, and so did Mrs. Shum; all, that is, excep Mary, who turned as red as flams, and going up to Miss Betsy Buckmaster, give her two such wax on her great red ears, as made them tingle again.

Old Mrs. Shum screamed, and ran at her like a Bengal tiger. Her great arms went weeling about like a vinmill, as she cuffed and thumped poor Mary for taking her pa's part. Mary Shum, who was always a-crying before, didn't shed a tear now. 'I will do it again,' she said, 'if Betsy insults my father.' New thumps, new shreex! and the old horridan went on beatin the poor girl, till she was quite exosted, and fell down on the sophy, puffin like a poppus.

'For shame, Mary,' began old Shum: 'for shame, you naughty gal, you! for hurting the feelins of your dear mamma, and beating kind sister.'

'Why, it was because she called you a——'

'If she did, you pert miss,' said Shum, looking mighty dignitified, 'I could correct her, and not you.'

'You correct me, indeed!' said Miss Betsy, turning up her nose, if possible, higher than before; 'I should like to see you crect me! Imperence!' and they all began laffin again.

By this time Mrs. S. had recovered from the effex of her exsize, and she began to pour in *her* wolly. Fust she called Mary names, then Shum.

'Oh, why,' screeched she, 'why did I ever leave a genteel

family, where I ad every ellygance and lucksry, to marry a creature like this? He is unfit to be called a man, he is unworthy to marry a gentlewoman; and as for that hussy, I disown her! Thank Heaven, she ant a Slamcoe; she is only fit to be a Shum!

'That's true, mamma,' said all the gals, for their mother had taught them this pretty piece of manners, and they despised their father heartily; indeed, I have always remarked that, in families where the wife is internally talking about the merits of her branch, the husband is invariably a spooney.

Well, when she was exosted again, down she fell on the sofy, at her old trix—more skreeching, more convulshuns—and she wouldn't stop, this time, till Shum had got her half a pint of her old remedy, from the Blue Lion over the way. She grew more easy as she finished the gin; but Mary was sent out of the room, and told not to come back agin all day.

'Miss Mary,' says I,—for my heart yurned to the poor gal, as she came sobbing and miserable down stairs; 'Miss Mary,' says I, 'if I might make so bold, here's master's room empty, and I know where the cold bif and pickles is.' 'O Charles!' said she, nodding her head sadly, 'I'm too retched to have any happytite;' and she flung herself on a chair, and began to cry fit to bust.

At this moment, who should come in but my master. I had taken hold of Miss Mary's hand, somehow, and do believe I should have kist it, when, as I said, Haltamont made his appearance. 'What's this?' cries he, lookin at me as black as thunder, or as Mr. Phillips as Hickit, in the new tragedy of Mac Buff.

'It's only Miss Mary, sir,' answered I.

'Get out, sir,' says he, as fierce as posbil, and I felt somethink (I think it was the tip of his to) touching me behind, and found myself, nex minnit, sprawling among the wet flannings, and buckets and things.

The people from up stairs came to see what was the matter, as I was cussin and cryin out. 'It's only Charles, ma,' screamed out Miss Betsy.

'Where's Mary?' says Mrs. Shum, from the sofy.

'She's in master's room, miss,' said I.

'She's in the lodger's room, ma,' cries Miss Shum, heckoing me.

'Very good; tell her to stay there till he comes back.' And then Miss Shum went bouncing up the stairs again, little knowing of Haltamont's return.

I'd long before observed that my master had an anchoring after

Mary Shum; indeed, as I have said, it was purely for her sake that he took and kep his lodgings at Pentonwille. Excep for the sake of love, which is above being mersnary, fourteen shillings a wick was a *little* too strong for two such rat-holes as he lived in. I do blieve the family had nothing else but their lodger to live on: they brekfisted off his tea-leaves, they cut away pounds and pounds of meat from his jints (he always dined at home), and his baker's bill was at least enough for six. But that wasn't my business. I saw him grin, sometimes, when I laid down the cold bif of a morning, to see how little was left of yesterday's sirline; but he never said a syllabub; for true love don't mind a pound of meat or so hextra.

At first, he was very kind and attentive to all the gals; Miss Betsy, in partickler, grew mighty fond of him; they sate, for whole evenings, playing cribbitch, he taking his pipe and glas, she her tea and muffing; but as it was improper for her to come alone, she brought one of her sisters, and this was genrally Mary,—for he made a pint of asking her, too,—and one day, when one of the others came instead, he told her, very quietly, that he hadn't invited her; and Miss Buckmaster was too fond of muffings to try this game on again; besides, she was jealous of her three grown sisters, and considered Mary as only a child. Law bless us! how she used to ogle him, and quot bits of pottry, and play 'Meet me by moonlike,' on an old gitter;—she reglar flung herself at his head, but he wouldn't have it, bein better ockypied elsewhere.

One night, as genteel as possible, he brought home tickets for Ashley's, and proposed to take the two young ladies—Miss Betsy, and Miss Mary, in course. I recklect he called me aside that afternoon, assuming a solamon and misterus hare, 'Charles,' said he, '*are you up to snuff?*'

'Why, sir,' said I, 'I'm genrally considered tolerably downy.'

'Well,' says he, 'I'll give you half a suffering if you can manage this bisniss for me; I've chose a rainy night on purpus. When the theatre is over, you must be waitin with two umbrellows; give me one, and hold the other over Miss Buckmaster; and, hark ye, sir, *turn to the right* when you leave the theatre, and say the coach is ordered to stand a little way up the street, in order to get rid of the crowd.'

We went (in a fly hired by Mr. H.), and never shall I forgit Cartliche's haeting on that memrable night. Talk of Kimble! talk of Magreedy! Ashley's for my money, with Cartlitch in the principal part. But this is nothink to the porpus. When the play was over, I was at the door with the umbrells. It was raining cats and dogs, sure enough.

Mr. Altamont came out presently, Miss Mary under his arm, and Miss Betsy followin behind, rayther sulky. 'This way, sir,' cries I, pushin forward; and I threw a great cloak over Miss Betsy, fit to smother her. Mr. A. and Miss Mary skipped on, and was out of sight when Miss Betsy's cloak was settled, you may be sure.

'They're only gone to the fly, miss. It's a little way up the street, away from the crowd of carriages.' And off we turned to the right, and no mistake.

After marchin a little through the plash and mud, 'Has anybody seen Coxy's fly?' cries I, with the most innocent haxent in the world.

'Cox's fly!' hollows out one chap. 'Is it the vaggin you want?' says another. 'I see the blackin wan pass,' giggles out another genlman; and there was such an interchange of compliments as you never heerd. I pass them over though, because some of 'em were not wery genteel.

'Law, miss,' shall I, 'what shall I do? My master will never forgive me: and I haven't a single sixpence to pay a coach.' Miss Betsy was just going to call one when I said that, but the coachman wouldn't have it at that price, he said, and I knew very well that *she* hadn't four or five shillings to pay for a wehicle. So, in the midst of that tarin rain, at midnight, we had to walk four miles, from Westminster Bridge to Pentonville; and, what was wuss, *I didn't happen to know the way*. A very nice walk it was, and no mistake.

At about half-past two, we got safe to John Street. My master was at the garden gate. Miss Mary flew into Miss Betsy's arms, whil master began cussin and swearin at me for disobeying his orders, and *turning to the right instead of to the left!* Law bless me! his acting of anger was very near as natral and as terrybil as Mr. Cartlich's in the play.

They had waited half an hour, he said, in the fly, in the little street at the left of the theatre; they had drove up and down in the greatest fright possible; and at last came home, thinking it was in vain to wait any more. They gave her 'ot rum and water and roast oysters for supper, and this consoled her a little.

I hope nobody will cast an imputation on Miss Mary for *her* share in this advenster, for she was as honest a gal as ever lived, and I do believe is hignorant to this day of our little strattygim. Besides, all's fair in love; and, as my master could never get to see her alone, on account of her infernal eleven sisters and ma, he took this opportunity of expressin his attachmint to her.

If he was in love with her before, you may be sure she paid it

him back agin now. Ever after the night at Ashley's, they were as tender as two tuttle-doves—witch fully accounts for the axdent what happened to me, in being kicked out of the room; and in course I bore no mallis.

I don't know whether Miss Betsy still fancied that my master was in love with her, but she loved muffings and tea, and kem down to his parlour as much as ever.

Now comes the sing'lar part of my history.

CHAPTER II

BUT who was this genlman with a fine name—Mr. Frederic Altamont? or what was he? The most mysterus genlman that ever I knew. Once I said to him, on a wery rainy day, 'Sir, shall I bring the gig down to your office?' and he gave me one of his black looks, and one of his loudest hoaths, and told me to mind my own bizziness, and attend to my orders. Another day,—it was on the day when Miss Mary slapped Miss Betsy's face,—Miss M., who adoared him, as I have said already, kep on asking him what was his buth, parentidg, and ediccation. 'Dear Frederic,' says she, 'why this mistry about yourself and your hactions? why hide from your little Mary'—they were as tender as this, I can tell you—'your buth and your professin?'

I spose Mr. Frederic looked black, for I was *only* listening, and he said, in a voice agitated by emotion, 'Mary,' said he, 'if you love me, ask me this no more; let it be sfisht for you to know that I am a honest man, and that a secret, what it would be misery for you to larn, must hang over all my actions—that is, from ten o'clock till six.'

They went on chaffin and talking in this melumcolly and mysterus way, and I didn't lose a word of what they said, for them houses in Pentonwill have only walls made of pasteboard, and you hear rayther better outside the room than in. But, though he kep up his secret, he swore to her his affektion this day pint blank. Nothing should prevent him, he said, from leading her to the halter, from makin her his adoarable wife. After this was a slight silence. 'Dearest Frederic,' murmured out miss, speakin as if she was chokin, 'I am yours—yours for ever.' And then silence agen, and one or two smax, as if there was kissin going on. Here I thought it best to give a rattie at the door-lock; for, as I live, there was old Mrs. Shum a walkin down the stairs!

It appears that one of the younger gals, a-lookin out of the bed-rum window, had seen my master come in, and coming down to tea half an hour afterwards, said so in a cussary way. Old Mrs. Shum, who was a dragon of vertyou, cam bustling down the stairs, panting and frowning, as fat and as fierce as a old sow at feedin time.

'Where's the lodger, fellow?' says she to me.

I spoke loud enough to be heard down the street—'If you mean, ma'am, my master, Mr. Frederic Altamont, esquire, he's just stept in, and is puttin on clean shoes in his bed-room.'

She said nothink in answer, but flumps past me, and opening the parlour-door, sees master looking very queer, and Miss Mary a drooping down her head like a pale lily

'Did you come into my family,' says she, 'to corrupt my daughters, and to destroy the hinnocence of that infamous gal? Did you come here, sir, as a seducer, or only as a lodger? Speak, sir, speak!'—and she folded her arms quite fierce, and looked like Mrs. Siddums in the Tragic Mews.

'I came here, Mrs. Shum,' said he, 'because I loved your daughter, or I never would have condescended to live in such a beggarly hole. I have treated her in every respeck like a genlmn, and she is as hinnocent now, ma'am, as she was when she was born. If she'll marry me, I am ready; if she'll leave you, she shall have a home where she shall be neither bullyd nor starved; no hangry frumps of sisters, no cross mother-in law, only an affeckshnat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming.'

Mary flung herself into his arms.—'Dear, dear Frederic,' says she, 'I'll never leave you.'

'Miss,' says Mrs. Shum, 'you ain't a Slamcoe nor yet a Buckmaster, thank God. You may marry this person if your pa thinks proper, and he may insult me—brave me—trample on my feelinx in my own house—and there's no-o-o-obody by to defend me.'

I knew what she was going to be at: on came her histarrix agen, and she began screechin and roarin like mad. Down comes, of course, the eleven gals and old Shum. There was a pretty row. 'Look here, sir,' says she, 'at the conduck of your precious trull of a daughter—alone with this man, kissin and dandling, and Lawd knows what besides.'

'What, he?' cries Miss Betsy—'he in love with Mary! Oh, the wretch, the monster, the deceiver!'—and she falls down too, screeching away as loud as her mamma; for the silly creature fancied still that Altamont had a fondness for her.

'*Silence these women!*' shouts out Altamont, thundering oud.

'I love your daughter, Mr. Shum. I will take her without a penny, and can afford to keep her. If you don't give her to me, she'll come of her own will. Is that enough?—may I have her?'

'We'll talk of this matter, sir,' says Mr. Shum, looking as high and mighty as an alderman. 'Gals, go up stairs with your dear mamma.'—And they all trooped up again, and so the skrimmage ended.

You may be sure that old Shum was not very sorry to get a husband for his daughter Mary, for the old creatur loved her better than all the pack which had been brought him or born to him by Mrs. Buckmaster. But, strange to say, when he came to talk of settlements, and so forth, not a word would my master answer. He said he made four hundred a year reg'lar—he wouldn't tell how—but Mary, if she married him, must share all that he had, and ask no questions; only this he would say, as he'd said before, that he was a honest man.

They were married in a few days, and took a very genteel house at Islington; but still my master went away to business, and nobody knew where. Who could he be?

CHAPTER III

If ever a young kipple in the middlin classes began life with a chance of happiness, it was Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Altamont. Their house at Cannon Row, Islington, was as comfortable as house could be. Carpited from top to to; pore's rates small; furnitur elygant; and three deomestix, of which I, in course, was one. My life wasn't so easy as in Mr. A.'s bachelor days; but, what then? The three Ws. is my maxum: plenty of work, plenty of wittles, and plenty of wages. Altamont kep his gig no longer, but went to the city in an omlibuster.

One would have thought, I say, that Mrs. A., with such an effectshnut husband, might have been as happy as her blessid majisty. Nothink of the sort. For the fust six months it was all very well; but then she grew gloomier and gloomier, though A. did everythink in life to please her.

Old Shum used to come reglarly four times a wick to Cannon Row, where he lunched, and dined, and teed, and supd. The pore little man was a thought too fond of wine and spirits; and many and many's the night that I've had to support him home. And you may be sure that Miss Betsy did not now desert her sister;

she was at our place mornink, noon, and night, not much to my master's liking, though he was too good-natured to wex his wife in trifles.

But Betsy never had forgotten the recollection of old days, and hated Altamont like the foul feind. She put all kinds of bad things into the head of the poor innocent missis; who, from being all gaiety and cheerfulness, grew to be quite melumcolly and pale, and retchid, just as if she had been the most miserable woman in the world.

In three months more, a baby comes, in course, and with it old Mrs. Shum, who stuck to Mrs. side as close as a wampire, and made her retchider and retchider. She used to burst into tears when Altamont came home; she used to sigh and wheep over the pore child, and say, 'My child, my child, your father is false to me;' or, 'your father deceives me;' or, 'what will you do when your pore mother is no more?' or such like sentimental stuff.

It all came from Mother Shum, and her old trix, as I soon found out. The fact is, when there is a mistry of this kind in the house, its a servant's *duty* to listen; and listen I did, one day when Mrs. was cryin as usual, and fat Mrs. Shum a sittin consolin her, as she called it, though, Heaven knows, she only grew wuss and wuss for the consolation.

Well, I listened; Mrs. Shum was a rockin the baby, and missis cryin as youusual.

'Pore dear innocent,' says Mrs. S., heavin a great sigh, 'you're the child of a unknown father, and a misrabbie mother!'

'Don't speak ill of Frederic, mamma,' says missis; 'he is all kindness to me.'

'All kindness, indeed! yes, he gives you a fine house, and a fine gownd, and a ride in a fly whenever you please; but *where does all his money come from?* Who is he—what is he? Who knows that he mayn't be a murderer, or a housebreaker, or a utterer of forged notes? How can he make his money honestly, when he won't say where he gets it? Why does he leave you eight hours every blessid day, and won't say where he goes to? Oh, Mary, Mary, you are the most injured of women!'

And with this Mrs. Shum began sobbin; and Miss Betsy began yowling like a cat in a gitter; and pore missis cried, too—tears is so remarkable infeckshus.

'Perhaps, mamma,' wimpered out she, 'Fredric is a shopboy, and don't like me to know that he is not a gentleman.'

'A shopboy,' says Betsy; 'he a shopboy! Oh no, no, no! more likely a wretched willain of a murderer, stabbin and robing all day, and feedin you with the fruits of his ill-gotten games!'

More cryin and screechin here took place, in which the baby joined; and made a very pretty consort, I can tell you.

'He can't be a robber,' cries missis; 'he's too good, too kind, for that; besides, murdering is done at night, and Frederic is always home at eight.'

'But he can be a forger,' says Betsy, 'a wicked, wicked *forger*. Why does he go away every day? to forge notes, to be sure. Why does he go to the city? to be near the banks and places, and so do it more at his convenience.'

'But he brings home a sum of money every day—about thirty shillings—sometimes fifty; and then he smiles, and says its a good day's work. This is not like a forger,' said pore Mrs. A.

'I have it—I have it!' screams out Mrs. S. 'The villain—the sneaking, double-faced Jonas! he's married to somebody else, he is, and that's why he leaves you, the base biggymist!'

At this, Mrs. Altamont, struck all of a heap, fainted clean away. A dreadful business it was—*histarrix*; then *histarrix*, in course, from Mrs. Shum; bells ringin, child squalin, suvvants tearin up and down stairs with hot water! If ever there is a noosance in the world, it's a house where faintin is always goin on. I wouldn't live in one—no, not to be groom of the chambers, and git two hundred a year.

It was eight o'clock in the evenin when this row took place; and such a row it was, that nobody but me heard master's knock. He came in, and heard the hooping, and screeching, and roaring. He seemed very much frightened at first, and said, 'What is it?'

'Mrs. Shum's here,' says I, 'and Mrs. in *astarrix*.'

Altamont looked as black as thunder, and growled out a word which I don't like to name,—let it suffice that it begins with a *d* and ends with a *nation*; and he tore up stairs like mad.

He bust open the bed-room door; missis lay quite pale and stony on the sofy; the babby was screechin from the craddle; Miss Betsy was sprawlin over missis; and Mrs. Shum half on the bed and half on the ground; all howlin and squeelin, like so many dogs at the moond.

When A. came in, the mother and daughter stopped all of a sudding. There had been one or two tiffs before between them, and they feared him as if he had been a hogre.

'What's this infernal screeching and crying about?' says he.

'Oh, Mr. Altamont,' cries the old woman, 'you know too well; it's about you that this darling child is misrable!'

'And why about me, pray, madam?'

'Why, sir, dare you ask why? Because you deceive her, sir; because you are a false, cowardly traitor, sir; because *you have a*

wife elsewhere, sir!' And the old lady and Miss Betsy began to roar again as loud as ever.

Altamont pawsed for a minnit, and then flung the door wide open; nex he seized Miss Betsy as if his hand were a vice, and he world her out of the room; then up he goes to Mrs. S. 'Get up,' says he, thundering loud, 'you lazy, trollopping, mischief-making, lying old fool! Get up, and get out of this house. You have been the cuss and bain of my happyniss since you entered it. With your d——d lies, and novvle reading, and histerrix, you have perworted Mary, and made her almost as mad as yourself.' 'My child! my child!' shriex out Mrs. Shum, and clings round missis. But Altamont ran between them, and griping the old lady by her arm, dragged her to the door. 'Follow your daughter, ma'am,' says he, and down she went. '*Chawls, see those ladies to the door,*' he hollows out, 'and never let them pass it again.' We walked down together, and off they went; and master locked and double-locked the bed-room door after him, intendin, of course, to have a *tator tator* (as they say) with his wife. You may be sure that I followed upstairs again pretty quick, to hear the result of their confidence.

As they say at St. Stevenses, it was rayther a stormy debate. 'Mary,' says master, 'you're no longer the merry, grateful gal, I knew and loved at Pentonwill; there's some secret a pressin on you—there's no smilin welcom for me now, as there used formly to be! Your mother and sister-in-law have perworted you, Mary; and that's why I've drove them from this house, which they shall not re-enter in my life.'

'Oh, Frederic! it's *you* is the cause, and not I. Why do you have any mistry from me? Where do you spend your days? Why did you leave me, even on the day of your marridge, for eight hours, and continue to do so every day?'

'Because,' says he, 'I makes my livelihood by it. I leave you, and I don't tell you *how* I make it: for it would make you none the happier to know.'

It was in this way the convysation ren on—more tears and questions on my missises part, more sturmness and silence on my master's: it ended, for the first time since their marridge, in a reglar quarrel. Wery difrent, I can tell you, from all the hammerous billing and kewing which had proceeded their nupshuls.

Master went out, slamming the door in a fury; as well he might. Says he, 'If I can't have a comforable life, I can have a jolly one;' and so he went off to the hed tavern, and came home that evening beesly intawsicated. When high words begin in a family, drink generally follows on the genlman's side; and then,



MRS. SHUM'S EJECTMENT

fearwell to all conjubial happyniss ! These two pipple, so fond and loving, were now sirly, silent, and full of il wil. Master went out earlier, and came home later ; misses cried more, and looked even paler than before.

Well, things went on in this uncomforable way, master still in the mopes, missis tempted by the deamons of jelloisy and curocity ; until a singlar axident brought to light all the goings on of Mr. Altamont.

It was the tenth of Jennuary ; I recklect the day, for old Shum gev me half-a-crownd (the fust and last of his money I ever see, by the way) : he was dining along with master, and they were making merry together.

Master said, as he was mixing his fifth tumler of punch, and little Shum his twelfth, or so—master said, ‘I see you twice in the City to-day, Mr. Shum.’

‘Well, that’s curous !’ says Shum. ‘I *was* in the City. To-day’s the day when the divvydins (God bless ’em !) is paid ; and me and Mrs. S. went for our half-year’s inkem. But we only got out of the coach, crossed the street to the Bank, took our money, and got in agen. How could you see me twice ?’

Altamont stuttered, and stammered, and hemd, and hawd. ‘Oh !’ says he, ‘I was passing—passing as you went in and out.’ And he instantly turned the conversation, and began talking about pollytix, or the weather, or some such stuf.

‘Yes, my dear,’ said my missis ; ‘but how could you see papa *twice* ?’ Master didn’t answer, but talked pollytix more than ever. Still she would continy on. ‘Where was you, my dear, when you saw pa ? What were you doing, my love, to see pa twice ?’ and so forth. Master looked angrier and angrier, and his wife only pressed him wuss and wuss.

This was, as I said, little Shum’s twelfth tumler ; and I knew pritty well that he could git very little further ; for, as reglar as the thirteenth came, Shum was drunk. The thirteenth did come, and its consquinzies. I was obliged to leed him home to John Street, where I left him, in the hangry arms of Mrs. Shum.

‘How the d—,’ sayd he all the way, ‘how the ddd—the deddy—deddy—devil—could he have seen me *twice* ?’

CHAPTER IV

It was a sad slip on Altamont's part, for no sooner did he go out the next morning than missis went out too. She tor down the street, and never stopped till she came to her pa's house at Pentonwill. She was closited for an hour with her ma, and when she left her she drove straight to the City. She walked before the Bank, and behind the Bank, and round the Bank: she came home disperried, having learned nothink.

And it was now an extraordinary thing, that from Shum's house, for the nex ten days, there was nothink but expyditions into the City. Mrs. S., tho her dropsiccle legs had never carred her half so fur before, was eternally on the *key veve*, as the French say. If she didn't go, Miss Betsy did, or missis did: they seemed to have an attackshun to the Bank, and went there as natral as an omlibus.

At last, one day, old Mrs. Shum comes to our house—(she wasn't admitted when master was there, but came still in his absints)—and she wore a hair of tryumf as she entered.

'Mary,' says she, 'where is the money your husbind brought to you yesterday?' My master used always to give it to missis when he returned.

'The money, ma!' says Mary. 'Why here!' And, pulling out her puss, she showed a sovrin, a good heap of silver, and an odd-looking little coin.

'THAT'S IT! that's it!' cried Mrs. S. 'A Queen Anne's sixpence, isn't it, dear—dated seventeen hundred and three?'

It was so, sure enough: a Queen Ans sixpince of that very date.

'Now, my love,' says she, 'I have found him! Come with me to-morrow, and you shall KNOW ALL!'

And now comes the end of my story.

The ladies nex morning set out for the City, and I walked behind, doing the genteel thing, with a nosegay and a goold stick. We walked down the New Road—we walked down the City Road—we walked to the Bank. We were crossing from that heddyfiz to the other side of Cornhill, when, all of a sudden, missis shrieked, and fainted spontaceously away.

I rushed forrard, and raised her to my arms; spiling thereby a new weskit and a pair of crimpson smalcloes. I rushed forrard, I say, wery nearly knocking down the old sweeper, who was hobling

away as fast as possibil. We took her to Birch's; we provided her with a hackney-coach and every luksury, and carried her home to Islington.

That night master never came home. Nor the nex night, nor the nex. On the fourth day, an octioneer arrived; he took an infantry of the furnitur, and placed a bill in the window.

At the end of the wick, Altamont made his appearance. He was haggard, and pale; not so haggard, however, not so pale, as his miserable wife.

He looked at her very tendrilly. I may say, it's from him that I coppied *my* look to Miss ——. He looked at her very tendrilly, and held out his arms. She gev a suffycating shreek, and rusht into his umbraces.

'Mary,' says he, 'you know all now. I have sold my place; I have got three thousand pound for it, and saved two more. I've sold my house and furnitur, and that brings me another. We'll go abroad, and love each other, has formly.'

And now you ask me, Who he was? I shudder to relate. —Mr. Haltamont SWEEP THE CROSSIN FROM THE BANK TO CORNHILL!!

Of cors, *I* left his servis. I met him, few years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respectid and pass for pipple of propaty.

II

THE AMOURS OF MR. DEUCEACE

DIMOND CUT DIMOND

THE name of my nex master was, if posbil, still more ellygant and youfonious than that of my fust. I now found myself boddy servant to the Honrabble Halgernon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fith son of the Earl of Crabs.

Halgernon was a barrystir—that is, he lived in Pump Court, Temple; a vulgar naybrood, witch praps my readers don't no. Suffiz to say, it's on the confines of the citty, and the choasen abroad of the lawyers of this metrappolish.

When I say that Mr. Deuceace was a barrystir, I don't mean that he went sesshums or surcoats (as they call 'em), but simply that he kep chambers, lived in Pump Court, and looked out for a commitionarship, or a revisinship, or any other place that the Wig guvvyment could give him. His father was a Wig pier (as the landriss told me), and had been a Toary pier. The fack is, his lordship was so poar, that he would be anythink, or nothink, to get previsions for his sons, and an inkum for him self.

I phansy that he aloud Halgernon two hunderd a year; and it would have been a very comforable maintenants, only he knever paid him.

Owever, the young gnlmn was a gnlmn, and no mistake: he got his allowents of nothink a year, and spent it in the most honrabble and fashnabble manner. He kep a kab—he went to Holmax—and Crockfud's—he moved in the most xquizzit suckles—and trubbl'd the law boox very little, I can tell you. Those fashnabble gents have ways of getten money, witch comman pipple doant understand.

Though he only had a therd floar in Pump Cort, he lived as if he had the welth of Cresas. The tenpun notes floo abowt as common as haypince—clarrit and shampang was at his house as

vulgar as gin ; and verry glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobillaty.

Deuceace had, in his sittin-room, a large pictur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it : it was wrote in the shape of a tree, a groin out of a man-in-armers stomick, and the names were on little plates among the bows. The pictur said that the Deuceaces kem into England in the year 1066, along with William Conqueruns. My master called it his podygree. I do bleev it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honrabble* Deuceace, that he mannitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said he was no better than a swinler. It's only rank and buth that can warrant such singularities as my master show'd. For it's no use disgysing it—the *Honrabble* Halgernon was a GAMBLER. For a man of vulgar family, it's the wust trade that can be—for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this profession is quite imposbill ; but for a real thorough-bread genlurn, it's the esiest and most prophetable line he can take.

It may, praps, appear curous that such a fashnabble man should live in the Temple ; but it must be recklected, that its not only lawyers who live in what's called the Ins of Cort. Many batchylers, who have nothink to do with lor, have here their loginx ; and many sham barrysters, who never put on a wig and gownd twice in their lives, kip apartments in the Temple, instead of Bon Street, Pickledilly, or other fashnabble places.

Frinstance, on our stairkis (so these houses are called), there was 8 sets of chamberses, and only 3 lawyers. These was, bottom floor, Screwson, Hewson, and Jewson, attorneys ; fust floor, Mr. Sergeant Flabber—opside, Mr. Counslor Bruffy ; and secknd pair, Mr. Haggerstony, an Irish counslor, pracktising at the Old Baly, and lickwise what they call reporter to the *Morning Post* nyouspapper. Opsite him was wrote

MR. RICHARD BLEWITT ;

and on the thud floor, with my master, lived one Mr. Dawkins.

This young fellow was a new comer into the Temple, and unlucky it was for him too—he'd better have never been born ; for its my firm apinion that the Temple ruined him—that is, with the help of my master and Mr. Dick Blewitt, as you shall hear.

Mr. Dawkins, as I was gave to understand by his young man, had jest left the Universary of Oxford, and had a pretty little fortin of his own—six thousand pound, or so—in the stox. He was jest of age, an orfin who had lost his father and mother ; and having distinkwished hisself at collitch, where he gained seffral

prices, was come to town to push his fortn, and study the barryster's bisniss.

Not bein of a verry high fammly hisself—indeed, I've heard say his father was a chismonger, or somethink of that lo sort—Dawkins was glad to find his old Oxford frend, Mr. Blewitt, yonger son to rich Squire Blewitt, of Listershire, and to take rooms so near him.

Now, tho' there was a considrable intimacy between me and Mr. Blewitt's gentleman, there was scarcely any betwixt our masters,—mine being too much of the aristoxty to associate with one of Mr. Blewitt's sort. Blewitt was what they call a bettin man : he went reglar to Tattlesall's, kep a pony, wore a white hat, a blue berd's-eye handkercher, and a cut-away coat. In his manners he was the very contrary of my master, who was a slim, ellygant man, as ever I see—he had very white hands, rayther a sallow face, with sharp dark ise, and small wiskus neatly trimmed, and as black as Warren's jet—he spoke very low and soft—he seemed to be watchin the person with whom he was in convysation, and always flatterd every body. As for Blewitt, he was quite of another sort. He was always swearin, singin, and slappin people on the back, as hearty and as familiar as posbill. He seemed a merry, careless, honest cretur, whom one would trust with life and soul. So thought Dawkins, at least ; who, though a quiet young man, fond of his boox, novvles, Byron's poems, ffoot-playing, and such like scientafic amusemints, grew hand in glove with honest Dick Blewitt, and soon after with my master, the Honrabble Halgernon. Poor Daw ! he thought he was makin good connexions, and real friends—he had fallen in with a couple of the most etrocious swinlers that ever lived.

Before Mr. Dawkins's arrival in our house, Mr. Deuceace had barely condysended to speak to Mr. Blewitt : it was only about a month after that suckumstance that my master, all of a sudding, grew very friendly with him. The reason was pretty clear,—Deuceace *wanted him*. Dawkins had not been an hour in master's compny before he knew that he had a pidgin to pluck.

Blewitt knew this too ; and bein very fond of pidgin, intended to keep this one entirely to himself. It was amusin to see the Honrabble Halgernon manuvring to get this pore bird out of Blewitt's clause, who thought he had it safe. In fact, he'd brought Dawkins to these chambers for that very porpos, thinking to have him under his eye, and strip him at leisure.

My master very soon found out what was Mr. Blewitt's game. Gamblers know gamblers, if not by instink, at least by reputation ; and though Mr. Blewitt moved in a much lower spear

than Mr. Deuceace, they knew each other's dealings and characters puffishly well.

'Charles, you scoundrel,' says Deuceace to me one day (he always spoaks in that kind way), 'who is this person that has taken the opsit chambers, and plays the flute so industrusly?'

'It's Mr. Dawkins, a rich young gentleman from Oxford, and a great friend of Mr. Blewittses, sir,' says I; 'they seem to live in each other's rooms.'

Master said nothink, but he *grin'd*—my eye, how he did grin! Not the fowl find himself could snear more satannickly.

I knew what he meant:

Imprimish. A man who plays the flook is a simpleton.

Secknly. Mr. Blewitt is a raskle.

Thirdmo. When a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is *rich*, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

I was but a lad in them days, but I knew what was what as well as my master; it's not gentlemen only that's up to snough. Law bless us! there was four of us on this stairkes, four as nice young men as you ever see; Mr. Bruffy's young man, Mr. Dawkinses, Mr. Blewitt's, and me—and we knew what our masters was about as well as they did theirselves. Frinstance, I can say this for *myself*, there wasn't a paper in Deuceace's desk or drawer, not a bill, a note, or mimerandum, which I hadn't read as well as he: with Blewitt's it was the same—me and his young man used to read 'em all. There wasn't a bottle of wine that we didn't get a glas, nor a pound of sugar that we didn't have some lumps of it. We had keys to all the cubbards—we pipped into all the letters that kem and went—we pored over all the bill-files—we'd the best pickens out of the dinners, the livvers of the fowls, the force-mit balls out of the soup, the eggs from the sallit. As for the coals and candles, we left them to the landrisses. You may call this robry—nonsince—it's only our rights—a suvvant's purquizzits is as sacred as the laws of Hengland.

Well, the long and short of it is this. Richard Blewitt, esquire, was sityouated as follows: He'd an inkum of three hunderd a year from his father. Out of this he had to pay one hunderd and ninety for money borrowed by him at collidge, seventy for chambers, seventy more for his hoss, aty for his suvvant on bord wagis, and about three hunderd and fifty for a sepprat establishmint in the Regency Park; besides this, his pockit money, say a hunderd, his eatin, drinkin, and wine-marchant's bill, about two hunderd moar. So that you see he laid by a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year.

My master was diffrent; and being a more fashnabble man than Mr. B., in course he owed a deal more money. There was fust:—

Account <i>contray</i> , at Crockford's . . .	£3711	0	0
Bills of xchange and I.O.U.'s (but he didn't pay these in most cases) . . .	4963	0	0
21 tailor's bills, in all . . .	1306	11	9
3 hossdealer's do.	402	0	0
2 coachbuilder	506	0	0
Bills contracted at Cambritch . . .	2193	6	8
Sundries	987	10	0
	<hr/> <hr/> £14,069 8 5 <hr/> <hr/>		

I give this as a curosity—pipple doant know how in many cases fashnabble life is carried on; and to know even what a real gulmn *owes* is somethink instructif and agreeable.

But to my tail. The very day after my master had made the inquiries concerning Mr. Dawkins, witch I have mentioned already, he met Mr. Blewitt on the stairs; and byoutiffle it was to see how this gulman, who had before been almost cut by my master, was now received by him. One of the sweatest smiles I ever saw was now vizzable on Mr. Deuceace's countenance. He held out his hand, covered with a white kid glove, and said, in the most frenly tone of vice posbill, 'What? Mr. Blewitt! It is an age since we met. What a shame that such near naybors should see each other so seldom!'

Mr. Blewitt, who was standing at his door, in a pe-green dressing-gown, smoakin a segar, and singing a hunting coarus, looked surprised, flattered, and then suspicious.

'Why, yes,' says he, 'it is, Mr. Deuceace, a long time.'

'Not, I think, since we dined at Sir George Hookey's. By the by, what an evening that was—hay, Mr. Blewitt? What wine! what capital songs! I recollect your "May-day in the morning"—cuss me, the best comick song I ever heard. I was speaking to the Duke of Doncaster about it only yesterday. You know the duke, I think?'

Mr. Blewitt said, quite surly, 'No, I don't.'

'Not know him!' cries master; 'why, hang it, Blewitt! he knows *you*; as every sporting man in England does, I should think. Why, man, your good things are in everybody's mouth at Newmarket.'

And so master went on chaffin Mr. Blewitt. That genlmn at fust answered him quite short and angry; but, after a little more

flumery, he grew as pleased as posbill, took in all Deuceace's flatry, and bleeved all his lies. At last the door shut, and they both went into Mr. Blewitt's chambers together.

Of course I can't say what past there; but in an hour master kem up to his own room as yaller as mustard, and smellin sadly of backo smoke. I never see any genl'mn more sick than he was; *he'd been smoakin seagars* along with Blewitt. I said nothink, in course, tho' I'd often heard him xpress his horrow of backo, and knew very well he would as soon swallow pizon as smoke. But he wasn't a chap to do a thing without a reason: if he'd been smoakin, I warrant he had smoked to some porpus.

I didn't hear the convyysation between 'em; but Mr. Blewitt's man did: it was,—'Well, Mr. Blewitt, what capital seagars! Have you one for a friend to smoak?' (The old fox, it wasn't only the *seagars* he was a smoakin!) 'Walk in,' says Mr. Blewitt; and then they began a chaffin together; master very ankshous about the young gintleman who had come to live in our chambers, Mr. Dawkins, and always coming back to that subject,—sayin that people on the same stairkis ot to be frenly; how glad he'd be, for his part, to know Mr. Dick Blewitt, and *any friend of his*, and so on. Mr. Dick, howsever, seamed quite aware of the trap laid for him. 'I really don't know this Dawkins,' says he: 'he's a chismonger's son, I hear; and tho' I've exchanged visits with him, I doant intend to continyou the acquaintance,—not wishin to assoshate with that kind of pippel.' So they went on, master fishin, and Mr. Blewitt not wishin to take the hook at no price.

'Confound the vulgar thief!' muttard my master, as he was laying on his sophy, after being so very ill; 'I've poisoned myself with his infernal tobacco, and he has foiled me. The cursed swindling boor! he thinks he'll ruin this poor cheesemonger, does he? I'll step in, and *warn* him.'

I thought I should bust a laffin, when he talked in this style. I knew very well what his 'warning' meant,—lockin the stable-door, but stealin the hoss fust.

Next day, his strattygam for becoming acquainted with Mr. Dawkins we exicuted, and very pritty it was.

Besides potry and the floot, Mr. Dawkins, I must tell you, had some other parshallities—wiz., he was very fond of good eatin and drinkin. After doddling over his music and boox all day, this young genl'mn used to sally out of evenings, dine sumptuously at a tavern, drinkin all sots of wine along with his friend Mr. Blewitt. He was a quiet young fellow enough at fust; but it was Mr. B. who (for his own porpuses, no doubt) had got him into this kind of life. Well, I needn't say that he who eats a fine dinner, and

drinks too much overnight, wants a bottle of soda-water, and a gril, praps, in the mornink. Such was Mr. Dawkinses case; and reglar almost as twelve o'clock came, the waiter from Dix Coffy-House was to be seen on our stairkis, bringin up Mr. D.'s hot breakfast.

No man would have thought there was anythink in such a trifling circumstance; master did, though, and pounced upon it like a cock on a barleycorn.

He sent me out to Mr. Morell's, in Pickledilly, for wot's called a Strasbug-pie—in French, a '*patty defaw graw*.' He takes a card, and nails it on the outside case (patty defaw graws come generally in a round wooden box, like a drumb); and what do you think he writes on it? why, as follos:—'*For the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, etc. etc. etc. With Prince Talleygrand's compliments.*'

Prince Tallyram's complimentis, indeed! I laff when I think of it still, the old surpint! He *was* a surpint, that Deuceace, and no mistake.

Well, by a most extronary piece of ill-luck, the nex day punctially as Mr. Dawkinses brexfas was coming *up* the stairs, Mr. Halgernon Percy Deuceace was going *down*. He was as gay as a lark, humming an Oppra tune, and twizzting round his head his hevy gold-headed cane. Down he went very fast, and by a most unlucky axdent struck his cane against the waiter's tray, and away went Mr. Dawkinses gril, kayann, kitchup, soda-water, and all! I can't think how my master should have choas such an exact time; to be sure, his windo looked upon the cort, and he could see every one who came into our door.

As soon as the axdent had took place, master was in such a rage as, to be sure, no man ever was in befor; he swoar at the waiter in the most dreddle way; he threatened him with his stick, and it was only when he see that the waiter was rayther a bigger man than his self that he was in the least pazzified. He returned to his own chambres; and John, the waiter, went off for more grill to Dices Coffy-House.

'This is a most unlucky axdent, to be sure, Charles,' says master to me, after a few minnits paws, during which he had been and wrote a note, put it into an anvelope, and sealed it with his bigg seal of arms. 'But stay—a thought strikes me—take this note to Mr. Dawkins, and that pye you brought yesterday; and hearkye, you scoundrel, if you say where you got it I will break every bone in your skin!'

These kind of prommisses were among the few which I knew him to keep; and as I loved boath my skinn and my boans, I

carried the noat, and, of cors, said nothink. Waiting in Mr. Dawkinses chambus for a few minnits, I returned to my master with an anser. I may as well give both of these documence, of which I happen to have taken coppies.

I

THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE TO T. S. DAWKINS, ESQ.

‘TEMPLE, *Tuesday*.

‘Mr. Deuceace presents his compliments to Mr. Dawkins, and begs at the same time to offer his most sincere apologies and regrets for the accident which has just taken place.

‘May Mr. Deuceace be allowed to take a neighbour’s privilege, and to remedy the evil he has occasioned to the best of his power? If Mr. Dawkins will do him the favour to partake of the contents of the accompanying case (from Strasburg direct, and the gift of a friend, on whose taste as a gourmand Mr. Dawkins may rely), perhaps he will find that it is not a bad substitute for the *plat* which Mr. Deuceace’s awkwardness destroyed.

‘It will, also, Mr. Deuceace is sure, be no small gratification to the original donor of the *pâté*, when he learns that it has fallen into the hands of so celebrated a *bon vivant* as Mr. Dawkins.

‘T. S. DAWKINS, Esq., etc. etc. etc.

II

FROM T. S. DAWKINS, ESQ., TO THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE.

‘Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins presents his grateful compliments to the Hon. Mr. Deuceace, and accepts with the greatest pleasure Mr. Deuceace’s generous proffer.

‘It would be one of the *happiest moments* of Mr. Smith Dawkins’s life, if the Hon. Mr. Deuceace would *extend his generosity* still further, and condescend to partake of the repast which his *munificent politeness* has furnished.

‘TEMPLE, *Tuesday*.’

Many and many a time, I say, have I grind over these letters, which I had wrote from the original by Mr. Bruffy’s copyin clark. Deuceace’s flam about Prince Tallyram was puffickly successful. I saw young Dawkins blush with delite as he red the note; he

toar up for or five sheets before he composed the anser to it, which was as you red abuff, and roat in a hand quite trembling with pleasyer. If you could but have seen the look of triumth in Deuceace's wicked black eyes, when he read the noat! I never see a deamin yet, but I can phansy 1, a holding a writhing soal on his pitchfrock, and smilin like Deuceace. He dressed himself in his very best clothes, and in he went, after sending me over to say that he would xcept with pleasyour Mr. Dawkins's invite.

The pie was cut up, and a most frenly conversation begun betwixt the two genlmin. Deuceace was quite captivating. He spoke to Mr. Dawkins in the most respectful and flatrin manner,—agread in every think he said,—prazed his taste, his furniter, his coat, his classick nolledge, and his playin on the flook; you'd have thought, to hear him, that such a polygon of exlens as Dawkins did not breath,—that such a modest, sinsear, honrabble genlmin as Deuceace was to be seen no where xcept in Pump Cort. Poor Daw was complitly taken in. My master said he'd introduce him to the Duke of Doncaster, and Heaven knows how many nobs more, till Dawkins was quite intawsicated with pleasyour. I know as a fac (and it pretty well shows the young genlmin's carryter), that he went that very day and ordered 2 new coats, on porpos to be introjuiced to the lords in.

But the best joak of all was at last. Singin, swagrin, and swarink—up stares came Mr. Dick Blewitt. He flung open Mr. Dawkins's door, shouting out, 'Daw, my old buck, how are you?' when, all of a sudden, he sees Mr. Deuceace: his jor dropt, he turned chocky white, and then burnin red, and looked as if a stror would knock him down. 'My dear Mr. Blewitt,' says my master, smilin, and offring his hand, 'how glad I am to see you! Mr. Dawkins and I were just talking about your pony! Pray sit down.'

Blewitt did; and now was the question, who should sit the other out; but, law bless you! Mr. Blewitt was no match for my master; all the time he was fidgetty, silent, and sulky; on the contry, master was charmin. I never herd such a flow of conversatin, or so many wittacisms as he uttered. At last, completely beat, Mr. Blewitt took his leaf; that instant master followed him; and passin his arm through that of Mr. Dick, led him into our chambers, and began talkin to him in the most affabl and affectshnat manner.

But Dick was too angry to listen; at last, when master was telling him some long stoary about the Duke of Doncaster, Blewitt bust out—

'A plague on the Duke of Doncaster! Come, come, Mr.

Deuceace, don't you be running your rigs upon me; I an't the man to be bamboozl'd by long-winded stories about dukes and duchesses. You think I don't know you; every man knows you, and your line of country. Yes, you're after young Dawkins there, and think to pluck him; but you shan't,—no, by —— you shan't.' (The reader must reckon that the oaths which interspersed Mr. B.'s conversation I have left out.) Well, after he'd fired a volley of 'em, Mr. Deuceace spoke as cool and slow as possibill.

'Heark ye, Blewitt. I know you to be one of the most infernal thieves and scoundrels unhung. If you attempt to hector with me, I will cane you; if you want more, I'll shoot you; if you meddle between me and Dawkins, I will do both. I know your whole life, you miserable swindler and coward. I know you have already won two hundred pounds of this lad, and want all. I will have half, or you never shall have a penny.' It's quite true that master knew things; but how was the wonder.

I couldn't see Mr. B.'s face during this dialogue, bein on the wrong side of the door; but there was a considerable paw after those compliments had passed between the two gentlemen,—one walkin quickly up and down the room,—together, angry and stupid, sittin down, and stampin with his foot.

'Now listen to this, Mr. Blewitt,' continues master at last; 'if you're quiet, you shall have half this fellow's money: but venture to win a shilling from him in my absence, or without my consent, and you do it at your peril.'

'Well, well, Mr. Deuceace,' cries Dick, 'it's very hard, and, I must say, not fair: the game was of my starting, and you've no right to interfere with my friend.'

'Mr. Blewitt, you are a fool! You professed yesterday not to know this man, and I was obliged to find him out for myself. I should like to know by what law of honour I am bound to give him up to you?'

It was charmin to hear this pair of raskles talkin about *honour*. I declare I could have found it in my heart to warn young Dawkins of the precious way in which these chaps were going to serve him. But if *they* didn't know what honour was, *I* did; and never, never did I tell tails about my masters when in their service—*out*, in cors, the hobbligation is no longer binding.

Well, the nex day there was a gran dinner at our chambers. White soup, turbit, and lobster sos; saddil of Scoch muttn, grous, and M'Arony; wines, shampang, hock, maderia, a bottle of poart, and ever so many of clarrit. The compny presint was three; wiz., the Honrabble A. P. Deuceace, R. Blewitt, and Mr. Dawkins, Esquires. My i, how we gentlemen in the kitchen did enjoy it! Mr.

Blewittes man eat so much grouse (when it was brot out of the parlor), that I reely thought he would be sik; Mr. Dawkinses genlman (who was only about 13 years of age) grew so il with M'Arony and plumb-puddn, as to be obleeged to take sefral of Mr. D.'s pils, which $\frac{1}{2}$ kild him. But this is all promiscuous: I an't talkin of the survants now, but the masters.

Would you bleeve it? After dinner (and praps 8 bottles of wine betwin the 3) the genlman sat down to *écarty*. It's a game where only 2 plays, and where, in coarse, when there's ony 3, one looks on.

Fust, they playd crown pints, and a pound the bett. At this game they were wonderful equill; and about supper-time (when grilled am, more shampang, devld biskits, and other things, was brot in) the play stood thus: Mr. Dawkins had won 2 pounds; Mr. Blewitt, 30 shillings; the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace having lost £3:10s. After the devvle and the shampang the play was a little higher. Now it was pound pints, and five pound the bet. I thought, to be sure, after hearing the compliments between Blewitt and master in the morning, that now pore Dawkins's time was come.

Not so: Dawkins won always, Mr. B. betting on his play, and giving him the very best of advice. At the end of the evening (which was about five o'clock the nex morning) they stopt. Master was counting up the skore on a card.

'Blewitt,' says he, 'I've been unlucky. I owe you—let me see—yes, five-and-forty pounds?'

'Five-and-forty,' says Blewitt, 'and no mistake!'

'I will give you a cheque,' says the honrabble genlman.

'Oh! don't mention it, my dear sir!' But master got a grate sheet of paper, and drew him a check on Messieurs. Pump, Algit, and Co., his bankers.

'Now,' says master, 'I've got to settle with you, my dear Mr. Dawkins. If you had backd your luck, I should have owed you a very handsome sum of money. *Voyons*: thirteen points, at a pound—it is easy to calculate;' and, drawin out his puss, he clinked over the table 13 goolden suverings, which shon till they made my eyes wink.

So did pore Dawkinses, as he put out his hand, all trembling, and drew them in.

'Let me say,' added master, 'let me say (and I've had some little experience), that you are the very best *écarté* player with whom I ever sat down.'

Dawkinses eyes glissened as he put the money up, and said, 'Law, Deuceace, you flatter me.'



MR. DAWKINS ADVISES WITH MR. BLEWITT UPON A DIFFICULT POINT
AT ÉCARTÉ

Flatter him! I should think he did. It was the very thing which master ment.

'But mind you, Dawkins,' continyoud he, 'I must have my revenge; for I'm ruined—positively ruined—by your luck.'

'Well, well,' says Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins, as pleased as if he had gained a millium, 'shall it be to-morrow? Blewitt, what say you!'

Mr. Blewitt agreed, in course. My master, after a little demurring, consented too. 'We'll meet,' says he, 'at your chambers. But mind, my dear fello, not too much wine: I can't stand it at any time, especially when I have to play *écarté* with you.'

Pore Dawkins left our rooms as happy as a prins. 'Here Charles,' says he, and flung me a sovring. Pore fellow! pore fellow! I knew what was a comin!

But the best of it was, that these 13 sovrrings which Dawkins won, *master had borrowed them from Mr. Blewitt!* I brought 'em, with 7 more, from that young genlman's chambers that very morning: for, since his interview with master, Blewitt had nothing to refuse him.

Well, shall I continue the tail? If Mr. Dawkins had been the least bit wiser, it would have taken him six months befoar he lost his money; as it was, he was such a confounded ninny, that it took him a very short time to part with it.

Nex day (it was Thursday, and master's acquaintance with Mr. Dawkins had only commenced on Tuesday), Mr. Dawkins, as I said, gev his party,—dinner at 7. Mr. Blewitt and the two Mr. D.'s as befoar. Play begins at 11. This time I knew the bisniiss was pretty serious, for we suvvants was packed off to bed at 2 o'clock. On Friday, I went to chambers—no master—he kem in for 5 minutes at about 12, made a little toilit, ordered more devvles and soda-water, and back again he went to Mr. Dawkins's.

They had dinner there at 7 again, but nobody seamed to eat, for all the vittles came out to us genlman: they had in more wine though, and must have drunk at least two dozen in the 36 hours.

At ten o'clock, however, on Friday night, back my master came to his chambers. I saw him as I never saw him before, namely, reglar drunk. He staggered about the room, he danced, he hickipd, he swoar, he flung me a heap of silver, and, finely, he sunk down exosted on his bed; I pullin off his boots and close, and making him comfrable.

When I had removed his garminits, I did what it's the duty of every servant to do—I emtied his pockits, and looked at his pockit-

book and all his letters : a number of accidents have been prevented that way.

I found there, among a heap of things, the following pretty dockyment :

I. O. U.

£ 4 7 0 0

THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS.

Friday,
16th January.

There was another bit of paper of the same kind—‘I.O.U. four hundred pounds, Richard Blewitt :’ but this, in course, meant nothing.

Nex mornin, at nine, master was up, and as sober as a judge. He dressed, and was off to Mr. Dawkins. At 10, he ordered a cab, and the two gentlemen went together.

‘Where shall he drive, sir?’ says I.

‘Oh, tell him to drive to THE BANK.’

Poor Dawkins ! his eyes red with remorse and sleepless drunkenness, gave a shudder and a sob, as he sunk back in the vehicle ; and they drove on.

That day he sold out every hapny he was worth, except five hundred pounds.

About 12 master had returned, and Mr. Dick Blewitt came striding up the stairs with a swollen and important air.

‘Is your master at home?’ says he.

‘Yes, sir,’ says I ; and in he walks. I, in course, with my ear to the keyhole, listening with all my might.

‘Well,’ says Blewitt, ‘we made a pretty good night of it, Mr. Deuceace. You’ve settled, I see, with Dawkins.’

‘Settled !’ says master. ‘Oh yes—yes—I’ve settled with him.’

‘Four thousand seven hundred, I think?’

‘About that—yes.’

‘That makes my share—let me see—two thousand three hundred and fifty ; which I’ll thank you to fork out.’

‘Upon my word—why—Mr. Blewitt,’ says my master, ‘I don’t really understand what you mean.’

‘You don’t know what I mean !’ says Blewitt, in an axent

such as I never before heard. 'You don't know what I mean! Did you not promise me that we were to go shares? Didn't I lend you twenty sovereigns the other night to pay our losings to Dawkins? Didn't you swear, on your honour as a gentleman, to give me half of all that might be won in this affair?'

'Agreed, sir,' says Deuceace; 'agreed.'

'Well, sir, and now what have you to say?'

'Why, *that I don't intend to keep my promise!* You infernal fool and ninny! do you suppose I was labouring for *you*? Do you fancy I was going to the expense of giving a dinner to that jackass yonder, that you should profit by it? Get away, sir! Leave the room, sir! Or, stop—here—I will give you four hundred pounds—your own note of hand, sir, for that sum, if you will consent to forget all that has passed between us, and that you have never known Mr. Algernon Deuceace.'

I've sean pipples angry before now, but never any like Blewitt. He stormed, groaned, belloed, swear! At last, he fairly began blubbing; now cussing and nashing his teeth, now praying dear Mr. Deuceace to grant him mercy.

At last, master flung open the door (Heavn bless us! it's well I didn't tumble, hed over eels, into the room!), and said, 'Charles, show the gentleman down stairs!' My master looked at him quite steddly. Blewitt slunk down, as misrabbles as any man I ever see. As for Dawkins, Heaven knows where he was!

'Charles,' says my master to me, about an hour afterwards, 'I am going to Paris; you may come, too, if you please.'

FORING PARTS

It was a singlar proof of my master's modesty, that though he had won this andsome sum of Mr. Dawkins, and was inclined to be as extravygant and osntatious as any man I ever seed, yet, wen he determined on going to Paris, he didn't let a single frend know of all them winnings of his, didn't acquaint my Lord Crabs, his father, that he was about to leave his natiff shoars—neigh, didn't even so much as call together his tradesmin, and pay off their little bills befor his departure.

On the contry, 'Chawles,' said he to me, 'stick a piece of paper on my door,' which is the way that lawyers do, 'and write "Back at seven" upon it.' Back at seven I wrote, and stuck it on our outer oak. And so mistearus was Deuceace about his continental tour (to all excep me), that when the landriss brought him her account for the last month (amountain, at the very least, to £2:10s.), master told her to leave it till Monday mornin, when it should be proply settled. It's extrodny how ickonomical a man becomes, when he's got five thousand lbs. in his pockit.

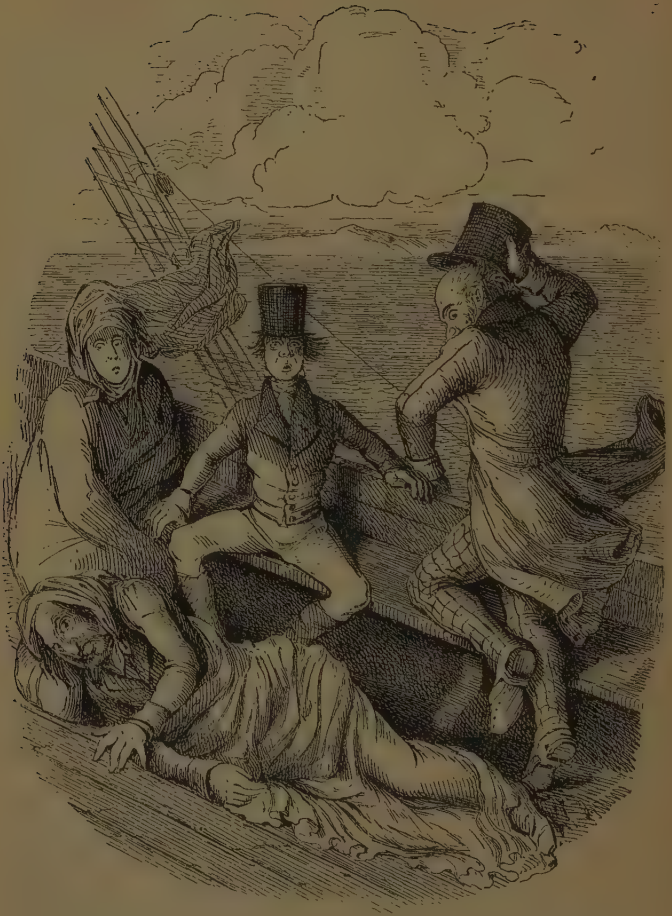
Back at 7 indeed! At 7 we were a roalin on the Dover Road, in the Reglator Coach—master inside, me out. A strange company of people there was, too, in that wehicle,—3 sailors; an Italyin with his music-box and munky; a missionary, going to convert the hethens in France; 2 oppra girls (they call 'em figure-aunts), and the figure-aunts' mothers inside; 4 Frenchmin, with gingybred caps, and mustashes, singin, chatterin, and jesticklating in the most vonderful vay. Such compliments as passed between them and the figure-aunts! such a munchin of biskits and sippin of brandy! such *O mong Jews*, and *O sacrrrés*, and *kill fay frwaws*! I didn't understand their languidge at that time, so of course can't igsplain much of their conversation; but it pleased me, nevertheless, for now I felt that I was reely going into foring parts, which, ever sins I had had any edication at all, was always my fondest wish. Heaven bless us! thought I, if these are specimeens of all Frenchmen, what a set they must be. The pore Italyin's monky,

sittin mopin and meluncolly on his box, was not half so ugly, and seamed quite as reasonable.

Well, we arrived at Dover—Ship Hotel—weal cutlets half a ginny, glas of ale a shilling, glas of neagush half-a-crownd, a hap'ny-worth of waxlites four shillings, and so on. But master paid without grumling; as long as it was for himself, he never minded the expens: and nex day we embarked in the packit for Balong sir mare—which means, in French, the town of Balong sityouated on the sea. I, who had heard of foring wonders, expected this to be the fust and greatest: phansy, then, my disapintment, when we got there, to find this Balong, not sityouated on the sea, but on the *shoar*.

But, oh! the gettin there was the bisniss. How I did wish for Pump Court agin, as we were tawsing abowt in the Channel! Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion?—‘The sea, the sea, the hopen sea!’ as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little wessel, and I’d looked to master’s luggitch and mine (mine was rapt up in a very small hankercher), as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waivs, black and frothy, like fresh-drawn porter, a dashin against the ribbs of our galliant bark, the keal, like a wedge, splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flaffin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floating at the mask-head, the steward a gettin ready the basins and things, the capting proudly tredding the deck and givin orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany and the bathin-masheens disappearing in the distans—then, then I felt, for the first time, the mite, the madgistry of existence. ‘Yellowplush, my boy,’ said I, in a dialog with myself, ‘your life is now about to commens—your carear, as a man, dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious—forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games—throw off your childish habbits with your inky clerk’s jackit—throw up your——’

Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the fust place singlar, in the nex place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had come upon me while I was making the abuff speach, and I now found myself in a sityouation which Dellixy for Bids me to describe. Suffis to say, that now I dixcovered what basins was made for—that for many, many hours, I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intence and porpuses, the rain pattering in my face, the salers a tramplink over my body—the panes of purgertory going on inside. When we’d been about four hours in this sityouation (it seam’d to me four ears), the steward



THE CALAIS PACKET—MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S EMOTION ON FIRST
GOING TO SEA

comes to that part of the deck where we servants were all huddled up together, and calls out 'Charles!'

'Well,' says I, gurgling out a faint 'yes, what's the matter?'

'You're wanted.'

'Where?'

'Your master's wery ill,' says he, with a grin.

'Master be hanged!' says I, turning round more miserable than ever. I woodn't have moved that day for twenty thousand masters—no, not for the Empror of Russia or the Pop of Room.

Well, to cut this sad subjick short, many and many a voyitch have I sins had upon what Shakespur calls 'the wasty dip,' but never such a retched one as that from Dover to Balong, in the year Anna Domino 1818. Steamers were scarce in those days; and our journey was made in a smack. At last, when I was in such a stage of despere and exostion as reely to phansy myself at Death's doar, we got to the end of our journey. Late in the evening we hailed the Gaelic shoars, and hankered in the harbour of Balong sir Mare.

It was the entrans of Parrowdice to me and master; and as we entered the calm water, and saw the comfrable lights gleaming in the houses, and felt the roal of the vessel degreasing, never was two mortials gladder, I warrant, than we were. At length our capting drew up at the key, and our journey was down. But such a bustle and clatter, such jabbering, such shrieking and swaring, such wollies of oafs and axications as saluted us on landing, I never knew! We were boarded, in the fust place, by customhouse officers in cock-hats, who seased our luggitch, and called for our passpots: then a crowd of inn-waiters came, tumbling and screaming, on deck—'Dis way, sare,' cries one; 'Hotel Meurice,' says another; 'Hotel de Bang,' screeches another chap—the tower of Bayble was nothink to it. The fust thing that struck me on landing was a big fellow with ear-rings, who very nigh knock me down, in wrenching master's carpet-bag out of my hand, as I was carrying it to the hotell. But we got to it safe at last; and, for the fust time in my life, I slep in a foring country.

I shan't describe this town of Balong, which, as it has been visited by not less (on an avaridge) than two milliuns of English since I fust saw it twenty years ago, is tolrabbly well known already. It's a dingy, melumcolly place, to my mind: the only thing moving in the streets is the gutter which runs down 'em. As for wooden shoes, I saw few of 'em; and for frogs, upon my honour, I never see a single Frenchman swallow one, which I had been led to beleave was their reglar, though beastly, custom. One thing which amazed me was the singlar name which they give to

this town of Balong. It's divided, as every boddy knows, into an upper town (sityouate on a mounting, and surrounded by a wall, or *bullyvar*), and a lower town, which is on the level of the sea. Well, will it be believed that they call the upper town the *Hot Veal*, and the other the *Base Veal*, which is, on the contry, genrally good in France, though the beaf, it must be confest, is exscrabble.

It was in the Base Veal that Deuceace took his lodgian, at the Hotel de Bang, in a very crooked street called the Rue del Ascew; and if he'd been the Archbishop of Devonshire, or the Duke of Canterbury, he could not have given himself greater hairs, I can tell you. Nothink was too fine for us now; we had a sweet of rooms on the first floor, which belonged to the prime minister of France (at least, the landlord said they were the *premier's*); and the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace, who had not paid his landriss, and came to Dover in a coach, seamed now to think that goold was too vulgar for him, and a carridge and six would break down with a man of his weight. Shampang flew about like ginger-pop, besides bordo, clarit, burgundy, burgong, and other wines, and all the delixes of the Balong kitchins. We stopped a fortnit at this dull place, and did nothing from morning to night, excep walk on the beach, and watch the ships going in and out of arber; with one of them long, sliding opira-glasses, which they call, I don't know why, tallow-scoops. Our amusements for the fortnit we stopt here were boath numerous and daliteful; nothink, in fact, could be more *pickong*, as they say. In the morning before breakfast, we boath walked on the Peer; master in a blue mareen jackit, and me in a slap-up new livry; both provided with long sliding opira-glasses, called as I said (I don't know Y, but I spose it's a scientafick term) tallow-scoops. With these we igсамined, very attentively, the otion, the seaweed, the pebbils, the dead cats, the fishwimin, and the waives (like little children playing at leap-frog), which came tumbling over l and other on to the shoar. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid, peaceable *terry firmy*.

After brexfast, down we went again (that is, master on his beat and me on mine,—for my place in this foring town was a complete *shiny cure*), and putting our tally-scoops again in our eyes, we egсамined a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner lasted till bed-time, and bed-time lasted till nex day, when came brexfast, and dinuer, and tally-scooping, as befoar. This is the way with all people of this town, of which, as I've heard say, there is ten thousand happy English, who lead this plesnt life from year's end to year's end.

Besides this, there's billiards and gambling for the gentlemen, a little dancing for the gals, and scandle for the dowyers. In none of these amusements did we partake. We were a *little* too good to play crown pints at cards, and never get paid when we won; or to go dangling after the portionless gals, or amuse ourselves with slops and penny-wist along with the old ladies. No, no; my master was a man of fortun now, and behayved himself as sich. If ever he condysended to go into the public room of the Hotel de Bang—the French (doubtliss for reasons best known to themselves) call this a sallymanjy—he swear more and lower than any one there; he abyoused the waiters, the wittles, the wines. With his glas in his i, he staired at everybody. He took always the place before the fire. He talked about 'My carridge,' 'My currier,' 'My servant;' and he did wright. I've always found through life, that if you wish to be respected by English people, you must be insalent to them, especially if you're a sprig of nobillaty. We *like* being insulted by noablemen,—it shows they're familiar with us. Law bless us! I've known many and many a genlman about town who'd rather be kicked by a lord than not be noticed by him; they've even had an aw of *me*, because I was a lord's footman. While my master was hectoring in the parlor, at Balong, pretious airs I gave myself in the kitching, I can tell you; and the consequints was, that we were better served, and moar liked, than many pipple with twice our merrit.

Deuceace had some particklar plans, no doubt, which kep him so long at Balong; and it clearly was his wish to act the man of fortune there for a little time before he tried the character of Paris. He purchased a carridge, he hired a currier, he rigged me in a fine new livry blazin with lace, and he past through the Balong bank a thousand pound of the money he had won from Dawkins, to his credit at a Paris house; showing the Balong bankers at the same time, that he'd plenty moar in his potfolio. This was killin two birds with one stone; the bankers' clarks spread the nuse over the town, and in a day after master had paid the money every old dowyer in Balong had looked out the Crabs' family podigree in the Peeridge, and was quite intimate with the Deuceace name and estates. If Sattn himself were a Lord, I do beleave there's many vurtuous English mothers would be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

Now, though my master had thought fitt to leave town without excommunicating with his father on the subject of his intended continental tripe, as soon as he was settled at Balong he roat my Lord Crabbs a letter, of which I happen to have a copy. It run thus:—

'BOULOGNE, *January 25.*

'MY DEAR FATHER,—I have long, in the course of my legal studies, found the necessity of a thorough knowledge of French, in which language all the early history of our profession is written, and have determined to take a little relaxation from chamber reading, which has seriously injured my health. If my modest finances can bear a two months' journey, and a residence at Paris, I propose to remain there that period.

'Will you have the kindness to send me a letter of introduction to Lord Bobtail, our ambassador? My name, and your old friendship with him, I know would secure me a reception at his house; but a pressing letter from yourself would at once be more courteous, and more effectual.

'May I also ask you for my last quarter's salary? I am not an expensive man, my dear father, as you know; but we are no chameleons, and fifty pounds (with my little earnings in my profession) would vastly add to the *agréments* of my continental excursion.

'Present my love to all my brothers and sisters. Ah! how I wish the hard portion of a younger son had not been mine, and that I could live without the dire necessity for labour, happy among the rural scenes of my childhood, and in the society of my dear sisters and you! Heaven bless you, dearest father, and all those beloved ones now dwelling under the dear old roof at Sizes. —Ever your affectionate son,

ALGERNON.

'The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, etc.,
'Sizes Court, Bucks.'

To this affeckshnat letter his lordship replied, by return of poast, as follos:—

'MY DEAR ALGERNON,—Your letter came safe to hand, and I enclose you the letter for Lord Bobtail as you desire. He is a kind man, and has one of the best cooks in Europe.

'We were all charmed with your warm remembrances of us, not having seen you for seven years. We cannot but be pleased at the family affection which, in spite of time and absence, still clings so fondly to home. It is a sad, selfish world, and very few who have entered it can afford to keep those fresh feelings which you have, my dear son.

'May you long retain them, is a fond father's earnest prayer. Be sure, dear Algernon, that they will be through life your greatest comfort, as well as your best worldly ally; consoling you in misfortune, cheering you in depression, aiding and inspiring you to exertion and success.

'I am sorry, truly sorry, that my account at Coutts's is so low, just now, as to render a payment of your allowance for the present impossible. I see by my book that I owe you now nine quarters, or £450. Depend on it, my dear boy, that they shall be faithfully paid over to you on the first opportunity.

'By the way, I have enclosed some extracts from the newspapers, which may interest you; and have received a very strange letter from a Mr. Blewitt, about a play transaction, which, I suppose, is the case alluded to in these prints. He says you won £4700 from one Dawkins; 'hat the lad paid it; that he, Blewitt, was to go what he calls 'snacks' in the winning; but that you refused to share the booty. How can you, my dear boy, quarrel with these vulgar people, or lay yourself in any way open to their attacks? I have played myself a good deal, and there is no man living who can accuse me of a doubtful act. You should either have shot this Blewitt or paid him. Now, as the matter stands, it is too late to do the former; and, perhaps, it would be Quixotic to perform the latter. My dearest boy! recollect through life that *you never can afford to be dishonest with a rogue*. Two thousand four hundred pounds was a great *coup*, to be sure.

'As you are now in such high feather, can you, dearest Algeron! lend me five hundred pounds? Upon my soul and honour, I will repay you. Your brothers and sisters send you their love. I need not add, that you have always the blessings of your affectionate father,

CRABS.

'P.S.—Make it 550, and I will give you my note of hand for a thousand.'

I needn't say, that this did not *quite* enter into Deuceace's eye-dears. Lend his father 500 pound, indeed! He'd as soon have lent him a box on the year! In the fust place, he hadn seen old Crabs for seven years, as that nobleman remarked in his epistol; in the seeknd, he hated him, and they hated each other; and nex, if master had loved his father ever so much, he loved somebody else better—his father's son, namely: and, sooner than deprive that exlent young man of a penny, he'd have sean all the fathers in the world hangin at Newgat, and all the 'beloved ones,' as he called his sisters, the Lady Deuceacissess, so many convix at Bottomy Bay.

The newspaper parrografs showed that, however secret *we* wished to keep the play transaction, the public know it now full well. Blewitt, as I found after, was the author of the libles which appeared, right and left:

'GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE: The *Honourable* Mr. De-c-ce again!—This celebrated whist-player has turned his accomplishments to some profit. On Friday, the 16th January, he won five thousand pounds from a *very* young gentleman, Th-m-s Sm-th D-wk-ns, Esq., and lost two thousand five hundred to R. Bl-w-tt, Esq., of the T-mple. Mr. D. very honourably paid the sum lost by him to the honourable whist-player, but we have not heard that, *before his sudden trip to Paris*, Mr. D-uc-ce paid his losings to Mr. Bl-w-tt.'

Nex came a 'Notice to Corryspondents:'

'Fair Play asks us, if we know of the gambling doings of the notorious Deuceace? We answer, WE DO; and, in our very next Number, propose to make some of them public.'

They didn't appear, however; but, on the contry, the very same newspepper, which had been before so abusiff of Deuceace, was now loud in his praise. It said:

'A paragraph was inadvertently admitted into our paper of last week, most unjustly assailing the character of a gentleman of high birth and talents, the son of the exemplary E-rl of Cr-bs. We repel, with scorn and indignation, the dastardly falsehoods of the malignant slanderer who vilified Mr. De-ce-ce, and beg to offer that gentleman the only reparation in our power for having thus tampered with his unsullied name. We disbelieve the *ruffian* and *his story*, and most sincerely regret that such a tale, or *such a writer*, should ever have been brought forward to the readers of this paper.'

This was satisfactory, and no mistake; and much pleased we were at the denial of this conshentious editor. So much pleased, that master sent him a ten-pound noat, and his complymints. He'd sent another to the same address, *before* this parrowgraff was printed; *why*, I can't think: for I woodnt suppose anything musnary in a littery man.

Well, after this bisniss was concluded, the currier hired, the carridge smartened a little, and me set up in my new livries, we bade ajew to Bulong in the grandest state posbill. What a figger we cut! and, my i, what a figger the postillion cut! A cock-hat, a jacket made out of a cow's skin (it was in cold whether), a pig-tale about 3 fit in lenth, and a pare of boots! Oh, sich a pare! A bishop might almost have preached out of one, or a modrat-sized famly slep in it. Me and Mr. Schwigschnaps, the currier, sate behind, in the rumbill; master aloan in the inside, as grand as a Turk, and rapt up in his fine fir-cloak. Off we sett, bowing gracefly to the crowd; the harniss-bells jinglin, the great white hosses

snortin, kickin, and squeelin, and the postillium cracking his wip, as loud as if he'd been drivin her majesty the quean.

Well, I shant describe our voyitch. We passed sefral sitties, willitches, and metrappolishes; sleeping the fust night at Amiens, witch, as every boddy knows, is famous ever since the year 1802 for what's called the Pease of Amiens. We had some, very good, done with sugar and brown sos, in the Amiens way. But, after all the boasting about them, I think I like our marrowphats better.

Speaking of wedgytables, another singler axdent happened here concernin them. Master, who was brexfasting before going away, told me to go and get him his fur travling-shoes. I went and toald the waiter of the inn, who stared, grinned (as these chaps always do), said '*Bong*' (which means, very well), and presently came back.

I'm blest, if he didn't bring master a plate of cabbitch! Would you bleave it, that now, in the nineteenth sentry, when they say there's schoolmasters abroad, these stewpid French jackasses are so extonishingly ignorant as to call a *cabbidge* a *shoo*! Never, never let it be said, after this, that these benighted, souperstitious, misrabble *savidges*, are equill, in any respex, to the great Brittish people! The moor I travvle, the moor I see the world, and other natiums, I am proud of my own, and despise and deplore the retchid ignorance of the rest of Yourup.

My remark on Parris you shall have by an early opportunity. Me and Deuceace played some curious pranx there, I can tell you.

MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS

CHAPTER I

THE TWO BUNDLES OF HAY

LEFTTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE GRIFFIN, K.C.B., was about seventy-five years old when he left this life, and the East India army, of which he was a distinguished ornament. Sir George's first appearance in India was in the character of a cabin-boy to a vessel; from which he rose to be clerk to the owners at Calcutta, from which he became all of a sudden a captain in the Company's service; and so rose and rose, until he rose to be a lieutenant-general, when he stopped rising all together—hopping the twig of this life, as drummers, generals, dustmen, and emperors, must do.

Sir George did not leave any male heir to perpetuate the name of Griffin. A widow of about twenty-seven, and a daughter averaging twenty-three, was left behind to deplore his loss, and share his property. On old Sir George's death, his interesting widow and orphan, who had both been with him in India, returned home—tried London for a few months, did not like it, and resolved on a trip to Paris, where very small London people become very great ones, if they've money, as these Griffins had. The intelligent reader need not be told that Miss Griffin was not the daughter of Lady Griffin; for though marriages are made tolerably early in India, people are not quite so precooks as all that: the fact is, Lady G. was Sir George's second wife. I need scarcely add, that Miss Matilda Griffin was the offspring of his first marriage.

Miss Leonora Kicksey, a handsome, lively Islington girl, taken out to Calcutta, and, amongst his other goods, very comfortably disposed of by her uncle, Captain Kicksey, was one-and-twenty when she married Sir George at seventy-one; and the 13 Miss Kickseys, nine of whom kept a school at Islington (the other 4 being married variously in the city), were not a little envious of my lady's luck,

and not a little proud of their relationship to her. One of 'em, Miss Jemima Kicksey, the oldest, and by no means the least ugly of the sett, was staying with her ladyship, and gev me all the partecklars. Of the rest of the famly, being of a lo sort, I in course no nothink; *my* acquaintance, thank my-stars, don't lie among them, or the likes of them.

Well, this Miss Jemima lived with her younger and more fortнат sister, in the qualaty of companion, or toddy. Poar thing! I'd a soon be a gally slave, as lead the life she did! Every body in the house despised her; her ladyship insulted her; the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the tea, she whipped the chocklate, she cleaned the Canary birds, and gave out the linning for the wash. She was my lady's walking pocket, or ryttycule; and fetched and carried her handkercher, or her smell-bottle, like a well-bred spaniel. All night, at her ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills (nobody ever thought of asking *her* to dance!); when Miss Griffing sung, she played the piano, and was scolded because the singer was out of tune; abommanating dogs, she never drove out without her ladyship's puddle in her lap; and, reglarly unwell in a carridge, she never got any thing but the back seat. Poar Jemima! I can see her now in my lady's *secknd-best* old clothes (the ladies-maids always got the prime leavings): a liloc sattn gown, crumpled, blotched, and greasy; a pair of white sattn shoos, of the colour of Inger rubber; a faded yellow velvet hat, with a wreath of hartifishl flowers run to sead, and a bird of Parrowdice perched on the top of it, melumcolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in his unfortunate tail.

Besides this ornyment to their saloon, Lady and Miss Griffin kep a number of other servants in the kitching; 2 ladies-maids; 2 footmin, six feet high each, crimson coats, goold knots, and white cassymear pantyloons; a coachmin to match; a page; and a Shassure, a kind of servant only known among forriners, and who looks more like a major-general than any other mortal, wearing a cock-hat, a unicorn covered with silver lace, mustashos, eplets, and a sword by his side. All these to wait upon two ladies; not counting a host of the fair six, such as cooks, scullion, housekeepers, and so forth.

My Lady Griffin's lodging was at forty pound a week, in a grand sweet of rooms in the Plas Vandome at Paris. And, having thus described their house, and their servants' hall, I may give a few words of description concerning the ladies themselves.

In the fust place, and in coarse, they hated each other. My lady was twenty-seven—a widdo of two years—fat, fair, and rosy.

A slow, quiet, cold-looking woman, as those fair-haired gals generally are, it seemed difficult to rouse her either into likes or dislikes; to the former, at least. She never loved any body but *one*, and that was herself. She hated, in her calm, quiet way, almost every one else who came near her—every one, from her neighbour the duke, who had slighted her at dinner, down to John the footman, who had torn a hole in her train. I think this woman's heart was like one of them lithographic stones, you *can't rub out any thing* when once it's drawn or wrote on it; nor could you out of her ladyship's stone—heart, I mean—in the shape of an affront, a slight, or a real or phansied injury. She boar an exlent, irreproachable character, against which the tongue of scandle never wagged. She was allowed to be the best wife posbill—and so she was; but she killed her old husband in two years, as dead as ever Mr. Thurtell killed Mr. William Weare. She never got into a passion, not she—she never said a rude word; but she'd a genius—a genius which many women have—of making *a hell* of a house, and tort'ring the poor creatures of her family, until they were wellnigh drove mad.

Miss Matilda Griffin was a good deal uglier, and about as amiable as her mother-in-law. She was crooked, and squinted; my lady, to do her justice, was straight, and looked the same way with her i's. She was dark, and my lady was fair—sentimental, as her ladyship was cold. My lady was never in a passion—Miss Matilda always; and awffle were the scenes which used to pass between these 2 women, and the wickid, wickid quarls which took place. Why did they live together? There was the mistry. Not related, and hating each other like pison, it would surely have been easier to remain sepat, and so have detested each other at a distans.

As for the fortune which old Sir George had left, that, it was clear, was very considrable—300 thowsnd lb. at the least, as I have heard say. But nobody knew how it was disposed of. Some said that her ladyship was sole mistriss of it, others that it was divided, others that she had only a life inkum, and that the money was all to go (as was natral) to Miss Matilda. These are subjix which are not, praps, very interesting to the British public; but were mighty important to my master, the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, esquire, barrister-at-law, etsettler, etsettler.

For I've forgot to inform you that my master was very intimat in this house; and that we were now comfortably settled at the Hotel Mirabew (pronounced Marobo in French), in the Rew delly Pay, at Paris. We had our cab, and two riding horses; our banker's book, and a thousand pound for a balants at Lafitt's; our club at the corner of the Rew Gramong; our share of a box at the oppras; our apartments, spacious and clygant; our swarries at

court ; our dinners at his exlency Lord Bobtail's and elsewhere. Thanks to poar Dawkins's five thousand pound, we were as complete gentlemen as any in Paris.

Now my master, like a wise man as he was, seasing himself at the head of a smart sum of money, and in a country where his debts could not bother him, determined to give up for the presnt every think like gambling—at least, high play ; as for losing or winning a ralow of Napoleums at whist or ecarty, it did not matter : it looks like money to do such things, and gives a kind of respect-abilaty. 'But as for play, he wouldn't—Oh no ! not for worlds !—do such a thing.' He *had* played, like other young men of fashn, and won and lost [old fox ! he didn't say he had *paid*] ; but he had given up the amusement, and was now determined, he said, to live on his inkum. The fact is, my master was doing his very best to act the respectable man : and a very good game it is, too ; but it requires a precious great roag to play it.

He made his appearans reglar at church—me carrying a handsome large black marocky Prayer-book and Bible, with the psalms and lessons marked out with red ribbings ; and you'd have thought, as I graivly laid the volloms down before him, and as he berried his head in his nicely brushed hat, before service began, that such a pious, proper, morl, young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the peeridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Efry old tabby and dowyger at my Lord Bobtail's turned up the wights of their i's when they spoke of him, and vovd they had never seen such a dear, daliteful, exlent young man. What a good son he must be, they said ; and, oh, what a good son-in-law ! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris before we had been there 3 months. But, unfortnatly, most of them were poar ; and love and a cottidge was not quite in master's way of thinking.

Well, about this time my Lady Griffin and Miss G. maid their appearants at Parris, and master, who was up to snough, very soon changed his noat. He sate near them at chapple, and sung hims with my lady ; he danced with 'em at the embassy balls ; he road with them in the Boy de Balong and the Shandeleasies (which is the French High Park) ; he roat potry in Miss Griffin's halbm, and sang jewets along with her and Lady Griffin ; he brought sweat-meats for the puddle-dog ; he gave money to the footmin, kissis and gloves to the sniggering ladies-maids ; he was sivvle even to poar Miss Kicksey : there wasn't a single soal at the Griffinses that didn't adoar this good young man.

The ladies, if they hated befoar, you may be sure detested each other now wuss than ever. There had been always a jallowsey between them ; miss jellows of her mother-in-law's bewty ; madam

of miss's espre: miss taunting my lady about the school at Islington, and my lady snearing at miss for her squint and her crookid back. And now came a stronger caws. They both fell in love with Mr. Deuceace—my lady, that is to say, as much as she could, with her cold selfish temper. She liked Deuceace, who amused her and made her laff. She liked his manners, his riding, and his good loox; and, being a *pervinew* herself, had a dubble respect for real aristocratick flesh and blood. Miss's love, on the contry, was all flams and fury. She'd always been at this work from the time she had been at school, where she very nigh run away with a French master; next with a footman (which I may say, in confidence, is by no means unnatral or unusuall, as I *could show if I liked*); and so had been going on sins fifteen. She reglarly flung herself at Deuceace's head—such sighing, crying, and ogling, I never see. Often was I ready to bust out laffin, as I brought master skoars of rose-coloured *billydoos*, folded up like cock-hats, and smellin like barber's shops, which this very tender young lady used to address to him. Now, though master was a scoundrill, and no mistake, he was a gentlemin, and a man of good breeding; and miss *came a little too strong* (pardon the vulgarity of the xpression) with her hardor and attachmint, for one of his taste. Besides, she had a crookid spine, and a squint; so that (supposing their fortns tolrabbly equal) Deuceace reely preferred the mother-in-law.

Now, then, it was his bisniss to find out which had the most money. With an English famly this would have been easy: a look at a will at Doctor Commons'es would settle the matter at once. But this India naybob's will was at Calcutty, or some outlandish place; and there was no getting sight of a copy of it. I will do Mr. Algernon Deuceace the justass to say, that he was so little musnary in his love for Lady Griffin, that he would have married her gladly, even if she had ten thousand pound less than Miss Matilda. In the mean time, his plan was to keep 'em both in play, until he could strike the best fish of the two—not a difficult matter for a man of his genus; besides, Miss was hooked for certain.

CHAPTER II

'HONOUR THY FATHER'

I SAID that my master was adoared by every person in my Lady Griffin's establishmint. I should have said by every person excep

one,—a young French gnlmn, that is, who, before our appearants, had been mighty particklar with my lady, ockupying by her side exackly the same position which the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace now held. It was bewtiffle and headifying to see how coolly that young nobleman kicked the poar Shevalliay de L'Orge out of his shoes, and how gracefully he himself stept into 'em. Munseer de L'Orge was a smart young French gentleman, of about my master's age and good looks, but not possest of $\frac{1}{2}$ my master's impidince. Not that that quallaty is uncommon in France; but few, very few, had it to such a degree as my exlent employer, Mr. Deuceace. Besides De L'Orge was reglarly and reely in love with Lady Griffin, and master only pretending: he had, of coars, an advantitch, which the poar Frenchman never could git. He was all smiles and gaty, while Delorge was ockward and melumcolly. My master had said twenty pretty things to Lady Griffin, befor the shevalier had finished smoothing his hat, staring at her, and sighing fit to bust his weskit. O luv, luv! *This* isn't the way to win a woman, or my name's not Fitzroy Yellowplush! Myself, when I begun my carear among the fair six, I was always sighing and moping, like this poar Frenchman. What was the consquints? The foar fust women I adoared lafft at me, and left me for somethink more lively. With the rest I have edopted a diffrent game, and with tolrrable suxess, I can tell you. But this is eggatism, which I aboar.

Well, the long and the short of it is, that Munseer Ferdinand Hyppolite Xavier Stanislas, Shevalier de L'Orge, was reglar cut out by Munseer Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire. Poar Ferdinand did not leave the house—he hadn't the heart to do that—nor had my lady the desire to dismiss him. He was usefle in a thousand diffrent ways, gitting oppra boxes, and invitations to French swarries, bying gloves and O de Colong, writing French noats, and such like. Always let me recommend an English famly, going to Paris, to have at least one young man of the sort about them. Never mind how old your ladyship is, he will make love to you; never mind what errints you send him upon, he'll trot off and do them. Besides, he's always quite and well-dresst, and never drinx moar than a pint of wine at dinner, which (as I say) is a pint to consider. Such a conveniants of a man was Munseer de L'Orge—the greatest use and comfort to my lady posbill; if it was but to laff at his bad pronounciatium of English, it was somethink amusink: the fun was to pit him against poar Miss Kicksey, she speakin French, and he our naytif British tong.

My master, to do him justace, was perfickly sivvle to this poar young Frenchman; and, having kicked him out of the place which

he occupied, sertingly treated his fallen anymy with every respect and consideration. Poar modist down-hearted little Ferdinand adoared my lady as a goddice; and so he was very polite, likewise, to my master—never venturing once to be jellows of him, or to question my Lady Griffin's right to change her lover, if she choase to do so.

Thus, then, matters stood; master had two strinx to his bo, and might take either the widdo or the orfn, as he preferred: *com bong lwee somblay*, as the French say. His only pint was to discover how the money was disposed off, which evidently belonged to one or other, or boath. At any rate, he was sure of one; as sure as any mortial man can be in this sublimary spear, where nothink is suttn excep unsertnty.

A very unixpected insdint here took place, which in a good deal changed my master's calkylations.

One night, after conducting the two ladies to the oppra, after suppink of white soop, sammy-de-perdrow, and shampang glassy (which means, eyced), at their house in the Plas Vandom, me and master droav hoam in the cab, as happy as possbill.

'Chawls, you d——d scoundrel,' says he to me (for he was in an exlent humer), 'when I'm marrid, I'll dubbil your wagis.'

This he might do, to be sure, without injaring himself, seeing that he had as yet never paid me any. But, what then? Law bless us! things would be at a pretty pass if we suvvants only lived on our *wagis*; our puckwisits is the thing, and no mistake.

I ixprest my gratatude as best I could; swear that it wasnt for wagis I served him—that I would as leaf weight upon him for nothink; and that never, never, so long as I livd, would I, of my own acord, part from such an exlent master. By the time these two spitches had been made—my spitch and his—we arrived at the Hotel Mirabeu; which, as everybody knows, aint very distant from the Plas Vandome. Up we marched to our apartmince, me carrying the light and the cloax, master hummink a hair out of the oppra, as merry as a lark.

I opened the door of our salong. There was lights already in the room; an empty shampang bottle roaling on the floar, another on the table; near which the sofy was drawn, and on it lay a stout old genlmn, smoaking seagars as if he'd bean in an inn tap-room.

Deuceace (who abommanates seagars, as I've already shown) bust into a furious raige against the genlmn, whom he could hardly see for the smoak; and, with a number of oaves quite unnecessary to repeat, asked him what bisniss he'd there.

The smoakin chap rose, and, laying down his seagar, began a ror of laffin, and said, 'What! Algy, my boy! don't you know me?'

The reader may, praps, recklect a very affecting letter which was published in the last chapter of these memoars; in which the writer requested a loan of five hundred pound from Mr. Algernon Deuceace, and which boar the respected signatur of the Earl of Crabs, Mr. Deuceace's own father. It was that distinguished arastycrat who now was smokin and laffin in our room.

My Lord Crabs was, as I preshumed, about 60 years old. A stowt, burly, red-faced, bald-headed nobleman, whose nose seemed blushing at what his mouth was continually swallowing; whose hand, praps, trembled a little; and whose thy and legg was not quite so full or as steddly as they had been in former days. But he was a respecktabble, fine-looking old nobleman; and though, it must be confest, $\frac{1}{2}$ drunk when we fust made our appearance in the salong, yet by no means moor so than a reel noblemin ought to be.

'What, Algy! my boy!' shouts out his lordship, advancing and seasing master by the hand, 'doan't you know your own father?'

Master seemed anythink but overhappy. 'My lord,' says he, looking very pail, and speakin rayther slow, 'I didn't—I confess—the unexpected pleasure—of seeing you in Paris. The fact is, sir,' said he, recovering himself a little; 'the fact is, there was such a confounded smoke of tobacco in the room, that I really could not see who the stranger was who had paid me such an unexpected visit.'

'A bad habit, Algernon; a bad habit,' said my lord, lighting another segar: 'a disgusting and filthy practice, which you, my dear child, will do very well to avoid. It is at best, dear Algernon, but a nasty idle pastime, unfitting a man as well for mental exertion as for respectable society; sacrificing, at once, the vigour of the intellect and the graces of the person. By the by, what infernal bad tobacco they have, too, in this hotel. Could not you send your servant to get me a few segars at the Café de Paris? Give him a five-franc piece, and let him go at once, that's a good fellow.'

Here his lordship hiccupt, and drank off a fresh tumbler of shampang. Very sulkily, master drew out the coin, and sent me on the errint.

Knowing the Café de Paris to be shut at that hour, I didn't say a word, but quietly establisht myself in the anteroom; where, as it happend by a singler coinstdints, I could hear every word of the conversation between this exlent pair of relatifs.

'Help yourself, and get another bottle,' says my lord, after a sollum paws. My poar master, the king of all other compnies in



MR. DEUCEACE PAYING FOR HIS PAPA'S CIGARS

which he moved, seamed here but to play seeknd fiddill, and went to the cubbard, from which his father had already igstracted two bottils of his prime Sillary.

He put it down before his father, coft, spit, opened the windows, stirred the fire, yawned, clapt his hand to his forehead, and suttlny seamed as uneezy as a genlmn could be. But it was of no use; the old one would not budg. 'Help yourself,' says he again, 'and pass me the bottil.'

'You are very good, father,' says master; 'but really, I neither drink nor smoke.'

'Right, my boy: quite right. Talk about a good conscience in this life—a good *stomack* is everythink. No bad nights, no headachs—eh? Quite cool and collected for your law studies in the morning?—eh?' And the old nobleman here grinned, in a manner which would have done creddit to Mr. Grimoldi.

Master sate pale and wincing, as I've seen a pore soldier under the cat. He didn't anser a word. His exlent pa went on, warming as he continued to speak, and drinking a fresh glas at evry full stop.

'How you must improve, with such talents and such principles! Why, Algernon, all London talks of your industry and perseverance! You're not merely a philosopher, man; hang it! you've got the philosopher's stone. Fine rooms, fine horses, champagne, and all for 200 a year!'

'I presume, sir,' says my master, 'that you mean the two hundred a year which *you* pay me?'

'The very sum, my boy; the very sum!' cries my lord, laffin as if he would die. 'Why, that's the wonder! I never pay the two hundred a year, and you keep all this state up upon nothing. Give me your secret, O you young Trismegistus! Tell your old father how such wonders can be worked, and I will—yes, then, upon my word, I will—pay you your two hundred a year!'

'*Enfin*, my lord,' says Mr. Deuceace, starting up, and losing all patience, 'will you have the goodness to tell me what this visit means? You leave me to starve, for all you care; and you grow mighty facetious because I earn my bread. You find me in prosperity, and——'

'Precisely, my boy; precisely. Keep your temper, and pass that bottle. I find you in prosperity; and a young gentleman of your genius and acquirements asks me why I seek his society? Oh, Algernon! Algernon! this is not worthy of such a profound philosopher. *Why* do I seek you? Why, because you *are* in prosperity, O my son! else, why the devil should I bother myself about you? Did I, your poor mother, or your family, ever get from you a single affectionate feeling? Did we, or any other of your friends

or intimates, ever know you to be guilty of a single honest or generous action? Did we ever pretend any love for you, or you for us? Algernon Deuceace, you don't want a father to tell you that you are a swindler and a spendthrift! I have paid thousands for the debts of yourself and your brothers; and, if you pay nobody else, I am determined you shall repay me. You would not do it by fair means, when I wrote to you and asked you for a loan of money. I knew you would not. Had I written again to warn you of my coming, you would have given me the slip; and so I came, uninvited, to *force* you to repay me. *That's* why I am here, Mr. Algernon; and so, help yourself and pass the bottle.'

After this speech, the old genl'mn sunk down on the sofa, and puffed as much smoke out of his mouth as if he'd been the chimney of a steam-injian. I was pleas'd, I confess, with the sean, and liked to see this venrabbble and virtuous old man a nocking his son about the hed; just as Deuceace had done with Mr. Richard Blewitt, as I've before shown. Master's face was, fust, red-hot; next, chawk-white; and then, sky-blew. He looked, for all the world, like Mr. Tippy Cooke in the tragady of *Frankinstang*. At last, he man-nidged to speak.

'My lord,' says he, 'I expected when I saw you that some such scheme was on foot. Swindler and spendthrift as I am, at least it is but a family failing; and I am indebted for my virtues to my father's precious example. Your lordship has, I perceive, added drunkenness to the list of your accomplishments; and, I suppose, under the influence of that gentlemanly excitement, has come to make these preposterous propositions to me. When you are sober, you will, perhaps, be wise enough to know, that, fool as I may be, I am not such a fool as you think me; and that if I have got money, I intend to keep it—every farthing of it, though you were to be ten times as drunk, and ten times as threatening, as you are now.'

'Well, well, my boy,' said Lord Crabs, who seemed to have been half-asleep during his son's oratium, and received all his snears and surcasms with the most complete good-humour; 'well, well, if you will resist—*tant pis pour toi*—I've no desire to ruin you, recollect, and am not in the slightest degree angry; but I must and will have a thousand pounds. You had better give me the money at once; it will cost you more if you don't.'

'Sir,' says Mr. Deuceace, 'I will be equally candid. I would not give you a farthing to save you from——'

Here I thought proper to open the doar, and, touching my hat, said, 'I have been to the Café de Paris, my lord, but the house is shut.'

‘*Bon*: there’s a good lad; you may keep the five francs. And now, get me a candle and show me down stairs.’

But my master seized the wax taper. ‘Pardon me, my lord,’ says he. ‘What! a servant do it, when your son is in the room? Ah, *par exemple*, my dear father,’ said he, laughing, ‘you think there is no politeness left among us.’ And he led the way out.

‘Good night, my dear boy,’ said Lord Crabs.

‘God bless you, sir,’ says he. ‘Are you wrapped warm? Mind the step!’

And so this affeckshnate pair parted.

CHAPTER III

MINEWVRING

MASTER rose the nex morning with a dismal countinants—he seamed to think that his pa’s visit boded him no good. I heard him muttering at his brexfast, and fumbling among his hundred pound notes; once he had laid a parsle of them aside (I knew what he meant), to send ’em to his fater. ‘But no,’ says he at last, clutching them all up together again, and throwing them into his escritaw: ‘what harm can he do me? If he is a knave, I know another who’s full as sharp. Let’s see if we cannot beat him at his own weapons.’ With that Mr. Deuceace drest himself in his best clothes, and marched off to the Plas Vandom, to pay his cort to the fair widdo and the intresting orfn.

It was abowt ten o’clock, and he propoosed to the ladies, on seeing them, a number of planns for the day’s rackryation. Riding in the Body Balong, going to the Twillaries to see King Looy Disweet (who was then the raining sufferin of the French crown), go to Chapple, and, finely, a dinner at 5 o’clock at the Caffy de Parry; whents they were all to ajourn, to see a new peace at the theatre of the Pot St. Martin, called *Susannar and the Elders*.

The gals agreed to every think, exsep the two last prepositiums. ‘We have an engagement, my dear Mr. Algernon,’ said my lady. ‘Look—a very kind letter from Lady Bobtail.’ And she handed over a pafewind noat from that exolted lady. It ran thus:—

‘FEG. ST. HONORÉ, *Thursday, Feb. 15, 1817.*

‘MY DEAR LADY GRIFFIN,—It is an age since we met. Harassing public duties occupy so much myself and Lord Bobtail, that we

have scarce time to see our private friends ; among whom, I hope, my dear Lady Griffin will allow me to rank her. Will you excuse so very uncereemonious an invitation, and dine with us at the Embassy to-day ? We shall be *en petite comité*, and shall have the pleasure of hearing, I hope, some of your charming daughter's singing in the evening. I ought, perhaps, to have addressed a separate note to dear Miss Griffin ; but I hope she will pardon a poor *diplomate*, who has so many letters to write, you know.

'Farewell till seven, when I *positively must* see you both. Ever, dearest Lady Griffin, your affectionate

'ELIZA BOBTAIL.'

Such a letter from the ambassdriss, brot by the ambasdor's Shassure, and sealed with his seal of arms, would affect anybody in the middling ranx of life. It droav Lady Griffin mad with delight ; and, long before my master's arrivle, she'd sent Mortimer and Fitzclarence, her two footmin, along with a polite reply in the affummatiff.

Master read the noat with no such fealinx of joy. He felt that there was somethink a going on behind the seans, and, though he could not tell how, was sure that some danger was near him. That old fox of a father of his had begun his M'Inations pretty early !

Deuceace handed back the letter ; sneared, and poohd, and hinted that such an invatation was an insult at best (what he called a *pees ally*) ; and, the ladies might depend upon it, was only sent because Lady Bobtail wanted to fill up two spare places at her table. But Lady Griffin and miss would not have his insinwations ; they knew too fu lords ever to refuse an invitatium from any one of them. Go they would ; and poor Deuceace must dine alone. After they had been on their ride, and had had their other amuse-mince, master came back with them, chatted, and laft ; he was mighty sarkastix with my lady ; tender and sentrymentle with miss ; and left them both in high sperrits to perform their twollet, before dinner.

As I came to the door (for I was as famillyer as a servnt of the house), as I came into the drawing-room to announts his cab, I saw master very quietly taking his pocket-book (or *pot-fool*, as the French call it) and thrusting it under one of the cushinx of the sofa. What game is this ? thinx I.

Why, this was the game. In abowt two hours, when he knew the ladies were gon, he pretends to be vastly anxious abowt the loss of his potfolio ; and back he goes to Lady Griffiuses, to seek for it there.

'Pray,' says he, on going in, 'ask Miss Kicksey if I may see her for a single moment.' And down comes Miss Kicksey, quite smiling, and happy to see him.

'Law, Mr. Deuceace!' says she, trying to blush as hard as ever she could, 'you quite surprise me! I don't know whether I ought, really, being alone, to admit a gentleman.'

'Nay, don't say so, dear Miss Kicksey! for, do you know, I came here for a double purpose—to ask about a pocket-book which I have lost, and may, perhaps, have left here; and then, to ask if you will have the great goodness to pity a solitary bachelor, and give him a cup of your nice tea?'

Nice tea? I thot I should have split; for, I'm blest if master had eaten a morsle of dinner!

Never mind: down to tea they sate. 'Do you take cream and sugar, dear sir?' says poar Kicksey, with a voice as tender as a tuttle-duff.

'Both, dearest Miss Kicksey!' answers master; and stowed in a power of sashong and muffinx which would have done honour to a washawoman.

I sha'n't describe the conversation that took place betwixt master and this young lady. The reader, praps, knows y Deuceace took the trouble to talk to her for an hour, and to swallow all her tea. He wanted to find out from her all she knew about the famly money matters, and settle at once which of the two Griffinses he should marry.

The poor thing, of cors, was no match for such a man as my master. In a quarter of an hour, he had, if I may use the igspresion, 'turned her inside out.' He knew every thing that she knew, and that, poar creature, was very little. There was nine thousand a year, she had heard say, in money, in houses, in banks in Injar, and what not. Boath the ladies signed papers for selling or buying, and the money seemed equilly divided betwixt them.

Nine thousand a year! Deuceace went away, his cheex tingling, his art beating. He, without a penny, could nex morning, if he liked, be master of five thousand per hannum!

Yes. But how? Which had the money, the mother or the daughter? All the tea-drinking had not taught him this piece of nollidge; and Deuceace thought it a pity that he could not marry both.

The ladies came back at night, mightaly pleased with their reception at the ambasdor's; and, stepping out of their carridge, bid coachmin drive on with a gentleman who had handed them out,—a stout old gentleman, who shook hands most tenderly at parting,

and promised to call often upon my Lady Griffin. He was so polite, that he wanted to mount the stairs with her ladyship; but no, she would not suffer it. 'Edward,' says she to coachmin, quite loud, and pleased that all the people in the hotel should hear her, 'you will take the carriage, and drive *his lordship* home.' Now, can you guess who his lordship was? The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, to be sure; the very old gnlmn whom I had seen on such charming terms with his son the day before. Master knew this the nex day, and began to think he had been a fool to deny his pa the thousand pound.

Now, though the suckmstansies of the dinner at the ambasdor's only came to my years some time after, I may as well relate 'em here, word for word, as they was told me by the very genlmn who waited behind Lord Crabseses chair.

There was only a '*petty comity*' at dinner, as Lady Bobtail said; and my Lord Crabs was placed betwist the two Griffinses, being mighty ellygant and palite to both. 'Allow me,' says he to Lady G. (between the soop and the fish), 'my dear madam, to thank you—fervently thank you, for your goodness to my poor boy. Your ladyship is too young to experience, but, I am sure, far too tender not to understand the gratitude which must fill a fond parent's heart for kindness shown to his child. Believe me,' says my lord, looking her full and tenderly in the face, 'that the favours you have done to another have been done equally to myself, and awaken in my bosom the same grateful and affectionate feelings with which you have already inspired my son Algernon.'

Lady Griffin blusht, and droopt her head till her ringlets fell into her fish-plate; and she swallowed Lord Crabs's flumry just as she would so many musharuins. My lord (whose powers of slack-jaw was notoarious) nex addrast another spitch to Miss Griffin. He said he'd heard how Deuceace was *situated*. Miss blusht—what a happy dog he was—Miss blusht crimson, and then he sighed deeply, and began eating his turbat and lobster sos. Master was a good un at flumry, but, law bless you! he was no moar equill to the old man than a molehill is to a mounting. Before the night was over, he had made as much progress as another man would in a ear. One almost forgot his red nose, and his big stomick, and his wicked leering i's, in his gentle insiniwating woice, his fund of annygoats, and, above all, the bewtifle, morl, religious, and honrabble toan of his genral conversation. Praps you will say that these ladies were, for such rich pipple, mightily esaly captivated; but reckleet, my dear sir, that they were fresh from Injar,—that they'd not sean many lords,—that they adoard the peeridge, as every honest woman does in England who has

proper feelinx, and has read the fashnabble novvles,—and that here at Paris was their very fust step into fashnabble sostiatty.

Well, after dinner, while Miss Matilda was singing ‘*Die tantie,*’ or ‘*Dip your chair,*’ or some of them sellabrated Italyin hairs (when she began this squall, hang me if she’d ever stop), my lord gets hold of Lady Griffin again, and gradgaly begins to talk to her in a very diffrent strane.

‘What a blessing it is for us all,’ says he, ‘that Algernon has found a friend so respectable as your ladyship.’

‘Indeed, my lord; and why? I suppose I am not the only respectable friend that Mr. Deuceace has?’

‘No, surely; not the only one he *has had*: his birth, and, permit me to say, his relationship to myself, have procured him many. But——’ (here my lord heaved a very affecting and large sigh).

‘But what?’ says my lady, laffing at the igspression of his dismal face. ‘You don’t mean that Mr. Deuceace has lost them, or is unworthy of them?’

‘I trust not, my dear madam, I trust not; but he is wild, thoughtless, extravagant, and embarrassed; and you know a man under these circumstances is not very particular as to his associates.’

‘Embarrassed? Good heavens! He says he has two thousand a year left him by a godmother; and he does not seem even to spend his income—a very handsome independence, too, for a bachelor.’

My lord nodded his head sadly, and said,—‘Will your ladyship give me your word of honour to be secret? My son has but a thousand a year, which I allow him, and is heavily in debt. He has played, madam, I fear; and for this reason I am so glad to hear that he is in a respectable domestic circle, where he may learn, in the presence of far greater and purer attractions, to forget the dice-box, and the low company which has been his bane.’

My Lady Griffin looked very grave indeed. Was it true? Was Deuceace sincere in his professions of love, or was he only a sharper wooing her for her money? Could she doubt her informer? his own father, and, what’s more, a real flesh and blood pear of parlyment? She determined she would try him. Praps she did not know she had liked Deuceace so much, until she kem to feel how much she should *hate* him, if she found he’d been playing her false.

The evening was over, and back they came, as we’ve seen,—my lord driving home in my lady’s carridge, her ladyship and miss walking up stairs to their own apartmince.

Here, for a wonder, was poar Miss Kicksy quite happy and



LORD CRABS BESTOWS ON THE LADIES HIS PARTING BENEDICTION

smiling, and evidently full of a secret,—something mighty pleasant, to judge from her loox. She did not long keep it. As she was making tea for the ladies (for in that house they took a cup reglar before bed-time), ‘Well, my lady,’ says she, ‘who do you think has been to drink tea with me?’ Poar thing, a frendly face was an event in her life—a tea-party quite a hera!

‘Why, perhaps, Lenoir, my maid,’ says my lady, looking grave. ‘I wish, Miss Kicksy, you would not demean yourself by mixing with my domestics. Recollect, madam, that you are sister to Lady Griffin.’

‘No, my lady, it was not Lenoir; it was a gentleman, and a handsome gentleman, too.’

‘Oh, it was Monsieur de l’Orge, then,’ says miss; ‘he promised to bring me some guitar-strings.’

‘No, nor yet M. de l’Orge. He came, but was not so polite as to ask for me. What do you think of your own beau, the Honorable Mr. Algernon Deuceace?’ and, so saying, poar Kicksey clapped her hands together, and looked as joyfle as if she’d come into a fortin.

‘Mr. Deuceace here; and why, pray?’ says my lady, who recklected all that his exlent pa had been saying to her.

‘Why, in the first place, he had left his pocket-book, and in the second he wanted, he said, a dish of my nice tea, which he took, and stayed with me an hour, or moar.’

‘And pray, Miss Kicksey,’ said Miss Matilda, quite contemptshusly, ‘what may have been the subject of your conversation with Mr. Algernon? Did you talk politics, or music, or fine arts, or metaphysics?’ Miss M. being what was called a *blue* (as most hump-backed women in sosity are), always made a pint to speak on these grand subjects.

‘No, indeed; he talked of no such awful matters. If he had, you know, Matilda, I should never have understood him. First we talked about the weather, next about muffins and crumpets. Crumpets, he said, he liked best; and then we talked’ (here Miss Kicksy’s voice fell) ‘about poor dear Sir George in heaven! what a good husband he was, and——’

‘And what a good fortune he left,—eh, Miss Kicksy?’ says my lady, with a hard, snearing voice, and a diabollicle grin.

‘Yes, dear Leonora, he spoke so respectfully of your blessed husband, and seemed so anxious about you and Matilda, it was quite charming to hear him, dear man!’

‘And pray, Miss Kicksy, what did you tell him?’

‘Oh, I told him that you and Leonora had nine thousand a year, and——’

‘What then?’

'Why, nothing ; that is all I know. I am sure, I wish I had ninety,' says poor Kicksy, her eyes turning to heaven.

'Ninety fiddlesticks ! Did not Mr. Deuceace ask how the money was left, and to which of us ?'

'Yes ; but I could not tell him.'

'I knew it !' says my lady, slapping down her teacup,—'I knew it !'

'Well !' says Miss Matilda, 'and why not, Lady Griffin ? There is no reason you should break your teacup, because Algernon asks a harmless question. *He* is not mercenary ; he is all candour, innocence, generosity ! He is himself blessed with a sufficient portion of the world's goods to be content ; and often and often has he told me he hoped the woman of his choice might come to him without a penny, that he might show the purity of his affection.'

'I've no doubt,' says my lady. 'Perhaps the lady of his choice is Miss Matilda Griffin !' and she flung out of the room, slamming the door, and leaving Miss Matilda to bust into tears, as was her regular custom, and pour her loves and woes into the buzzom of Miss Kicksy.

CHAPTER IV

'HITTING THE NALE ON THE HEDD'

THE nex morning, down came me and master to Lady Griffinses, —I amusing myself with the gals in the antyroom, he paying his devours to the ladies in the salong. Miss was thrumming on her gitter ; my lady was before a great box of papers, busy with accounts, bankers' books, lawyers' letters, and what not. Law bless us ! it's a kind of bisniss I should like well enuff, especially when my haannual account was seven or eight thousand on the right side, like my lady's. My lady in this house kep all these matters to herself. Miss was a vast deal too sentrimentle to mind business.

Miss Matilda's eyes sparkled as master came in ; she pinted gracefully to a place on the sofy beside her, which Deuceace took. My lady only looked up for a moment, smiled very kindly, and down went her head among the papers agen, as busy as a B.

'Lady Griffin has had letters from London,' says miss, 'from nasty lawyers and people. Come here and sit by me, you naughty man, you !'

And down sat master. 'Willingly,' says he, 'my dear Miss Griffin ; why, I declare it is quite a *tête-à-tête*.'

'Well,' says miss (after the prillimnary flumries, in coarse), 'we met a friend of yours at the embassy, Mr. Deuceace.'

'My father, doubtless; he is a great friend of the ambassador, and surprised me myself by a visit the night before last.'

'What a dear, delightful old man! how he loves you, Mr. Deuceace!'

'Oh, amazingly!' says master, throwing his i's to heaven.

'He spoke of nothing but you, and such praises of you!'

Master breathed more freely. 'He is very good, my dear father; but blind, as all fathers are, he is so partial and attached to me.'

'He spoke of your being his favourite child, and regretted that you were not his eldest son. "I can but leave him the small portion of a younger brother," he said; "but never mind, he has talents, a noble name, and an independence of his own."'

'An independence? yes, oh yes! I am quite independent of my father.'

'Two thousand pounds a year left you by your godmother: the very same you told us, you know.'

'Neither more nor less,' says master, bobbing his head; 'a sufficiency, my dear Miss Griffin,—to a man of my moderate habits an ample provision.'

'By the by,' cries out Lady Griffin, interrupting the conversation, 'you who are talking about money matters there, I wish you would come to the aid of poor *me*! Come, naughty boy, and help me out with this long, long sum.'

Didn't he go—that's all! My i, how his i's shone, as he skipt across the room, and seated himself by my lady!

'Look!' said she, 'my agents write me over that they have received a remittance of 7200 rupees, at 2s. 9d. a rupee. Do tell me what the sum is, in pounds and shillings;' which master did with great gravity.

'Nine hundred and ninety pounds. Good; I dare say you are right. I'm sure I can't go through the fatigue to see. And now comes another question. Whose money is this, mine or Matilda's? You see it is the interest of a sum in India, which we have not had occasion to touch; and, according to the terms of poor Sir George's will, I really don't know how to dispose of the money, except to spend it. Matilda, what shall we do with it?'

'La, ma'am, I wish you would arrange the business yourself.'

'Well, then, Algernon, *you* tell me;' and she laid her hand on his, and looked him most pathetically in the face.

'Why,' says he, 'I don't know how Sir George left his money; you must let me see his will, first.'

‘Oh, willingly.’

Master’s chair seemed suddenly to have got springs in the cushions ; he was obliged to *hold himself down*.

‘Look here, I have only a copy, taken by my hand from Sir George’s own manuscript. Soldiers, you know, do not employ lawyers much, and this was written on the night before going into action.’ And she read, “‘I, George Griffin,” etc. etc.—you know how these things begin—“being now of sane mind”—um, um, um, —“leave to my friends, Thomas Abraham Hicks, a colonel in the H. E. I. Company’s Service, and to John Monro Mackirkincroft (of the house of Huffle, Mackirkincroft, and Dobbs, at Calcutta), the whole of my property, to be realised as speedily as they may (consistently with the interests of the property), in trust for my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin (born L. E. Kicksy), and my only legitimate child, Matilda Griffin. The interest resulting from such property to be paid to them, share and share alike ; the principal to remain untouched, in the names of the said T. A. Hicks and J. M. Mackirkincroft, until the death of my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin, when it shall be paid to my daughter, Matilda Griffin, her heirs, executors, or assigns.”’

‘There,’ said my lady, ‘we won’t read any more ; all the rest is stuff. But now you know the whole business, tell us what is to be done with the money ?’

‘Why, the money, unquestionably, should be divided between you.’

‘*Tant mieux*, say I, I really thought it had been all Matilda’s.’

There was a pause for a minute or two after the will had been read. Master left the desk at which he had been seated with her ladyship, paced up and down the room for a while, and then came round to the place where Miss Matilda was seated. At last he said, in a low, trembling voice,

‘I am almost sorry, my dear Lady Griffin, that you have read that will to me ; for an attachment such as mine must seem, I fear, mercenary, when the object of it is so greatly favoured by worldly fortune. Miss Griffin—Matilda ! I know I may say the word ; your dear eyes grant me the permission. I need not tell you or you, dear mother-in-law, how long, how fondly, I have adored you. My tender, my beautiful Matilda, I will not affect to say I have not read your heart ere this, and that I have not known the preference with which you have honoured me. *Speak it*, dear girl ! from your own sweet lips, in the presence of an affectionate parent, utter the sentence which is to seal my happiness for life. Matilda, dearest Matilda ! say, oh say, that you love me !’



MR. DEUCEACE'S DISINTERESTED DECLARATION

Miss M. shivered, turned pail, rowled her eyes about, and fell on master's neck, whispering hoddibly, '*I do!*'

My lady looked at the pair for a moment with her teeth grinding, her i's glaring, her busm throbbing, and her face chock white, for all the world like Madam Pasty, in the oppra of *Mydear* (when she's goin to mudder her childring, you recklect), and out she flounced from the room, without a word, knocking down poar me, who happened to be very near the dor, and leaving my master along with his crook-back mistress.

I've repotted the speech he made to her pretty well. The fact is, I got it in a ruff copy, which, if any boddy likes, they may see at Mr. Frazieres, only on the copy it's wrote, '*Lady Griffin, Leonora!*' instead of '*Miss Griffin, Matilda,*' as in the abuff, and so on.

Master had hit the right nail on the head this time, he thought; but his adventors an't over yet.

CHAPTER V

THE GRIFFIN'S CLAWS

WELL, master had hit the right nail on the head this time: thanx to luck—the crooked one, to be sure, but then it had the *goold nobb*, which was the part Deuceace most valued, as well he should; being a connyshure as to the relletif valyou of pretious metals, and much preferring virging goold like this to poor old battered iron like my Lady Griffin.

And so, in spite of his father (at which old noblemin Mr. Deuceace now snapt his fingers), in spite of his detts (which, to do him Justas, had never stood much in his way), and in spite of his povatty, idleness, extravagans, swindling, and debotcheries of all kinds (which an't *generally* very favorabble to a young man who has to make his way in the world); in spite of all, there he was, I say, at the topp of the trea, the fewcher master of a perfect fortun, the defianced husband of a fool of a wife. What can mortal man want more? Vishns of ambishn now occupied his soal. Shooting boxes, oppra boxes, money boxes always full; hunters at Melton; a seat in the House of Commins, Heaven knows what! and not a poar footman, who only describes what he's seen, and can't, in cors, pennytrate into the idears and the busms of men.

You may be shore that the three-cornered noats came pretty

thick now from the Griffinses. Miss was always a writing them befoar ; and now, nite, noon, and mornink, breakfast, dinner, and sopper, in they came, till my pantry (for master never read 'em, and I carried 'em out) was puffickly intolrabble from the oder of musk, ambygrease, bargymot, and other sense with which they were impregnated. Here's the contense of three on 'em, which I've kep in my dex these twenty years as skewriosities. Faw ! I can smel 'em at this very minit, as I am copying them down.

BILLY DOO. No. I

Monday morning, 2 o'clock.

'Tis the witching hour of night. Luna illumines my chamber, and falls upon my sleepless pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Algernon. My brave and beautiful, my soul's lord ! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day ? Twelve ! one ! two ! I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never cease to think of my husband. My adored Percy, pardon the girlish confession, —I have kissed the letter at this place. Will thy lips press it too, and remain for a moment on the spot which has been equally saluted by your

MATILDA ?'

This was the *fust* letter, and was brot to our house by one of the poar footmin, Fitzclarence, at sick's o'clock in the morning. I thot it was for life and death, and woak master at that extraornary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forgit him, when he red it ; he cramped it up, and he cust and swoar, applying to the lady who roat, the genlmn that brought it, and me who introjuiced it to his notice, such a collection of epitafs as I seldum hered, excep at Billinxgit. The fact is thiss, for a fust letter, miss's noat was *rather* too strong and sentymente. But that was her way ; she was always reading melancholy stoary books—*Thaduse of Wawsaw*, the *Sorrows of Mac Whirter*, and such like.

After about 6 of them, master never yoused to read them ; but handid them over to me, to see if there was any think in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearuntses. The nex letter is

No. II

'Beloved ! to what strange madnesses will passion lead one ! Lady Griffin, since your avowal yesterday, has not spoken a word to your poor Matilda ; has declared that she will admit no one

(heigho ! not even you, my Algernon) ; and has locked herself in her own dressing-room. I do believe that she is *jealous*, and fancies that you were in love with *her* ! Ha, ha ! I could have told her *another tale*—n'est-ce pas ? Adieu, adieu, adieu ! A thousand, thousand, million kisses ! M. G.

'Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock.'

There was another letter kem before bedtime ; for though me and master called at the Griffinses, we wairnt aloud to enter at no price. Mortimer and Fitzclarence grind at me, as much as to say we were going to be relations ; but I dont spose master was very sorry when he was obleached to come back without seeing the fare object of his affeckshns.

Well, on Chewsdy there was the same game ; ditto on Wensday ; only, when we called there, who should we see but our father, Lord Crabs, who was waiving his hand to Miss Kicksey, and saying *he should be back to dinner at 7*, just as me and master came up the stares. There was no admittns for us though. 'Bah ! bah ! never mind,' says my lord, taking his son affeckshnatly by the hand. 'What, two strings to your bow ; ay, Algernon ? The dowager a little jealous, miss a little lovesick. But my lady's fit of anger will vanish, and I promise you, my boy, that you shall see your fair one to-morrow.'

And, so saying, my lord walked master down stares, looking at him as tender and affeckshnat, and speaking to him as sweet as posbill. Master did not know what to think of it. He never new what game his old father was at ; only he somehow felt that he had got his head in a net, in spite of his suxess on Sunday. I knew it—I knew it quite well, as soon as I saw the old genlmmn igsammin him, by a kind of smile which came over his old face, and was somethink betwigtst the angellic and the direbollicle.

But master's dowts were cleared up nex day, and every thing was bright again. At brexfast, in comes a note with inclosier, boath of witch I here copy :—

No. IX.

'Thursday morning.

'Victoria, Victoria ! Mamma has yielded at last ; not her consent to our union, but her consent to receive you as before ; and has promised to forget the past. Silly woman, how could she ever think of you as anything but the lover of your Matilda ? I am in a whirl of delicious joy and passionate excitement. I have

been awake all this long night, thinking of thee, my Algernon, and longing for the blissful hour of meeting.

‘Come!

M. G.’

This is the inclosier from my lady:—

‘I will not tell you that your behaviour on Sunday did not deeply shock me. I had been foolish enough to think of other plans, and to fancy your heart (if you had any) was fixed elsewhere than on one at whose foibles you have often laughed with me, and whose person at least cannot have charmed you.

‘My step-daughter will not, I presume, marry without at least going through the ceremony of asking my consent; I cannot, as yet, give it. Have I not reason to doubt whether she will be happy in trusting herself to you?

‘But she is of age, and has the right to receive in her own house all those who may be agreeable to her,—certainly you, who are likely to be one day so nearly connected with her. If I have honest reason to believe that your love for Miss Griffin is sincere; if I find in a few months that you yourself are still desirous to marry her, I can, of course, place no further obstacles in your way.

‘You are welcome, then, to return to our hotel. I cannot promise to receive you as I did of old; you would despise me if I did. I can promise, however, to think no more of all that has passed between us, and yield up my own happiness for that of the daughter of my dear husband.

L. E. G.’

Well, now, an’t this a manly, straitforard letter enough, and natral from a woman whom we had, to confess the truth, treated most scuvvily? Master thought so, and went and made a tender, respeckful speach to Lady Griffin (a little flumry costs nothink). Grave and sorroffe he kist her hand, and, speakin in a very low adgitayted voice, calld Hevn to witness how he deplord that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortnt ideer; but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would accept the same, and a deal moar flumry of the kind, with dark, sollum, glansis of the eyes, and plenty of white pockit hankercher.

He thought he’d make all safe. Poar fool! he was in a net—sich a net as I never yet see set to ketch a roag in.

CHAPTER VI

THE JEWEL

THE Shevalier de l'Orge, the young Frenchmin whom I wrote of in my last, who had been rather shy of his visits while master was coming it so very strong, now came back to his old place by the side of Lady Griffin; there was no love now, though, betwixt him and master, although the shevallier had got his lady back agin, Deuceace being compleatly devoted to his crookid Veanus.

The shevalier was a little, pale, moddist, insinifishnt creature; and I shoodn't have thought, from his appearants, would have the heart to do harm to a fli, much less to stand befor such a tremendous tiger and fire-eater as my master. But I see putty well, after a week, from his manner of going on—of speakin at master, and lookin at him, and olding his lips tight when Deuceace came into the room, and glaring at him with his i's, that he hated the Honrabble Algernon Percy.

Shall I tell you why? Because my Lady Griffin hated him; hated him wuss than pison, or the devvle, or even wuss than her daughter-in-law. Praps you phansy that the letter you have juss red was honest; praps you amadgin that the sean of the reading of the wil come on by mere chans, and in the reglar cors of suckm-stansies: it was all a *game*, I tell you—a reglar trap; and that extrodnar clever young man, my master, as neatly put his foot into it, as ever a pocher did in fesnt preserve.

The shevalier had his q from Lady Griffin. When Deuceace went off the feald, back came De l'Orge to her feet, not a witt less tender than befor. Por fellow, por fellow! he really loved this woman. He might as well have foln in love with a bore-constructor! He was so blinded and beat by the power wich she had got over him, that if she told him black was white he'd beleave it, or if she ordered him to commit murder, he'd do it—she wanted something very like it, I can tell you.

I've already said how, in the fust part of their acquaintance, master used to laff at De l'Orge's bad English, and funny ways. The little creature had a thowsnd of these; and being small, and a Frenchman, master, in cors, looked on him with that good-humoured kind of contemp which a good Brittn ot always to show. He rayther treated him like an intelligent munky than a man, and ordered him about as if he'd bean my lady's footman.

All this munseer took in very good part, until after the quarl

betwist master and Lady Griffin; when that lady took care to turn the tables. Whenever master and miss were not present (as I've heard the servants say), she used to laff at the shevalliay for his obeajance and sivillaty to master. 'For her part, she wondered how a man of his birth could act a servnt; how any man could submit to such contemsheous behaviour from another; and then she told him how Deuceace was always snearing at him behind his back; how, in fact, he ought to hate him corjaly, and how it was suttnly time to show his sperrit.'

Well, the poar little man beleavd all this from his hart, and was angry or pleased, gentle or quarlsum, igsactly as my lady liked. There got to be frequent rows betwist him and master; sharp words flung at each other across the dinner-table; dispewts about handing ladies their smeling-botls, or seeing them to their carridge; or going in and out of a roam fust, or any such nonsince.

'For Hevn's sake,' I heerd my lady, in the midl of one of these tiffs, say, pail, and the tears trembling in her i's, 'do, do be calm, Mr. Deuceace. Monsieur de l'Orge, I beseech you to forgive him. You are, both of you, so esteemed, lov'd, by members of this family, that for its peace as well as your own, you should forbear to quarrel.'

It was on the way to the Sally Mangy that this brangling had begun, and it ended jest as they were seating themselves. I shall never forgit poar little De l'Orge's eyes, when my lady said '*both* of you.' He stair'd at my lady for a momint, turned pail, red, look'd wild, and then, going round to master, shook his hand as if he would have wrung it off. Mr. Deuceace only bowd and grind, and turned away quite stately; miss heaved a loud O from her busm, and lookd up in his face with an igspreshn jest as if she could have eat him up with love; and the little shevalliay sate down to his soop-plate, and wus so happy, that I'm blest if he wasn't crying! He thought the widdow had made her declyrat-ion, and would have him; and so thought Deuceace, who lookd at her for some time mighty bitter and contempshus, and then fell a talking with miss.

Now, though master didn't choose for to marry Lady Griffin, as he might have done, he yet thought fit to be very angry at the notion of her marrying anybody else; and so, consquintly, was in a fewry at this confision which she had made regarding her parshaleaty for the French shevaleer.

And this I've perseaved in the cors of my expearants through life, that when you vex him, a roag's no longer a roag; you find him out at onst when he's in a passion, for he shows, as it ware,

his cloven foot the very instnt you tread on it. At least, this is what *young* roags do ; it requires very cool blood and long practis to get over this pint, and not to show your pashn when you feel it, and snarl when you are angry. Old Crabs wouldn't do it ; being like another noblemin, of whom I heard the Duke of Wellington say, while waiting behind his graci's chair, that if you were kicking him from behind, no one standing before him wuld know it, from the bewtifle smiling igspreshn of his face. Young master hadn't got so far in the thief's grammer, and, when he was angry, showd it. And it's also to be remarked (a very profownd observatin for a footmin, but we have it's though we *do* wear plush britchis), it's to be remarked, I say, that one of these chaps is much sooner maid angry than another, because honest men yield to other people, roags never do ; honest men love other people, roags only themselves ; and the slightest thing which comes in the way of thir beloved objects sets them fewrious. Master hadn't led a life of gambling, swindling, and every kind of debotch to be good tempered at the end of it, I prommis you.

He was in a pashun, and when he *was* in a pashn, a more insalent, insuffrable, overbearing broot, didn't live.

This was the very pint to which my lady wished to bring him ; for I must tell you, that though she had been trying all her might to set master and the shevallaiy by the years, she had suxcaded only so far as to make them hate each profowndly ; but somehow or other, the 2 cox woudnt *fight*.

I doan't think Deuceace ever suspected any game on the part of her ladyship, for she carried it on so admirally, that the quarls which daily took place betwigest him and the Frenchman never seemed to come from her ; on the contry, she acted as the reglar pease-maker between them, as I've just shown in the tiff which took place at the door of the Sally Mangy. Besides, the 2 young men, thoagh reddy enough to snarl, were natrally unwilling to cum to bloes. I'll tell you why : being friends, and idle, they spent their mornins as young fashnabbles genrally do, at billiards, fensing, riding, pistle-shooting, or some such improoving study. In billiards, master beat the Frenchmn hollow (and had won a pretious sight of money from him, but that's neither here nor there, or, as the French say, *ontry noo*) ; at pistle shooting, master could knock down eight immidges out of ten, and De l'Orge seven ; and in fensing, the Frenchman could pink the Honrable Algernon down evry one of his weskit buttns. They'd each of them been out more than onst, for every Frenchman will fight, and master had been obleag'd to do so in the cors of his bisniss ; and knowing each other's curridg, as well as the fact that either could put a hundrid

bolts running into a hat at 30 yards, they wairn't *very* willing to try such exparrymence upon their own hats with their own heads in them. So you see they kep quiet, and only grould at each other.

But to-day, Deuceace was in one of his thundering black humers ; and when in this way he woodnt stop for man or devyle. I said that he walked away from the shevallia, who had given him his hand in his sudden bust of joyfle good-humour, and who, I do bleave, would have hugd a she-bear, so very happy was he. Master walked away from him pale and hotty, and, taking his seat at table, no moor mindid the brandishments of Miss Griffin, but only replied to them with a pshaw, or a dam at one of us servnts, or abuse of the soop, or the wine ; cussing and swearing like a trooper, and not like a wel-bred son of a noble Brittish peer.

'Will your ladyship,' says he, slivering off the wing of a *pully ally bashymall*, 'allow me to help you?'

'I thank you ! no ; but I will trouble Monsieur de l'Orge.' And towards that gnlnm she turned, with a most tender and fasnating smile.

'Your ladyship has taken a very sudden admiration for Mr. de l'Orge's carving. You used to like mine once.'

'You are very skilful : but to-day, if you will allow me, I will partake of something a little simpler.'

The Frenchmn helped ; and, being so happy, in cors, spilt the gravy. A great blob of brown sos spurted on to master's chick, and myandredw down his shert collar and virging-white weskit.

'Confound you !' says he, 'M. de l'Orge, you have done this on purpose.' And down went his knife and fork, over went his tumbler of wine, a deal of it into poar Miss Griffinses lap, who looked fritened and ready to cry.

My lady bust into a fit of laffin, peel upon peel, as if it was the best joak in the world. De l'Orge giggled and grind too.

'*Pardong*,' says he ; '*meal pardong, mong share munseer.*'¹ And he looked as if he would have done it again for a penny.

The little Frenchman was quite in exstasis : he found himself all of a suddn at the very top of the trea ; and the laff for onst turned against his rivle, he actially had the ordassaty to propose to my lady in English to take a glass of wine.

'Veal you,' says he, in his jargin, 'take a glas of Madère viz me, mi ladi?' And he looked round, as if he'd igsackly hit the English manner and pronounciation.

'With the greatest pleasure,' says Lady G., most graciously

¹ In the long dialogues, we have generally ventured to change the peculiar spelling of our friend, Mr. Yellowplush.

nodding at him, and gazing at him as she drank up the wine. She'd refused master befor, and *this* didn't increase his good humer.

Well, they went on, master snarling, snapping, and swearing, making himself, I must confess, as much of a blaggard as any I ever see; and my lady employing her time betwixt him and the shevallaiy, doing everythink to irritate master, and flatter the Frenchman. Desert came; and by this time, miss was stock-still with fright, the chevaleer half tipsy with pleasure and gratified vannaty. My lady puffickly raygent with smiles, and master bloo with rage.

'Mr. Deuceace,' says my lady, in a most winning voice, after a little chaffing (in which she only worked him up moar and moar), 'may I trouble you for a few of those grapes? they look delicious.'

For answer, master seas'd hold of the grayp dish, and sent it sliding down the table to De l'Orge; upsetting, in his way, fruit-plates, glasses, dickanters, and Heaven knows what.

'Monsieur de l'Orge,' says he, shouting out at the top of his voice, 'have the goodness to help Lady Griffin. She wanted *my* grapes long ago, and has found out they are sour!'

There was a dead paws of a moment or so.

'Ah!' says my lady, '*vous osez m'insulter, devant mes gens, dans ma propre maison—c'est par trop fort, monsieur.*' And up she got, and flung out of the room. Miss followed her, screeching out, 'Mamma—for God's sake—Lady Griffin!' and here the door slammed on the pair.

Her ladyship did very well to speak French. *De l'Orge* would not have understood her else; as it was he heard quite enough; and as the door clikt too, in the presents of me, and Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence, the family footmen, he walks round to my master, and hits him a slap on the face, and says, '*Prends ça, menteur et lâche!*' Which means, 'Take that, you liar and coward!'—rayther strong igspresshns for one genlman to use to another.

Master staggered back, and looked bewildered; and then he gave a kind of a scream, and then he made a run at the Frenchman, and then me and Mortimer flung ourselves upon him, whilst Fitzclarence embraced the shevallaiy.

'*A demain!*' says he, clinching his little fist, and walking away, not very sorry to git off.

When he was fairly down stares, we let go of master; who swallowed a goblit of water, and then pawsing a little, and pulling out his pus, he presented to Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence a luydor each. 'I will give you five more to-morrow,' says he, 'if you will promise to keep this secret.'

And then he walked in to the ladies. 'If you knew,' says he, going up to Lady Griffin, and speaking very slow (in cors we were all at the keyhole), 'the pain I have endured in the last minute, in consequence of the rudeness and insolence of which I have been guilty to your ladyship, you would think my own remorse was punishment sufficient, and would grant me pardon.'

My lady bowed, and said she didn't wish for explanations. Mr. Deuceace was her daughter's guest, and not hers; but she certainly would never demean herself by sitting again at table with him. And so saying, out she bolted again.

'Oh! Algernon! Algernon!' says miss, in tears, 'what is this dreadful mystery—these fearful, shocking quarrels? Tell me, has anything happened? Where, where is the chevalier?'

Master smiled, and said, 'Be under no alarm, my sweetest Matilda. De l'Orge did not understand a word of the dispute; he was too much in love for that. He is but gone away for half an hour, I believe; and will return to coffee.'

I knew what master's game was, for if miss had got a hinkling of the quarrel betwixt him and the Frenchman, we should have had her screaming at the Hotel Mirabeu, and the juice and all to pay. He only stopt for a few minuits, and cumfitted her, and then drove off to his friend, Captain Bullseye, of the Rifles; with whom, I spose, he talked over this unplesnt bisniss. We fownd, at our hotel, a note from De l'Orge, saying where his secknd was to be seen.

Two mornings after there was a parrowgraf in *Gallynanny's Messinger*, which I hear beg leaf to transcribe:—

'*Fearful Duel*.—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a meeting took place, in the Bois de Boulogne, between the Hon. A. P. D—ce—ce, a younger son of the Earl of Cr—bs, and the Chevalier de l'O——. The chevalier was attended by Major de M——, of the Royal Guard, and the Hon. Mr. D—— by Captain B—lls—ye, of the British Rifle Corps. As far as we have been able to learn the particulars of this deplorable affair, the dispute originated in the house of a lovely lady (one of the most brilliant ornaments of our embassy), and the duel took place on the morning ensuing.

'The Chevalier (the challenged party, and the most accomplished amateur swordsman in Paris) waived his right of choosing the weapons, and the combat took place with pistols.

'The combatants were placed at forty paces, with directions to advance to a barrier which separated them only eight paces. Each was furnished with two pistols. Monsieur de l'O—— fired almost immediately, and the ball took effect in the left wrist of his

antagonist, who dropped the pistol which he held in that hand. He fired, however, directly with his right, and the chevalier fell to the ground, we fear mortally wounded. A ball has entered above his hip-joint, and there is very little hope that he can recover.

'We have heard that the cause of this desperate duel was a *blow*, which the chevalier ventured to give to the Hon. Mr. D. If so, there is some reason for the unusual and determined manner in which the duel was fought.

'Mr. Deu-a-e returned to his hotel; whither his excellent father, the right Hon. Earl of Cr-bs, immediately hastened on hearing of the sad news, and is now bestowing on his son the most affectionate parental attention. The news only reached his lordship yesterday at noon, while at breakfast with his excellency Lord Bobtail, our ambassador. The noble earl fainted on receiving the intelligence; but, in spite of the shock to his own nerves and health, persisted in passing last night by the couch of his son.'

And so he did. 'This is a sad business, Charles,' says my lord to me, after seeing his son, and settling himself down in our salong. 'Have you any segars in the house? And, hark ye, send me up a bottle of wine and some luncheon. I can certainly not leave the neighbourhood of my dear boy.'

CHAPTER VII

THE CONSQUINSIES

THE shevalliay did not die, for the ball came out of it's own accord, in the midst of a violent fever and inflamayshn which was brot on by the wound. He was kep in bed for 6 weeks though, and did not recover for a long time after.

As for master, his lot, I'm sorry to say, was wuss than that of his advisory. Inflammation came on too; and, to make an ugly story short, they were obliged to take off his hand at the rist.

He bore it, in cors, like a Trojin, and in a month he too was well, and his wound heel'd; but I never sea a man look so like a devvle as he used sometimes, when he looked down at the stump!

To be sure, in Miss Griffinses eyes, this only indeered him the mor. She sent twenty noats a day to ask for him, calling him her beloved, her unfortnat, her hero, her wictim, and I dono what. I've kep some of the noats as I tell you, and curiously sentimentle they are, beating the sorrows of MacWhirter all to nothink.

Old Crabs used to come often, and consumed a power of wine and seagars at our house. I bleave he was at Paris because there was an exycution in his own house in England; and his son was a sure find (as they say) during his illness, and couldn't deny himself to the old genlmn. His eveninx my lord spent reglar at Lady Griffin's, where, as master was ill, I didn't go any more now, and where the chevalier wasn't there to disturb him.

'You see how that woman hates you, Deuceace,' says my lord, one day, in a fit of cander, after they had been talking about Lady Griffin; '*she has not done with you yet*, I tell you fairly.'

'Curse her,' says master, in a fury, lifting up his maim'd arm—'curse her! but I will be even with her one day. I am sure of Matilda: I took care to put that beyond the reach of a failure. The girl must marry me for her own sake.'

'*For her own sake!* O ho! Good, good!' My lord lifted his i's, and said, gravely, 'I understand, my dear boy: it is an excellent plan.'

'Well,' says master, grinning fearcely and knowingly at his exlent old father, 'as the girl is safe, what harm can I fear from the fiend of a step-mother?'

My lord only gev a long whizzle, and, soon after, taking up his hat, walked off. I saw him sawnter down the Plas Vandome, and go in quite calmly to the old door of Lady Griffinses hotel. Bless his old face! such a puffickly good-natured, kind-hearted, merry, selfish old scoundril, I never shall see again.

His lordship was quite right in sáying to master that 'Lady Griffin hadn't done with him.' No moar she had. But she never would have thought of the nex game she was going to play, *if somebody hadn't put her up to it*. Who did? If you red the above passidge, and saw how a venrabble old genlmn took his hat, and sauntered down the Plas Vandome (looking hard and kind at all the nussary-maids—*buns* they call them in France—in the way), I leave you to guess who was the auther of the nex skeam: a woman, suttnly, never would have pitcht on it.

In the fuss payper which I wrote concerning Mr. Deuceace's adventures, and his kind behayviour to Messeers Dawkins and Blewitt, I had the honor of laying before the public a skidewl of my master's detts, in witch was the following itim—

'Bills of xchange and I.O.U.'s, £4963, 0s. 0d.'

The I.O.U.se were trifling, say a thowsnd pound. The bills amountid to four thowsnd moar.

Now, the lor is in France, that if a genlmn gives these in England, and a French genlmn gits them in any way, he can pursew

the Englishman who has drawn them, even though he should be in France. Master did not know this fact—laboring under a very common mistake, that, when onst out of England, he might wissle at all the debts he left behind him.

My Lady Griffin sent over to her slissators in London, who made arrangemints with the persons who possest the fine collection of ortografs on stampt paper which master had left behind him; and they were glad enuff to take any oppertunity of getting back their money.

One fine morning, as I was looking about in the court-yard of our hotel, talking to the servant-gals, as was my reglar custom, in order to improve myself in the French languidge, one of them comes up to me and says, 'Tenez, Monsieur Charles, down below in the office there is a bailiff, with a couple of gendarmes, who is asking for your master—*a-t-il des dettes par hasard?*'

I was struck all of a heap—the truth flasht on my mind's hi. 'Toinette,' says I, for such was the gal's name—'Toinette,' says I, giving her a kiss, 'keep them for two minnits, as you valyou my affeckshn;' and then I gave her another kiss, and ran up stares to our chambers. Master had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive abowt; it was lucky for him that he had the strenth to move. 'Sir, sir,' says I, 'the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life.'

'Bailiffs?' says he: 'nonsense! I don't, thank Heaven, owe a shilling to any man.'

'Stuff, sir,' says I, forgetting my respeck; 'don't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment.'

As I spoke, cling cling, ling ling, goes the bell of the anty-shamber, and there they were sure enough!

What was to be done? Quick as litening, I throws off my livry coat, claps my goold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gown, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the dor.

There they were—the bailiff—two jondarms with him—Toinette, and an old waiter. When Toinette sees master, she smiles, and says: 'Dis donc, Charles! où est, donc, ton maître? Chez lui, n'est-ce pas? C'est le jeune homme à monsieur,' says she, curtsying to the bailiff.

The old waiter was just a-going to blurt out, 'Mais ce n'est pas!' when Toinette stops him, and says, 'Laissez donc passer ces messieurs, vieux bête;' and in they walk, the 2 jon d'arms taking their post in the hall.

Master throws open the salong doar very gravely, and,

touching *my* hat, says, 'Have you any orders about the cab, sir?'

'Why, no, Chawls,' says I; 'I shan't drive out to-day.'

The old bailiff grinned, for he understood English (having had plenty of English customers), and says in French, as master goes out, 'I think, sir, you had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, *au nom de la loi*, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques François Lebrun, of Paris'; and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them sure enough.

'Take a chair, sir,' says I; and down he sits; and I began to chaff him, as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad axdent, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my busm, and so on.

At last, after a minnit or two, I could contane no longer, and bust out in a horse laff.

The old fellow turned quite pail, and began to suspect something. 'Hola!' says he; 'gendarmes! à moi! à moi! Je suis floué, volé,' which means, in English, that he was reglar sold.

The jondarmes jumpt into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Grasefly rising from my arm-chare, I took my hand from my dressing-gownd, and, flinging it open, stuck up on the chair one of the neatest legs ever seen.

I then pinted myjestickly—to what do you think?—to my PLUSH TITES! these sellabrated inigspressables which have rendered me faymous in Yourope.

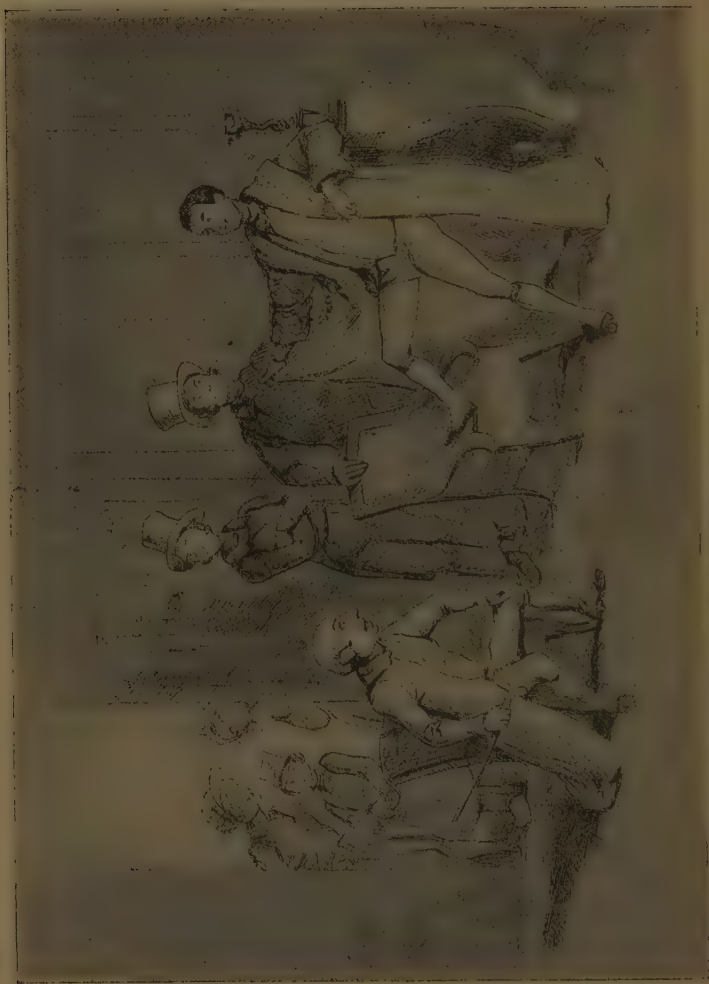
Taking the hint, the jondarmes and the servnts rord out laffing; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, I can tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff, looked as if he would faint in his chare.

I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel-gate, and knew then that my master was safe.

CHAPTER VIII

THE END OF MR. DEUCEACE'S HISTORY—LIMBO

My tail is droring rabidly to a close: my suvvice with Mr. Deuceace didn't continyou very long after the last chapter, in which I described my admiral strattyjam, and my singlar self-devocean. There's very few servnts, I can tell you, who'd have



thought of such a contrivance, and very few moar would have egg-scyuted it when thought of.

But, after all, beyond the trifling advantich to myself in selling master's roab de sham, which you, gentle reader, may remember I wear, and in dixcovering a fipun note in one of the pockets,—beyond this, I say, there was to poar master very little advantich in what had been done. It's true he had escaped. Very good. But Frans is not like Great Brittn; a man in a livry coat, with l arm, is pretty easly known, and caught, too, as I can tell you.

Such was the case with master. He coodn leave Paris, moar-over, if he would. What was to become, in that case, of his bride—his unchbacked hairis? He knew that young lady's *temprimong* (as the Parishers say) too well to let her long out of his site. She had nine thousand a-yer. She'd been in love a duzn times befor, and mite be agin. The Honrabble Algernon Deuceace was a little too wide awake to trust much to the constnsy of so very inflammable a young creacher. Heavn bless us, it was a marycle she wasn't earlier married! I do bleave (from suttu seans that past betwigest us) that she'd have married me, if she hadn't been sejuiced by the supearor rank and indianuity of the gelmn in whose survice I was.

Well, to use a commin igspreshn, the beaks were after him. How was he to manitch? He coodn get away from his debts, and he wooden quit the fare object of his affeckshns. He was ableejd, then, as the French say, to lie perdew,—going out at night, like a howl out of a hivy-bush, and returning in the daytime to his roast. For its a maxum in France (and I wood it were followed in England), that after dark no man is libile for his detts; and in any of the royal gardens—the Twillaries, the Pally Roil, or the Lucksimbug, for example—a man may wander from sunrise to evening, and hear nothing of the ojus dunns: they an't admitted into these places of public enjyment and rondyvoo any more than dogs; the centuries at the garden gate having orders to shuit all such.

Master, then, was in this uncomfrable situation—neither liking to go nor to stay! peeping out at nights to have an interview with his miss; ableagd to shuffle off her repeated questions as to the reason of all this disgeise, and to talk of his two thowsnd a year, jest as if he had it, and didn't owe a shilling in the world.

Of course, now, he began to grow mighty eager for the marritch.

He roat as many noats as she had done befor; swear against delay and cerymony; talked of the pleasures of Hyming, the ardship that the ardor of two arts should be allowed to igspire, the folly of waiting for the consent of Lady Griffin. She was but

a step-mother, and an unkind one. Miss was (he said) a major, might marry whom she liked; and suttlnly had paid Lady G. quite as much attention as she ought, by paying her the compliment to ask her at all.

And so they went on. The curious thing was, that when master was pressed about his cause for not coming out till night-time, he was misterus; and Miss Griffin, when asked why she wooden marry, igsprest, or rather *didn't* igsprest, a similar secrasy. Wasn't it hard? the cup seemed to be at the lip of both of 'em, and yet, somehow, they could not manitch to take a drink.

But one morning, in reply to a most desprat epistol wrote by my master over night, Deuceace, delighted, gits an answer from his soal's beluffd, which ran thus:—

MISS GRIFFIN TO THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE.

'DEAREST,—You say you would share a cottage with me; there is no need, luckily, for that! You plead the sad sinking of your spirits at our delayed union. Beloved, do you think *my* heart rejoices at our separation? You bid me disregard the refusal of Lady Griffin, and tell me that I owe her no further duty.

'Adored Algernon! I can refuse you no more. I was willing not to lose a single chance of reconciliation with this unnatural step-mother. Respect for the memory of my sainted father bid me do all in my power to gain her consent to my union with you; nay, shall I own it, prudence dictated the measure; for to whom should she leave the share of money accorded to her by my father's will but to my father's child?

'But there are bounds beyond which no forbearance can go; and, thank Heaven, we have no need of looking to Lady Griffin for sordid wealth: we have a competency without her. Is it not so, dearest Algernon?

'Be it as you wish, then, dearest, bravest, and best. Your poor Matilda has yielded to you her heart long ago; she has no longer need to keep back her name. Name the hour, and I will delay no more; but seek for refuge in your arms from the contumely and insult which meet me ever here.

MATILDA.

'P.S.—O, Algernon, ! if you did but know what a noble part your dear father has acted throughout, in doing his best endeavours to further our plans, and to soften Lady Griffin! It is not *his* fault that she is inexorable as she is. I send you a note sent by her to Lord Crabs; we will laugh at it soon, *n'est-ce pas?*'

II.

‘MY LORD,—In reply to your demand for Miss Griffin’s hand, in favour of your son, Mr. Algernon Deuceace, I can only repeat what I before have been under the necessity of stating to you,—that I do not believe a union with a person of Mr. Deuceace’s character would conduce to my step-daughter’s happiness, and therefore *refuse my consent*. I will beg you to communicate the contents of this note to Mr. Deuceace; and implore you no more to touch upon a subject which you must be aware is deeply painful to me.—I remain your lordship’s most humble servant,

‘L. E. GRIFFIN.’

‘The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs.’

‘Hang her ladyship!’ says my master, ‘what care I for it?’ As for the old lord who’d bean so afishous in his kindniss and advice, master recknsiled that pretty well, with thinking that his lordship knew he was going to marry ten thousand a year, and igspected to get some share of it; for he roat back the following letter to his father, as well as a flaming one to miss:—

‘Thank you, my dear father, for your kindness in that awkward business. You know how painfully I am situated just now, and can pretty well guess *both the causes* of my disquiet. A marriage with my beloved Matilda will make me the happiest of men. The dear girl consents, and laughs at the foolish pretensions of her mother-in-law. To tell you the truth, I wonder she yielded to them so long. Carry your kindness a step further, and find for us a parson, a licence, and make us two into one. We are both major, you know; so that the ceremony of a guardian’s consent is unnecessary.—Your affectionate,

ALGERNON DEUCEACE.’

‘How I regret that difference between us some time back! Matters are changed now, and shall be more still *after the marriage*.’

I knew what my master meant,—that he would give the old lord the money after he was married; and as it was probble that miss would see the letter he roat, he made it such as not to let her see two clearly into his presnt uncomfrable situation.

I took this letter along with the tender one for miss, reading both of ’em, in course, by the way. Miss, on getting hers, gave an inegspressable look with the white of her i’s, kist the letter, and prest it to her busm. Lord Crabs read his quite calm, and then they fell a-talking together; and told me to wait awhile, and I should git an anser.

After a deal of counseltation, my lord brought out a card, and there was simply written on it,

To-morrow at the Ambassador's, at Twelve.

'Carry that back to your master, Chawls,' says he, 'and bid him not to fail.'

You may be sure I stept back to him pretty quick, and gave him the card and the messinge. Master looked sattsafied with both; but suttnly not over-happy: no man is the day before his marridge; much more his marridge with a humpback, Harriss though she be.

Well, as he was a-going to depart this bachelor life, he did what every man in such suckmstansies ought to do; he made his will,—that is, he made a disipation of his property, and wrote letters to his creditors, telling them of his lucky chance; and that after his marriage he would sutnly pay them every stiver. *Before*, they must know his povvaty well enough to be sure that paymint was out of the question.

To do him justas, he seam'd to be inclined to do the thing that was right, now that it didn't put him to any inkinvenients to do so.

'Chawls,' says he, handing me over a tenpun note, 'here's your wagis, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs: when we are married, you shall be my valet out of liv'ry, and I'll treble your salary.'

His vallit! praps his butler! Yes, thought I, here's a chance—a vallit to ten thousand a year. Nothing to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my wiskers grow; to dress in spick and span black, and a clean shut per day; muffings every night in the housekeeper's room; the pick of the gals in the servnts' hall; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's oppra bone reglar once a week. *I* knew what a vallit was as well as any genlmn in service; and this I can tell you, he's generally a hapier, idler, hundsomer, more genlmnly man than his master. He has more money to spend, for genlm *will* leave their silver in their weskit pockets; more suxess among the gals; as good dinners, and as good wine—that is, if he's friends with the butler, and friends in cors they will be if they know which way their interest lies.

But these are only cassels in the air, what the French call *shutter d'Espang*. It wasn't roat in the book of fate that I was to be Mr. Deuceace's vallit.

Days will pass at last—even days befor a wedding (the longest and unpleasantist day in the whole of a man's life, I can tell you, excep, may be, the day before his hanging); and at length Aroarer dawned on the suspicious morning which was to unite in the bonds of Hyming the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, Esquire, and Miss Matilda Griffin. My master's wardrobe wasn't so rich as it had been; for he'd left the whole of his nicknax and trumpry of dressing-cases and rob dy shams, his bewtifle museum of varnished boots, his curous colleckshn of Stulz and Staub coats, when he had been ableaged to quit so sudnly our pore, dear lodginx at the Hotel Mirabew; and, being incog at a friend's house, had contentid himself with ordring a coople of shoots of cloves from a common tailor, with a suffisht quantaty of linning.

Well, he put on the best of his coats—a blue; and I thought it my duty to ask him whether he'd want his frock again; and he was good-natured, and said, 'Take it, and be hanged to you.' And half-past eleven o'clock came, and I was sent to look out at the door, if there were any sispicious charicters (a precious good nose I have to find a bailiff out, I can tell you, and an i which will almost see one round a corner); and presnly a very modist green glass-coach droav up, and in master stept. I didn't, in cors, appear on the box; because, being known, my appearints might have compromised master. But I took a short cut, and walked as quick as possbil down to the Rue de Fobug St. Honoré, where his exlnsy the English ambasdor lives, and where marridges are always performed betwigt English folk at Paris.

There is, almost nex door to the ambasdor's hotel, another hotel, of that lo kind which the French call cabbyrays, or wine-houses; and jest as master's green glass-coach pulled up, another coach drove off, out of which came two ladies, whom I knew pretty well,—suffiz, that one had a humpback, and the ingenious reader well knew why *she* came there; the other was poor Miss Kicksey, who came to see her turned off.

Well, masters glass-coach droav up jest as I got within a few yards of the door; our carridge, I say, droav up, and stopt. Down gits coachmin to open the door, and up comes I to give Mr. Deuceace an arm, when—out of the cabaray shoot four fellows, and draw up betwigt the coach and the embassy-doar; two other chaps go to the other doar of the carridge, and, opening it, one says—'*Rendez-vous, Monsieur Deuceace! Je vous arrête au nom de la loi!*' (which means, 'Get out of that, Mr. D.; you are nabbed, and no mistake'). Master turned gashly pail, and sprang to the other side of the coach, as if a serpint had stung him. He flung open the door, and

was for making off that way ; but he saw the four chaps standing betwixt libbarty and him. He slams down the front window, and screams out, 'Fouettez, cocher!' (which means, 'Go it, coachmin!') in a despart loud voice ; but coachmin wooden go it, and besides, was off his box.

The long and short of the matter was, that jest as I came up to the door two of the bums jumped into the carridge. I saw all ; I knew my duty, and so very mornfly I got up behind.

'*Tiens*,' says one of the chaps in the street ; *c'est ce drôle qui nous a loué l'autre jour.*' I knew 'em, but was too melumcolly to smile.

'*Où irons-nous donc ?*' says coachmin to the genlmn who had got inside.

A deep voice from the intearor shouted out, in reply to the coachmin, 'A SAINTE PELAGIE !'

And now, praps, I ot to dixcribe to you the humours of the prizn of Sainte Pelagie, which is the French for Fleet, or Queen's Bentsh ; but on this subject I'm rather shy of writing, partly because the admiral Boz has, in the history of Mr. Pickwick, made such a dixcripshun of a prizn, that mine wooden read very amyously afterwids ; and, also, because, to tell you the truth, I didn't stay long in it, being not in a humer to waist my igsistance by passing away the ears of my youth in such a dull place.

My fust errint now was, as you may phansy, to carry a noat from master to his destined bride. The poar thing was sadly taken aback, as I can tell you, when she found, after remaining two hours at the Embassy, that her husband didn't make his appearance. And so, after staying on and on, and yet seeing no husband, she was forced at last to trudge dishconslit home, where I was already waiting for her with a letter from my master.

There was no use now denying the fact of his arrest, and so he confest it at onst : but he made a cock-and-bull story of treachery of a friend, infimous fodgery, and Heaven knows what. However, it didn't matter much ; if he had told her that he had been betrayed by the man in the moon, she would have bleavd him.

Lady Griffin never used to appear now at any of my visits. She kep one drawing-room, and Miss dined and lived alone in another ; they quarld so much that praps it was best they should live apart : only my Lord Crabs used to see both, comforting each with that winning and innsnt way he had. He came in as Miss, in tears, was lisning to my account of master's seizure, and hopin that the prizn wasn't a horrid place, with a nasty horrid dunjeon, and a dreadfle jailer, and nasty horrid bread and water.

Law bless us ! she had borrod her ideers from the novvles she had been reading !

‘O my lord, my lord,’ says she, ‘have you heard this fatal story ?’

‘Dearest Matilda, what ? For Heaven’s sake, you alarm me ! What—yes—no—is it—no, it can’t be ! Speak !’ says my lord, seizing me by the choler of my coat, ‘what has happened to my boy ?’

‘Please you, my lord,’ says I, ‘he’s at this moment in prisn, no wuss,—having been incarserated about two hours ago.’

‘In prison ! Algernon in prison ! ’tis impossible ! Imprisoned, for what sum ? Mention it, and I will pay to the utmost farthing in my power.’

‘I’m sure your lordship is very kind,’ says I (recklecting the sean betwigest him and master, whom he wanted to diddil out of a thowsand lb.) ; ‘and you’ll be happy to hear he’s only in for a trifle. Five thousand pound is, I think, pretty near the mark.’

‘Five thousand pounds !—confusion !’ says my lord, clasping his hands, and looking up to heaven, ‘and I have not five hundred ! Dearest Matilda, how shall we help him ?’

‘Alas, my lord, I have but three guineas, and you know how Lady Griffin has the——’

‘Yes, my sweet child, I know what you would say ; but be of good cheer—Algernon, you know, has ample funds of his own.’

Thinking my lord meant Dawkins’s five thousand, of which, to be sure, a good lump was left, I held my tung ; but I cooden help wondering at Lord Crab’s igstream compashn for his son, and miss, with her £10,000 a year, having only 3 guineas in her pockit.

I took home (bless us, what a home ?) a long and very inflamable letter from miss, in which she dixscribed her own sorrow at the dis-appointment ; swear she lov’d him only the moar for his misfortns ; made light of them ; as a pusson for a paltry sum of five thousnd pound ought never to be cast down, ’specially as he had a certain independence in view ; and vowd that nothing, nothing, should ever injuice her to part from him, etsettler, etsettler.

I told master of the conversation which had passed betwigest me and my lord, and of his handsome offers, and his horrow at hearing of his son’s being taken : and likewise mentioned how strange it was that miss should only have 3 guineas, and with such a fortn : bless us, I should have thot that she would always have carried a hundred thowsnd lb. in her pockit !

At this master only said, Pshaw ! But the rest of the story about his father seemed to dixquiet him a good deal, and he made me repeat it over agin.

He walked up and down the room agytated, and it seam'd as if a new lite was breaking in upon him.

'Chawls,' says he, 'did you observe—did miss—did my father seem *particularly intimate* with Miss Griffin?'

'How do you mean, sir?' says I.

'Did Lord Crabs appear very fond of Miss Griffin?'

'He was suttnly very kind to her.'

'Come, sir, speak at once; did Miss Griffin seem very fond of his lordship?'

'Why, to tell the truth, sir, I must say she seemed *very* fond of him.'

'What did he call her?'

'He called her his dearest gal.'

'Did he take her hand?'

'Yes, and he——'

'And he what?'

'He kist her, and told her not to be so wery down-hearted about the misfortn which had hapnd to you.'

'I have it now!' says he, clinching his fist, and growing gashly pail—'I have it now—the infernal old hoary scoundrel! the wicked unnatural wretch! He would take her from me!' And he poured out a volley of oaves which are imposbill to be repeatid here.

I thot as much long ago: and when my lord kem with his vizits so pretious affecksht at my Lady Griffinses, I expected some such game was in the wind. Indeed, I'd heard a somethink of it from the Griffinses servnts, that my lord was mighty tender with the ladies.

One thing, however, was evident to a man of his intleckshal capassaties; he must either marry the gal at onst, or he stood very small chance of having her. He must git out of limbo immediantly, or his respectid father might be stepping into his vaykint shoes. Oh! he saw it all now—the fust attempt at arest, the marridge fixt at 12 o'clock, and the bayliffs fixt to come and intarup the marridge!—the jewel, praps, betwigest him and De l'Orge: but no, it was the *woman* who did that—a *man* don't deal such fowl blows, igspecially a father to his son: a woman may, poar thing!—she's no other means of reventch, and is used to fight with underhand wepns all her life through.

Well, whatever the pint might be, this Deuceace saw pretty clear that he'd been beat by his father at his own game—a trapp set for him onst, which had been defitted by my presnts of mind—another trap set afterwids, in which my lord had been suxesfle. Now, my lord, roag as he was, was much too good-naterd to do

an unkind ackshn, nearly for the sake of doing it. He'd got to that pich that he didn't mind injaries—they were all fair play to him—he gave 'em, and reseav'd them, without a thought of mallis. If he wanted to injer his son, it was to benefick himself. And how was this to be done? By getting the hairiss to himself, to be sure. The Honourable Mr. D. didn't say so, but I knew his feelinx well enough—he regretted that he had not given the old genlmn the money he askt for.

Poar fello! he thought he had hit it, but he was wide of the mark after all.

Well, but what was to be done? It was clear that he must marry the gal at any rate—*cootky coot*, as the French say; that is, marry her, and hang the igspence.

To do so he must first git out of prsn—to get out of prsn, he must pay his debts—and, to pay his debts, he must give every shilling he was worth. Never mind, four thousnd pound is a small stake to a reglar gambler, igspecially when he must play it, or rot for life in prsn, and when, if he plays it well, it will give him ten thousand a year.

So, seeing there was no help for it, he maid up his mind, and accordingly wrote the follying letter to Miss Griffin:—

'MY ADORED MATILDA,—Your letter has indeed been a comfort to a poor fellow, who had hoped that this night would have been the most blessed in his life, and now finds himself condemned to spend it within a prison wall! You know the accursed conspiracy which has brought these liabilities upon me, and the foolish friendship which has cost me so much. But what matters? We have, as you say, enough, even though I must pay this shameful demand upon me; and five thousand pounds are as nothing, compared to the happiness which I lose in being separated a night from thee! Courage, however! If I make a sacrifice, it is for you; and I were heartless indeed if I allowed my own losses to balance for a moment against your happiness.

'Is it not so, beloved one? *Is* not your happiness bound up with mine, in a union with me? I am proud to think so—proud, too, to offer such a humble proof as this of the depth and the purity of my affection.

'Tell me that you will still be mine; tell me that you will be mine to-morrow; and to-morrow these vile chains shall be removed, and I will be free once more—or if bound, only bound to you! My adorable Matilda! my betrothed bride! write to me ere the evening closes, for I shall never be able to shut my eyes in slumber upon my prison-couch, until they have been first blessed by the

sight of a few words from thee ! Write to me, love ! write to me !
 I languish for the reply which is to make or mar me for ever.—
 Your affectionate,
 A. P. D.'

Having polisht off this epistol, master intrustid it to me to carry, and bade me, at the same time, to try and give it into Miss Griffin's hand alone. I ran with it to Lady Griffinses. I found miss, as I desired, in a sollatary condition ; and I presented her with master's pafewmed Billy.

She read it, and the number of size to which she gave vint, and the tears which she shed, beggar digscription. She wep and sighed until I thought she would bust. She claspt my hand even in her's, and said, 'O, Charles ! is he very, very miserable ?'

'He is, ma'am,' says I ; 'very miserable indeed—nobody, upon my honour, could be miserablerer.'

On hearing this pethetic remark, her mind was made up at onst : and sitting down to her eskrewtaw, she immediantly ableaged master with an anser. Here it is in black and white :

'My prisoned bird shall pine no more, but fly home to its nest in these arms ! Adored Algernon, I will meet thee to-morrow, at the same place, at the same hour. Then, then, it will be impossible for aught but death to divide us.
 M. G.'

This kind of flumry stile comes, you see, of reading novvles, and cultivating littery purshuits in a small way. How much better is it to be puffickly ignorant of the hart of writing, and to trust to the writing of the heart. This is *my* style ; artyfiz I despise, and trust compleatly to natur : but *revmong a no mootong*, as our continental friends remark, to that nice white sheep, Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire ; that wenrabble old ram, my Lord Crabs, his father ; and that tender and dellygit young lamb, Miss Matilda Griffin.

She had just foaloded up into its proper triangular shape the noat transcribed abuff, and I was jest on the point of saying, according to my master's orders, 'Miss, if you please, the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace would be very much ableaged to you to keep the seminary which is to take place to-morrow a profound se——,' when my master's father entered, and I fell back to the door. Miss, without a word, rusht into his arms, bust into teers agin, as was her reglar way (it must be confest she was of a very mist constitution), and shewing to him his son's note, cried, 'Look, my dear lord, how nobly your Algernon, *our* Algernon, writes to me. Who can doubt after this of the purity of his matchless affection ?'

My lord took the letter, read it, seamed a good deal amyoused,

and returning it to its owner, said, very much to my surprise, 'My dear Miss Griffin, he certainly does seem in earnest; and if you choose to make this match without the consent of your mother-in-law, you know the consequence, and are of course your own mistress.'

'Consequences!—for shame, my lord! A little money, more or less, what matters it to two hearts like ours?'

'Hearts are very pretty things, my sweet young lady, but three per cents. are better.'

'Nay, have we not an ample income of our own, without the aid of Lady Griffin?'

My lord shrugged his shoulders. 'Be it so, my love,' says he. 'I'm sure I can have no other reason to prevent a union which is founded upon such disinterested affection.'

And here the conversation dropt. Miss retired, clasping her hands, and making play with the whites of her i's. My lord began trotting up and down the room, with his fat hands stuck in his britches pockits, his countnince lighted up with igstream joy, and singing, to my inordnit igstonishment:

'See the conquering hero comes!

Tiddy diddy doll—tiddydoll, doll, doll.'

He began singing this song, and tearing up and down the room like mad. I stood amaizd—a new light broke in upon me. He wasn't going, then, to make love to Miss Griffin! Master might marry her! Had she not got the for——?

I say, I was just standing stock still, my eyes fixt, my hands puppindicklar, my mouf wide open, and these igstrordinary thoughts passing in my mind, when my lord having got to the last 'doll' of his song, just as I came to the sillible 'for' of my ventriloquism, or inward speech—we had eatch jest reached the pint digscribed, when the meditations of both were sudnly stopt, by my lord, in the midst of his singin and trottin match, coming bolt up against poar me, sending me up against one end of the room, himself flying back to the other; and it was only after considrable agitation that we were at length restored to anything like a liquilibrium.

'What, *you* here, you infernal rascal?' says my lord.

'Your lordship's very kind to notus me,' says I; 'I am here;' and I gave him a look.

He saw I knew the whole game.

And after whisling a bit, as was his habit when puzzled (I bleave he'd have only whisled if he had been told he was to be hanged in five minnits), after whisling a bit, he stops sudnly, and coming up to me, says—

'Hearkye, Charles, this marriage must take place to-morrow.'

'Must it, sir?' says I; 'now, for my part, I don't think——'

'Stop, my good fellow; if it does not take place, what do you gain?'

This stagger'd me. If it didn't take place, I only lost a situation, for master had but just enough money to pay his detts; and it wooden soot my book to serve him in prison or starving.

'Well,' says my lord, 'you see the force of my argument. Now, look here!' and he lugs out a crisp, fluttering, snowy HUNDERD-PUN NOTE! 'if my son and Miss Griffin are married to-morrow, you shall have this; and I will, moreover, take you into my service, and give you double your present wages.'

Flesh and blood cooden bear it. 'My lord,' says I, laying my hand upon my busm, 'only give me security, and I'm yours for ever.'

The old noblemin grind, and pattid me on the shoulder. 'Right, my lad,' says he, 'right—you're a nice promising youth. Here is the best security,' and he pulls out his pockit-book, returns the hunderd-pun bill, and takes out one for fifty—'here is half to-day; to-morrow you shall have the remainder.'

My fingers trembled a little as I took the pretty fluttering bit of paper, about five times as big as any sum of money I had ever had in my life. I cast my i upon the amount: it was a fifty, sure enough—a bank poss-bill, made payable to *Leonora Emilia Griffin*, and indorsed by her. The cat was out of the bag. Now, gentle reader, I spose you begin to see the game.

'Recollect, from this day, you are in my service.'

'My lord, you overpoar me with your faviours.'

'Go to the devil, sir,' says he, 'do your duty, and hold your tongue.'

And thus I went from the service of the Honorabble Algernon Deuceace to that of his exlnsy the Right Honorabble Earl of Crabs.

On going back to prisn, I found Deuceace locked up in that oajus place to which his igstravygansies had deservedly led him; and felt for him, I must say, a great deal of contempt. A raskle such as he—a swinler, who had robbed poar Dawkins of the means of igsistance, who had cheated his fellow-roag, Mr. Richard Blewitt, and who was making a musnary marridge with a disgusting creacher like Miss Griffin, didn merit any compashn on my part; and I determined quite to keep secret the suckmstansies of my privit interview with his exlnsy my presnt master.

I gev him Miss Griffinses triangular, which he read with a satasfied air. Then, turning to me, says he: 'You gave this to Miss Griffin alone?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You gave her my message?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you are quite sure Lord Crabs was not there when you gave either the message or the note?'

'Not there, upon my honour,' says I.

'Hang your honour, sir! Brush my hat and coat, and go *call a coach*, do you hear?'

I did as I was ordered; and on coming back found master in what's called, I think, the *greffe* of the prison. The officer in waiting had out a great register, and was talking to master in the French tongue, in coarse: a number of poor prisoners were looking eagerly on.

'Let us see, my lor,' says he; 'the debt is 98,700 francs; there are capture expenses, interest, so much: and the whole sum amounts to a hundred thousand francs, *moins* 13.'

Deuceace, in a very majestic way, takes out of his pocket-book four thousand pun notes. 'This is not French money, but I presume that you know it, Monsieur Greffier,' says he.

The greffier turned round to old Solomon, a money-changer, who had one or two clients in the prison, and happened luckily to be there. 'Les billets sont bons,' says he. 'Je les prendrai pour cent mille deuze cent francs, et j'espère, my lor, de vous revoir.'

'Good,' says the greffier; 'I know them to be good, and I will give my lor the difference, and make out his release.'

Which was done. The poor debtors gave a feeble cheer, as the great double iron gates swung open, and clanged to again, and Deuceace stepped out, and me after him, to breathe the fresh air.

He had been in the place but six hours, and was now free again—free, and to be married to ten thousand a year next day. But, for all that, he looked very faint and pale. He *had* put down his great stake; and, when he came out of Saint Pelagie, he had but fifty pounds left in the world!

Never mind—when once the money's down, make your mind easy; and so Deuceace did. He drove back to the Hotel Mirabew, where he ordered apartmence infinitely more splendid than before; and I pretty soon told Toinette, and the rest of the servants, how nobly he behaved, and how he valued four thousand pound no more than ditch water. And such was the consequences of my praises, and the popularity I got for us both, that the delighted landlady immediately charged him double what she would have done, if it had been for my stoaries.

He ordered splendid apartmence, then, for the next week, a carriage and four for Fontainebleau to-morrow at 12 precisely; and

having settled all these things, went quietly to the Roshy de Cancale, where he dined, as well he might, for it was now eight o'clock. I didn't spare the shampang neither that night, I can tell you; for when I carried the note he gave me for Miss Griffin in the evening, informing her of his freedom, that young lady remarked my hagitated manner of walking and speaking, and said, 'Honest Charles! he is flusht with the events of the day. Here, Charles, is a napoleon; take it, and drink to your mistress.'

I pockitid it, but I must say I didn't like the money—it went against my stomick to take it.

CHAPTER IX

THE MARRIAGE

WELL, the nex day came; at 12 the carridge and four was waiting at the ambasdor's doar; and Miss Griffin and the faithfle Kicksy were punctial to the apintment.

I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary—how the embassy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple—how one of the embassy footmin was called in to witness the marridge—how miss wep and faintid, as usial—and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where they were to pass the fust weak of the honeymoon. They took no servnts, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the steps, and bid the postillion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrabble Algernon, and went off strait to his exlent father.

'Is it all over, Chawls?' said he.

'I saw them turned off at igsackly a quarter past 12, my lord,' says I.

'Did you give Miss Griffin the paper, as I told you, before her marriage?'

'I did, my lord, in the presnts of Mr. Brown, Lord Bobtail's man, who can swear to her having had it.'

I must tell you that my lord had made me read a paper which Lady Griffin had written, and which I was commishnd to give in the manner menshnd abuff. It ran to this effect:—

'According to the authority given me by the will of my late dear husband, I forbid the marriage of Miss Griffin with the

Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace. If Miss Griffin persists in the union, I warn her that she must abide by the consequences of her act.

LEONORA EMILIA GRIFFIN.'

'RUE DE RIVOLI, May 8, 1818.'

When I gave this to miss, as she entered the cort-yard, a minnit before my master's arrive, she only read it contemptuously, and said, 'I laugh at the threats of Lady Griffin;' and she toar the paper in two, and walked on, leaning on the arm of the faithful and obleaging Miss Kicksey.

I picked up the paper, for fear of axdents, and brot it to my lord. Not that there was any necessaty, for he'd kep a copy, and made me and another witniss (my Lady Griffin's solissator) read them both, before he sent either away.

'Good!' says he; and he projuiced from his potfolio the fello of that bewchus fifty-pun note, which he'd given me yesterday. 'I keep my promise, you see, Charles,' says he. 'You are now in Lady Griffin's service, in the place of Mr. Fitzclarence, who retires. Go to Frojé's, and get a livery.'

'But, by lord,' says I, 'I was not to go into Lady Griffinses service, according to the bargain, but into——'

'It's all the same thing,' says he; and he walked off.

I went to Mr. Frojé's, and ordered a new livry; and found, lick-wise, that our coachmin, and Munseer Mortimer, had been there too. My lady's livery was changed, and was now of the same color as my old coat, at Mr. Deuceace's; and I'm blest if there wasn't a tremenjious great earl's corronit on the butins, instid of the Griffin rampint, which was worn befoar.

I asked no questions, however; but had myself measured; and slep that night at the Plas Vandôme. I didn't go out with the carridge for a day or two, though; my lady only taking one footmin, she said, until *her new carridge* was turned out.

I think you can guess what's in the wind *now*!

I bot myself a dressing-case, a box of Ody colong, a few duzen lawn sherts and neckcloths, and other things which were necessary for a genlmn in my rank. Silk stockings was provided by the rules of the house. And I completed the bisniss by writing the follyng ginteel letter to my late master:—

Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, to the Honourable A. P. Deuceace.

'SUR,—Suckmstansies have acurd sins I last had the honner of wating on you, which render it impossbill that I should remane any longer in your suvvice, I'll thank you to leave out my thinx, when they come home on Sattady from the wash.—Your obeajnt servnt,

'PLAS VENDOME.

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.'

The athograpy of the abuv noat, I confess, is atrocious ; but *ke voolyvoov* ? I was only eighteen, and hadn then the expearance in writing which I've enjide sins.

Having thus done my jewty in evry way, I shall prosead, in the nex chapter, to say what hapnd in my new place.

CHAPTER X

THE HONEYMOON

THE weak at Fontingblow past quickly away ; and, at the end of it, our son and daughter-in-law—a pare of nice young tuttle-duvs—returned to their nest, at the Hotel Mirabew. I suspeck that the *cock* turtle-dove was preshos sick of his barging.

When they arriv'd, the fust thing they found on their table was a large parsle wrapt up in silver paper, and a newspaper, and a couple of cards, tied up with a peace of white ribbing. In the parsle was a hansume piece of plum-cake, with a deal of sugar. On the cards was wrote, in Goffick characters,

Earl of Crabs.

And, in very small Italian,

Countess of Crabs.

And in the paper was the follying parrowgraff :—

'MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Yesterday, at the British Embassy, the Right Honourable John Augustus Altamont Plantagenet, Earl of Crabs, to Leonora Emilia, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Griffin, K.C.B. An elegant *déjeuné* was given to the happy couple by his Excellency Lord Bobtail, who gave away the bride. The *élite* of the foreign diplomacy, the Prince Talleyrand and Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia on behalf of H.M. the King of France, honoured the banquet and the marriage ceremony. Lord and Lady Crabs intend passing a few weeks at Saint Cloud.'

The above dockyments, along with my own triffling billy, of

which I have also givn a copy, greated Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace on their arrivle from Fontingblo. Not being presnt, I can't say what Deuceace said, but I can fansy how he *lookt*, and how poor Mrs. Deuceace look't. They weren't much inclined to rest after the fiteeg of the junny, for, in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour after their arrivle at Paris, the hosses were put to the carridge agen, and down they came thundering to our country-house at St. Cloud (pronounst by those absud Frenchmin, Sing Kloo), to interrump our chaste loves, and delishs marridge injymnts.

My lord was sittn in a crimsn satan dress, lolling on a sofa at an open windy, smoaking seagars, as ushle; her ladyship, who, to du her justice, didn mind the smell, occupied another end of the room, and was working, in wusted, a pare of slippers, or an umbrellore case, or a coal-skittle, or some such nonsints. You would have thought, to have sean 'em, that they had been married a sentry, at least. Well, I bust in upon this conjugal *tator tator*, and said, very much alarmed, 'My lord, here's your son and daughter-in-law.'

'Well,' says my lord, quite calm, 'and what then?'

'Mr. Deuceace!' says my lady, starting up, and looking fritened.

'Yes, my love, my son; but you need not be alarmed. Pray, Charles, say that Lady Crabs and I will be very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace; and that they must excuse us receiving them *en famille*. Sit still, my blessing—take things coolly. Have you got the box with the papers?'

My lady pointed to a great green box—the same from which she had taken the papers, when Deuceace fust saw them,—and handed over to my lord a fine gold key. I went out, met Deuceace and his wife on the stepps, gave my messinge, and bowd them palitely in.

My lord didn't rise, but smoak'd away as usual (praps a little quicker, but I can't say); my lady sate upright, looking hansum and strong. Deuceace walked in, his left arm tied to his breast, his wife and hat on the other. He looked very pale and frightened; his wife, poar thing! had her head berried in her handkerchief, and sobd fit to break her heart.

Miss Kicksy, who was in the room (but I didn mention her, she was less than nothink in our house), went up to Mrs. Deuceace at onst, and held out her arms—she had a heart, that old Kicksey, and I respect her for it. The poor hunchback flung herself into miss's arms, with a kind of whooping screech, and kep there for some time, sobbing in quite a historical manner. I saw there was going to be a sean, and so, in cors, left the door ajar.

'Welcome to Saint Cloud, Algy, my boy!' says my lord, in a loud, hearty voice. 'You thought you would give us the slip, eh, you rogue? But we knew it, my dear fellow; we knew the whole affair—did we not, my soul? And, you see, kept our secret better than you did yours.'

'I must confess, sir,' says Deuceace, bowing, 'that I had no idea of the happiness which awaited me in the shape of a mother-in-law.'

'No, you dog; no, no,' says my lord, giggling; 'old birds, you know, not to be caught with chaff, like young ones. But, here we are, all spliced and happy, at last. Sit down, Algernon; let us smoke a segar, and talk over the perils and adventures of the last month. My love,' says my lord, turning to his lady, 'you have no malice against poor Algernon, I trust? Pray shake *his hand*.' (A grin.)

But my lady rose, and said, 'I have told Mr. Deuceace, that I never wished to see him, or speak to him, more. I see no reason, now, to change my opinion.' And, herewith, she sailed out of the room, by the door through which Kicksey had carried poor Mrs. Deuceace.

'Well, well,' says my lord, as Lady Crabs swept by, 'I was in hopes she had forgiven you; but I know the whole story, and, I must confess, you used her cruelly ill. Two strings to your bow!—that was your game, was it, you rogue?'

'Do you mean, my lord, that you know all that past between me and Lady Grif—Lady Crabs, before our quarrel?'

'Perfectly—you made love to her, and she was almost in love with you; you jilted her for money, she got a man to shoot your hand off in revenge: no more dice-boxes, now, Deuceace; no more *sauter la coup*. I can't think how the deuce you will manage to live without them.'

'Your lordship is very kind, but I have given up play altogether,' says Deuceace, looking mighty black and uneasy.

'Oh, indeed! Benedick has turned a moral man, has he? This is better and better. Are you thinking of going into the church, Deuceace?'

'My lord, may I ask you to be a little more serious?'

'Serious! *à quoi bon*? I am serious—serious in my surprise that, when you might have had either of these women, you should have preferred that hideous wife of yours.'

'May I ask you, in turn, how you came to be so little squeamish about a wife, as to choose a woman who had just been making love to your own son?' says Deuceace, growing fierce.

'How can you ask such a question? I owe forty thousand

pounds—there is an execution at Size's Hall—every acre I have is in the hands of my creditors ; and that's why I married her. Do you think there was any love ? Lady Crabs is a dev'lish fine woman, but she's not a fool—she married me for my coronet, and I married her for her money.'

'Well, my lord, you need not ask me, I think, why I married the daughter-in-law.'

'Yes, but I *do*, my dear boy. How the deuce are you to live ? Dawkins's five thousand pounds won't last for ever ; and afterwards ?'

'You don't mean, my lord—you don't—I mean, you can't——D——!' says he, starting up, and losing all patience, 'you don't dare to say that Miss Griffin had not a fortune of ten thousand a year ?'

My lord was rolling up, and wetting betwixt his lips, another segar ; he lookt up, after he'd lighted it, and said, quietly,—

'Certainly, Miss Griffin had a fortune of ten thousand a year.'

'Well, sir, and has she not got it now ? Has she spent it in a week ?'

'*She has not got a sixpence now: she married without her mother's consent !*'

Deuceace sank down in a chair ; and I never see such a dreadful pictur of despair as there was in the face of that retchid man !—he writhed, and nasht his teeth, he tore open his coat, and wriggled madly the stump of his left hand, until, fairly beat, he threw it over his livid pale face, and, sinking backwards, fairly wept alowd.

Bah ! it's a dreddfle thing to hear a man crying ! his pashn torn up from the very roots of his heart, as it must be before it can git such a vent. My lord, meanwhile, rolled his segar, lighted it, and went on.

'My dear boy, the girl has not a shilling. I wished to have left you alone in peace, with your four thousand pounds : you might have lived decently upon it in Germany, where money is at 5 per cent., where your duns would not find you, and a couple of hundred a year would have kept you and your wife in comfort. But, you see, Lady Crabs would not listen to it. You had injured her, and, after she had tried to kill you, and failed, she determined to ruin you, and succeeded. I must own to you that I directed the arresting business, and put her up to buying your protested bills ; she got them for a trifle, and as you have paid them, has made a good two thousand pounds by her bargain. It was a painful thing, to be sure, for a father to get his son arrested ; but *que voulez-vous !* I did not appear in the transaction ; she would have you

ruined; and it was absolutely necessary that *you* should marry before I could, so I pleaded your cause with Miss Griffin, and made you the happy man you are. You rogue, you rogue! you thought to match your old father, did you? But, never mind; lunch will be ready soon. In the meantime, have a segar, and drink a glass of Sauterne.'

Deuceace, who had been listening to this speech, sprang up wildly.

'I'll not believe it,' he said; 'it's a lie, an infernal lie! forged by you, you hoary villain, and by the murderess and strumpet you have married. I'll not believe it: show me the will. Matilda! Matilda!' shouted he, screaming hoarsely, and flinging open the door by which she had gone out.

'Keep your temper, my boy. You *are* vexed, and I feel for you; but don't use such bad language: it is quite needless, believe me.'

'Matilda!' shouted out Deuceace, again; and the poor crookid thing came trembling in, followed by Miss Kicksey.

'Is this true, woman?' says he, clutching hold of her hand.

'What, dear Algernon?' says she.

'What?' screams out Deuceace,—'what? Why, that you are a beggar, for marrying without your mother's consent—that you basely lied to me, in order to bring about this match—that you are a swindler, in conspiracy with that old fiend yonder, and the she-devil, his wife?'

'It is true,' sobbed the poor woman, 'that I have nothing, but——'

'Nothing but what? Why don't you speak, you drivelling fool?'

'I have nothing!—but you, dearest, have two thousand a year. Is that not enough for us? You love me for myself, don't you, Algernon? You have told me so a thousand times—say so again, dear husband; and do not, do not be so unkind.' And here she sank on her knees, and clung to him, and tried to catch his hand, and kiss it.

'How much did you say?' says my lord.

'Two thousand a year, sir; he has told us so a thousand times.'

'*Two thousand!* Two thou—ho, ho, ho!—haw! haw! haw!' roars my lord. 'That is, I vow, the best thing I ever heard in my life. My dear creature, he has not a shilling—not a single maravedi, by all the gods and goddesses.' And this exlent noblemin began laffin louder than ever: a very kind and feeling genlmn he was, as all must confess.

There was a paws ; and Mrs. Deuceace didn begin cussing and swearing at her husband, as he had done at her : she only said, ‘Oh, Algernon ! is this true ?’ and got up, and went to a chair, and wep in quiet.

My lord opened the great box. ‘If you or your lawyers would like to examine Sir George’s will, it is quite at your service ; you will see here the proviso which I mentioned, that gives the entire fortune to Lady Griffin—Lady Crabs that is : and here, my dear boy, you see the danger of hasty conclusions. Her ladyship only showed you the *first page of the will* ; of course, she wanted to try you. You thought you made a great stroke in at once proposing to Miss Griffin—do not mind it, my love, he really loves you now very sincerely !—when, in fact, you would have done much better to have read the rest of the will. You were completely bitten, my boy—humbugged, bamboozled—ay, and by your old father, you dog. I told you I would, you know, when you refused to lend me a portion of your Dawkins’s money. I told you I would ; and I *did*. I had you the very next day. Let this be a lesson to you, Percy, my boy ; don’t try your luck again against such old hands ; look deuced well before you leap ; *audi alteram partem*, my lad, which means, read both sides of a will. I think lunch is ready ; but I see you don’t smoke. Shall we go in ?’

‘Stop, my lord,’ says Mr. Deuceace, very humble ; ‘I shall not share your hospitality—but—but—you know my condition : I am penniless—you know the manner in which my wife has been brought up——’

‘The Honourable Mrs. Deuceace, sir, shall always find a home here, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the friendship between her dear mother and herself.’

‘And for me, sir,’ says Deuceace, speaking faint, and very slow, ‘I hope—I trust—I think, my lord, you will not forget me ?’

‘Forget you, sir ; certainly not.’

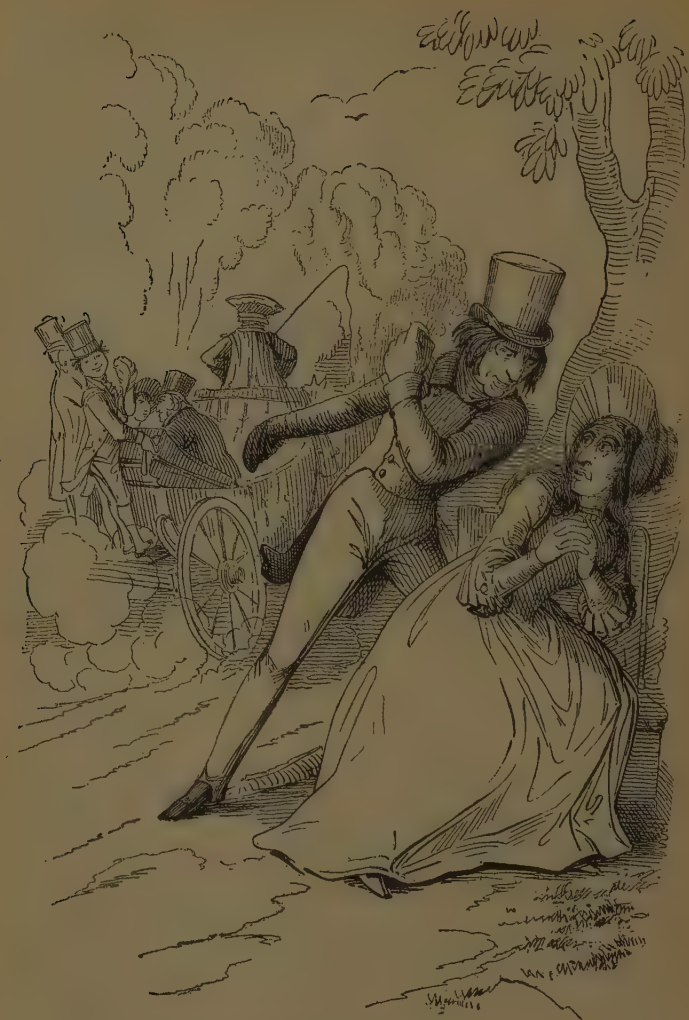
‘And that you will make some provision ?’

‘Algernon Deuceace,’ says my lord, getting up from the sophy, and looking at him with sich a jolly malignity, as *I* never see, ‘I declare, before Heaven, that I will not give you a penny !’

Hereupon my lord held out his hand to Mrs. Deuceace, and said, ‘My dear, will you join your mother and me ? We shall always, as I said, have a home for you.’

‘My lord,’ said the poar thing, dropping a curtsy, ‘my home is with *him* !’

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THE LAST STROKE OF FORTUNE

About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaves were on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll in the Boddy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly ahead, and us as happy as possible, admiring the pleasant woods, and the golden sunset.

My lord was expatiating to my lady upon the exquisite beauty of the scene, and pouring forth a host of butiful and virtuous sentiments soothful to the hour. It was delightful to hear him. 'Ah!' said he, 'black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies, a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!'

Lady Crabs did not speak, but pressed his arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the influences of the scene, and lent on our golden sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly towards it.

Just at the place was a bench, and on the bench sat a poorly dressed woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd seen before. He was dressed in a shabby blue coat, with white seams and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantities of matted hair and whiskers disfigured his countenance. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My lord and lady didn't take the slightest notice of him, but passed on to the carriage. Me and Mortimer likewise took our places. As we passed, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with intense delight and good nature, burst into a roar of laughter, peal upon peal, whooping and screaming, enough to frighten the evening silents.

DEUCEACE turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devil of hell! First, he looked towards the carriage, and pointed to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, *and struck the woman by his side.* She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing!

MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW

THE end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondince. I wish the public was as sory to part with me as I am with the public; becaws I fansy reely that we've become frends, and feal for my part a becoming greaf at saying ajew.

It's imposbill for me to continyow, however, a-writin, as I have done—violetting the rules of authography, and trampling upon the fust princepills of English grammar. When I began, I new no better: when I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accustmd to writin, I began to smel out somethink quear in my style. Within the last sex weaks I have been learning to spell: and when all the world was rejoicing at the festivvaties of our youthful quean—when all i's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambasdors and princes, following the splendid carridge of Marshle the Duke of Damlatiar, and blinking at the pearls and dimince of Prince Oystereasy—Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry—*his* eyes were fixt upon the spelling-book—his heart was bent upon mastring the diffickleties of the littery professhn. I have been, in fact, *convertid*.

You shall here how. Ours, you know, is a Wig house; and ever sins his 3d son has got a place in the Treasury, his secknd a captingsy in the Guards, his fust the secretary of embassy at Pekin, with a prospick of being appinted ambasdor at Loo Choo—ever sins master's sons have reseaved these attentions, and master himself has had the promis of a pearitch, he has been the most reglar, consistnt, honrabble Libbaral, in or out of the House of Commins.

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to reseave littery pipple; and accordingly, at dinner tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After sevrul dukes and markises had been enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wor spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pare of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting

tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmn settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbinns; the younger one fluffed the dust off his shoos, looked at his wiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his crevatt; and they both mountid up stairs.

'What name, sir?' says I, to the old genlmn.

'Name!—a! now, you thief o' the wurrlld,' says he, 'do you pretind nat to know *me*? Say it's the Cabinet Cyclopa—no, I mane the Litherary Chran—pscha!—bluthanowns!—say it's DOCTOR DIOCLESIAN LARNER—I think he'll know me now—ay, Nid?' But the genlmn called Nid was at the botm of the stare, and pretended to be very busy with his shoo-string. So the little genlm went up stares alone.

'DOCTOR DIOCLESIUS LARNER!' says I.

'DOCTOR ATHANASIUS LARNER!' says Greville Fitz-Roy, our secknd footman, on the fust landing-place.

'Doctor Ignatius Logola!' says the groom of the chumbers, who pretends to be a schollar; and in the little genlmn went. When safely housed, the other chap came; and when I asked him his name, said, in a thick, gobbling kind of voice—

'Sawedwadgeorgeearlittbulwig.'

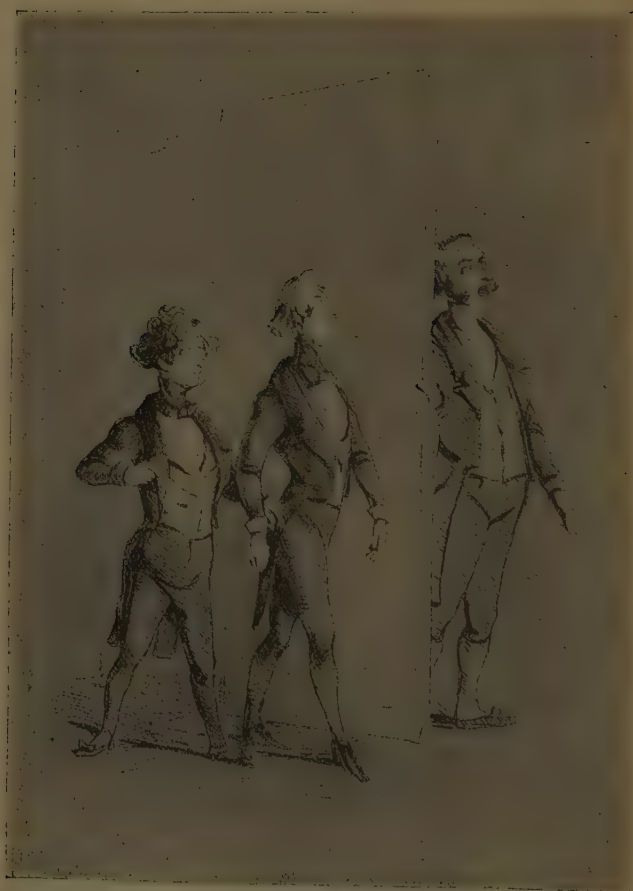
'Sir what?' says I, quite agast at the name.

'Sawedwad—no, I mean *Mistawedwad* Lyttu Bulwig.'

My neas trembled under me, my i's fild with tiers, my voice shook, as I past up the venrabble name to the other footman, and saw this fust of English writers go up to the drawing-room!

It's needless to mention the names of the rest of the compny, or to dixcribe the suckmstansies of the dinner. Suffiz to say that the two littery genlm behaved very well, and seamed to have good appytights; igspecially the little Irishman in the Whig, who et, drunk, and talked as much as $\frac{1}{2}$ a duzn. He told how he'd been presented at cort by his friend, Mr. Bulwig, and how the quean had received 'em both, with a dignaty undigscribable; and how her blessid majisty asked what was the bony fidy sale of the Cabinit Cyclopædy, and how he (Doctor Larner) told her that, on his honner, it was under ten thowsnd.

You may gess that the Doctor, when he made this speech, was pretty far gone. The fact is, that whether it was the cornation, or the goodness of the wine (cappitle it is in our house, *I* can tell you), or the natral propensaties of the gests assembled, which made them so igspecially jolly, I don't know, but they had kep up the meating pretty late, and our poar butler was quite tired with the perpechual baskits of clarrit which he'd been called upon to bring up. So that, about 11 o'clock, if I were to say they were merry, I



THE TWO CELEBRATED LITERARY CHARACTERS AT SIR JOHN'S

should use a mild term ; if I wer to say they were intawsicated, I should use an igspresshn more near to the truth, but less rispeckful in one of my situashn.

The cumpny reseaved this annountsmint with mute extonishment.

'Pray, Doctor Larnder,' says a spiteful genlmn, willing to keep up the littery conversation, 'what is the Cabinet Cyclopædia?'

'It's the littherary wontherr of the wurld,' says he ; 'and sure your lordship must have seen it, the latther numbers ispicially—cheap as durrt, bound in gleezed calico, six shillings a vollum. The illustrious neems of Walther Scot, Thomas Moore, Doether Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Doether Donovan, and meself, are to be found in the list of conthributors. It's the Phaynix of Cyclopajies—a litherary Bacon.'

'A what?' says the genlmn nex to him.

'A Bacon, shining in the darkness of our age ; fild wid the pure and lambent flame of science, burning with the gorrgeous scintillations of divine litherature—a *monumintum* in fact, are *per-ennius*, bound in pink calico, six shillings a vollum.'

'This wigmawole,' said Mr. Bulwig (who seemed rather disgusted that his frend should take up so much of the convasation), 'this wigmawole is all vewy well ; but it's cuwious that you don't wemember, in chawactewising the litewawy mewits of the vawious magazines, cwonicles, weviews, and encyclopædias, the existence of a cwitical weview and litewawy chwonicle, which, though the æwa of its appeawance is dated only at a vewy few months pwevious to the pwesent pewiod, is, nevertheless, so wemarkable for its intwinsic mewits, as to be wead, not in the metwopolis alone, but in the countwy—not in Fwance merely, but in the west of Euwope—wheweuer our pure Wenglish is spoken, it stwetches its peaceful sceptre—pewused in Amewica, fwom New York to Niagawa—wepwinted in Canada, fwom Montweal to Towonto—and, as I am gwatified to hear fwom my fwend the governor of Cape Coast Castle, wegularly weceived in Afwica, and twanslated into the Mandingo language by the missionawies and the bushwangers. I need not say, gentlemen—sir—that is, Mr. Speaker—I mean, Sir John—that I allude to the Litewawy Chwonicle, of which I have the honour to be the pwincipal contwibutor.'

'Very true, my dear Mr. Bullwig,' says my master ; 'you and I being Whigs, must of course, stand by our own friends ; and I will agree, without a moment's hesitation, that the Literary what-d'ye-callem is the prince of periodicals.'

'The Pwince of pewiodicals?' says Bullwig ; 'my dear Sir John, it's the empewow of the pwess.'

'*Soit*,—let it be the emperor of the press, as you poetically call it: but, between ourselves, confess it,—Do not the Tory writers beat your Whigs hollow? You talk about magazines. Look at——'

'Look at hwat?' shouts out Larder. 'There's none, Sir Jan, compared to ourrs.'

'Pardon me, I think that——'

'Is it Bentley's Mislany you mane?' says Ignatius, as sharp as a niddle.

'Why, no; but——'

'O, thin, it's Co'burn, sure; and that divvle Thayodor—a pretty paper, sir, but light—thrashy, milk-and-wathery—not sthrong, like the Litherary Chran—good luck to it.'

'Why, Doctor Lander, I was going to tell at once the name of the periodical,—it is FRASER'S MAGAZINE.'

'FRESER!' says the Doctor. 'O thunder and turf!'

'FWASER!' says Bullwig. 'O—ah—hum—haw—yes—no—why,—that is, weally—no, weally, upon my weputation, I never before heard the name of the pewiodical. By the by, Sir John, what wemarkable good clawet this is; is it Lawose or Laff——?'

Laff, indeed! he cooden git beyond laff; and I'm blest if I could kip it neither,—for hearing him pretend ignurnts, and being behind the skreend, settlin sumthink for the genlumn, I bust into such a raw of laffing as never was igseeded.

'Hullo!' says Bullwig, turning red. 'Have I said anything impwobable, aw widiculus? for, weally, I never befaw wecollect to have heard in society such a twemendous peal of cachinnation,—that which the twagic bard who fought at Mawathon has called an *anëwithmon gelasma*.'

'Why, be the holy piper,' says Larder, 'I think you are dthrawing a little on your imagination. Not read *Fraser*! Don't believe him, my lord duke; he reads every word of it, the rogue! The boys about that magazine baste him as if he was a sack of oat-male. My reason for crying out, Sir Jan, was because you min-tioned *Fraser* at all. Bullwig has every syllable of it be heart—from the pallitix down to the "Yellowplush Correspondence."'

'Ha, ha!' says Bullwig, affecting to laff (you may be sure my years prickt up when I heard the name of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence'). 'Ha, ha! why, to tell twth, I *have* wead the covespondence to which you allude; it's a gweat favowite at court. I was talking with Spwing Wice and John Wussell about it the other day.'

'Well, and what do you think of it?' says Sir John, looking mity waggish,—for he knew it was me who roat it.

'Why, weally and twuly, there's considewable cleverness about the cweature ; but it's low, disgustingly low : it violates pwobability, and the orthogwaphy is so carefully inaccuwate, that it requires a positive study to compwehend it.'

'Yes, faith,' says Larner ; 'the arthagraphy is detistible ; it's as bad for a man to write bad spillin as it is for 'em to speak wid a brroque. Iducation furst, and ganius afterwards. Your health, my lord, and good luck to you.'

'Yaw wemark,' says Bullwig, 'is vewy appwopwiate. You will wecollect, Sir John, in Hewodotus (as for you, doctor, you know more wabout Iwish than about Gweek),—you will recollect, without doubt, a stowy nawwated by that cwedulous though fascinating chwonicle, of a certain kind of sheep which is known only in a certain distwict of Awabia, and of which the tail is so enormous, that it either dwaggles on the gwound, or is bound up by the shepherds of the country into a small wheelbawwow, or cart, which makes the chwonicle sneewingly wemark, that thus 'the sheep of Awabia have their own chawiots.' I have often thought, sir (this clawet is weally nectaweous)—I have often, I say, thought that the wace of man may be compawed to these Awabian sheep—genius is our tail, education our wheelbawwow. Without art and education to pwop it, this genius dwops on the gwound, and is polluted by the mud, or injured by the wocks upon the way : with the wheelbawwow it is stwengthened, incweased, and supported—a pwide to the owner, a blessing to mankind.'

'A very appropriate simile,' says Sir John ; 'and I am afraid that the genius of our friend Yellowplush has need of some such support.'

'*Apropos*,' said Bullwig, 'who is Yellowplush ? I was given to understand that the name was only a fictitious one, and that the papers were written by the author of the *Diary of a Physician* ; if so, the man has wonderfully improved in style, and there is some hope of him.'

'Bah !' says the Duke of Doublejowl ; 'everybody knows it's Barnard, the celebrated author of *Sam Slick*.'

'Pardon, my dear duke,' says Lord Bagwig ; 'it's the authoress of *High Life*, *Almacks*, and other fashionable novels.'

'Fiddlestick's end !' says Doctor Larner ; 'don't be blushing, and pretending to ask questions : don't we know you, Bullwig ? It's you yourself, you thief of the world ; we smoked you from the very beginning.'

Bullwig was about indignantly to reply, when Sir John interrupted them, and said,—'I must correct you all, gentlemen ; Mr.

Yellowplush is no other than Mr. Yellowplush : he gave you, my dear Bullwig, your last glass of champagne at dinner, and is now an inmate of my house, and an ornament of my kitchen !'

'Gad !' says Doublejowl, 'let's have him up.'

'Hear, hear !' says Bagwig.

'Ah, now,' says Larnar, 'your grace is not going to call up and talk to a footman, sure ? Is it gintale ?'

'To say the least of it,' says Bullwig, 'the pwactice is iwwe-gular, and indecowous ; and I weally don't see how the interview can be in any way pwofitable.'

But the vices of the company went against the two littery men, and everybody excep them was for having up poor me. The bell was wrung ; butler came. 'Send up Charles,' says master ; and Charles, who was standing behind the skreand, was persnlyabliged to come in.

'Charles,' says master, 'I have been telling these gentlemen who is the author of the "Yellowplush Correspondence," in *Fraser's Magazine*.'

'It's the best magazine in Europe,' says the duke.

'And no mistake,' says my lord.

'Hwhat !' says Larnar ; 'and where's the Litherary Chran ?'

I said myself nothink, but made a bough, and blusht like pickle cabbitch.

'Mr. Yellowplush,' says his grace, 'will you, in the first place, drink a glass of wine ?'

I boughd agin.

'And what wine do you prefer, sir ? humble port or imperial burgundy ?'

'Why, your grace,' says I, 'I know my place, and aint above kitchin wines. I will take a glass of port, and drink it to the health of this honrabble compny.'

When I'd swiggd off the bumper, which his grace himself did me the honour to pour out for me, there was a silints for a minnit ; when my master said :

'Charles Yellowplush, I have perused your memoirs in *Fraser's Magazine* with so much curiosity, and have so high an opinion of your talents as a writer, that I really cannot keep you as a footman any longer, or allow you to discharge duties for which you are now quite unfit. With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yellowplush, I still am confident that many of your friends in the servants' hall will clean my boots a great deal better than a gentleman of your genius can ever be expected to do—it is for this purpose that I employ footmen, and not that they may be writing articles in magazines. But—you need not look so red, my good fellow, and had better take another glass of port—I don't wish to throw you upon

the wide world without means of a livelihood, and have made interest for a little place which you will have under government, and which will give you an income of eighty pounds per annum, which you can double, I presume, by your literary labours.'

'Sir,' says I, clasping my hands, and busting into tears, 'do not—for Heaven's sake, do not!—think of any such thing, or drive me from your service, because I have been fool enough to write in magazines. Glance but one moment at your honour's plate—every spoon is as bright as a mirror; condense to examine your shoes—your honour may see reflected in them the faces of every one in the company. I blacked them shoes, I cleaned that there plate. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the literary man, and committed to paper my reminiscences of fashionable life, it was from a sincere desire to do good, and promote nollitch: and I appeal to your honour,—I lay my hand on my busb, and in the face of this noble company beg you to say, When you rung your bell, who came to you first? When you stopt out at Brooke's till morning, who sat up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the natural dignities of his station, and answered the two-pair bell? O, sir,' says I, 'I know what's what; don't send me away. I know them literary chaps, and, believe me, I'd rather be a footman. The work's not so hard—the pay is better: the vittels incomparably superior. I have but to clean my things, and run my errands, and you put clothes on my back, and meat in my mouth. Sir! Mr. Bullwig! an't I right? shall I quit *my* station and sink—that is to say, rise—to *yours*?'

Bullwig was violently affected; a tear stood in his glistening eye. 'Yellowplush,' says he, seizing my hand, 'you *are* right. Quit not your present occupation; black boots, clean knives, wear plush, all your life, but don't turn literary man. Look at me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eye on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato, as we wandered in the gardens of Academes—wisdom, too, from the mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our 'backy in Seven Dials. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world, of the Poet-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness; the initiation is but misery; the initiated, a man shunned and bann'd by his fellows. O,' said Bullwig, clasping his hands, and throwing his fine eyes up to the chandelier, 'the curse of Prometheus descends upon his wace. Wrath and punishment

pursue them from genewation to genewation ! Wo to genius, the heaven-scaler, the fire-stealer ! Wo and thrice bitter desolation ! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, wemorseless, stwetches his withing victim—men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Ai, Ai ! it is agony eternal—gwoaning and solitawy despair ! And you, Yellowplush, would penetwate these mystewies ; you would waise the awful veil, and stand in the Twemendous Pwesenence. Beware ; as you value your peace, beware ! Withdwaw, wash Neophyte ! For Heaven's sake—O, for Heaven's sake !'—here he looked round with agony—'give me a glass of bwandy-and-water, for this clawet is beginning to disagwee with me.'

Bullwig having concluded this spitch, very much to his own sattasackshn, looked round to the compny for aplaws, and then swigged off the glass of brandy-and-water, giving a sollum sigh as he took the last gulph ; and then Doctor Ignatius, who longed for a chans, and, in order to show his independence, began flatly contradicting his friend, and addressed me, and the rest of the genlmm present, in the following manner :—

'Hark ye,' says he, 'my gossoon, doant be led asthray by the nonsense of that divl of a Bullwig. He's jillous of ye, my bhoy ; that's the rale, undoubted thruth ; and it's only to keep you out of litherary life that he's palavering you in this way : I'll tell ye what—Plush, ye blackguard,—my honarable frind, the mimber there, has told me a hunder times by the smallest computation, of his intinse admiration for your talents, and the wontherful sthir they were making in the worlld. He can't bear a rival. He's mad with envy, hathred, oncharatableness. Look at him, Plush, and look at me. My father was not a juke exackly, nor aven a markis, and see, nevertheliss, to what a pitch I am come. I spare no ixpinse ; I'm the iditor of a cople of pariodicals ; I dthrive about in me carridge ; I dine wid the lords of the land ; and why—in the name of the piper that pleed before Mosus, hwy ? Because I'm a litherary man. Because I know how to play me cards. Because I'm Doother Larnar, in fact, and mimber of every society in and out of Europe. I might have remained aill my life in Thrinity Colledge, and never made such an incom as that offered you by Sir Jan ; but I came to London—to London, my boy, and now, see ! Look again at me friend, Bullwig. He is a gentleman, to be sure, and bad luck to 'im, say I ; and what has been the result of his litherary labour ? I'll tell you what, and I'll tell this gintale society, by the shade of Saint Patrick, they're going to make him A BARNET !'

'A BARNET, Doctor !' says I ; 'you don't mean to say they're going to make him a barnet ?'

'As sure as I've made meself a doethor,' says Larnar.

'What, a baronet, like Sir John?'

'The divle a bit else.'

'And pray what for?'

'What faw?' says Bullwig. 'Ask the histowry of litewatuwe what faw? Ask Colburn, ask Bentley, ask Saunders and Otley, ask the gweat Bwedish nation, what faw? The blood in my veins comes puwified thwough ten thousand years of chivalvous ancestwy; but that is neither here nor there: my political principles—the equal wights which I have advocated—the gweat cause of fweedom that I have celebated, are known to all. But this, I confess, has nothing to do with the question. No, the question is this—on the thwone of litewature I stand unwivalled, pwe-eminent; and the Bwedish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwedish nation by lifting into the bosom of the heweditawy nobility, the most gifted member of the democwacy.' (The honrabble genlmn here sank down amidst repeated chairs.)

'Sir John,' says I, 'and my lord duke, the words of my revrint frend Ignatius, and the remarks of the honrabble genlmn who has just sate down, have made me change the detummination which I had the honor of igspresing just now.

'I igsept the eighty pound a year; knowing that I shall have plenty of time for pursuing my littery cereer, and hoping some day to set on that same bentch of barranites, which is dekarated by the presnts of my honrabble friend.

'Why shooden I? It's trew I aint done anythink as yet to deserve such an honor; and it's very probable that I never shall. But what then?—*qwaw dong*, as our friends say. I'd much rayther have a coat-of-arms than a coat of livry. I'd much rayther have my blud-red hand spralink in the middle of a shield, than underneath a tea-tray. A barranit I will be, and, in consquints, must cease to be a footmin.

'As to my politticle princepills, these, I confess, aint settled: they are, I know, nessary; but they ain't nessary *until askt for*; besides, I reglar read the *Sattarist* newspaper, and so ignirince on this pint would be inigscusable.

'But if one man can git to be a doctor, and another a barranit, and another a captng in the navy, and another a countess, and another the wife of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I begin to perseave that the littery trade aint such a very bad un; igsppecially if you're up to snough, and know what's o'clock. I'll learn to make myself usefle, in the fust place; then I'll larn to spell; and, I trust, by reading the novvles of the honrabble member, and

the scientafick treatiseses of the revrend doctor, I may find the secret of suxess, and git a litell for my own share. I've sevrall frends in the press, having paid for many of those chaps' drink, and given them other treets; and so I think I've got all the emilents of suxess; therefore, I am detummined, as I said, to igsept your kind offer, and beg to withdraw the wuds which I made yous of when I refyoused your hoxpatable offer. I must, however——'

'I wish you'd withdraw yourself,' said Sir John, bursting into a most igstrorinary rage, 'and not interrupt the company with your infernal talk! Go down, and get us coffee; and, heark ye! hold your impertinent tongue, or I'll break every bone in your body. You shall have the place, as I said; and while you're in my service, you shall be my servant; but you don't stay in my service after to-morrow. Go down stairs, sir; and don't stand staring here!'

In this abrupt way, my evening ended: it's with a melanchely regret that I think what came of it. I don't wear plush any more. I am an altered, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

I'm about a novvle (having made great progriss in spelling), in the style of my friend Bullwig; and preparing for publication, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, The Lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Washerwomen.

FASHNABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS

BY CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ.

No. —, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
10th October.

(N.B. HAIRY BELL.)

MY DEAR Y.—Your dellixy in sending me *My Book*¹ does you honour; for the subjick on which it treats cannot, like politix, metafizzix, or other silly sciences, be criticized by the common writin creaturs who do your and other Magazines at so much a yard. I am a chap of a different sort. I have lived with some of the first families in Europe, and I say it, without fear of contradistinction, that, since the death of George the IV., and Mr. Simpson of Voxall Gardens, there doesn't, praps, live a more genlmnly man than myself. As to figger, I beat Simpson all to shivers; and know more of the world than the late George. He did things in a handsome style enough, but he lived always in one set, and got narrow in his notions. How could he be otherwise? Had he my opportunities, I say he would have been a better dressed man, a better dined man (*poor angsy deer*, as the French say), and a better furnished man. These qualities an't got by indolence, but by acute hobobservation and foring travel, as I have had. But a truce to heggotism, and let us proceed with bisniss.

Skelton's *Anatomy* (or Skeleton's, which, I presume, is his real name) is a work which has been long wanted in the litery world. A reglar slap-up, no-mistake, out-an'-out account of the manners and usitches of genteel society, will be appreciated in every famly from Buckly Square to Whitechapel Market. Ever since you sent me the volum, I have read it to the gals in our hall, who are quite delighted of it, and every day grows genteeler and genteeler. So is Jeames, coachman; so is Sam and George, and little Halfred, the sugar-loafed page:—all 'xcept old Huffy, the fat

¹ *My Book; or, the Anatomy of Conduct.* By John Henry Skelton, London, 1837. Simpkin and Marshall.

veezy porter, who sits all day in his hall-chair, and never reads a word of anythink but that ojus *Hage* newspaper. 'Huffy,' I often say to him, 'why continue to read that blaggerd print? Want of decency, Huffy, becomes no man in your high situation: a genlman without morality, is like a liv'ry-coat without a shoulder-knot.' But the old-fashioned beast reads on, and don't care for a syllable of what I say. As for the *Sat'rist*, that's different: I read it myself, reg'lar; for it's of uncompromising Raddicle principils, and lashes the vices of the aristoxxy. But again I am diverging from Skeleton.

What I like about him so pertiklerly is his moddisty. Before you come to the book, there is, first, a Deddication; then, a Preface; and nex', a Prolygomeny. The fust is about hisself; the second about hisself, too; and, cuss me! if the Prolygolygominy an't about hisself again, and his school-master, the Rev. John Finlay, late of Streatham Academy. I shall give a few extrax from them:—

'Graceful manners are not intuitive; so he, who, through industry or the smiles of fortune, *would emulate a polite carriage*, must be *taught* not to outrage propriety. Many topics herein considered have been discussed, more or less gravely or jocosely, according as the subject-matter admitted the varying treatment. I would that with propriety much might be expunged, but that I felt it is all required from the nature of the work. The public is the tribunal to which I appeal: not friendship, but public attestation, must affix the signet to *My Book's* approval or condemnation. Sheridan, when manager of Drury, was known to say, he had solicited and received the patronage of friends, but from the public only had he found support. So may it be with me!'

There's a sentence for you, Mr. Yorke! We disputed about it, for three-quarters of an hour in the servants'-hall. Miss Simkins, my lady's *feel de chamber*, says it's complete ungramatticle, as so it is. 'I would that,' etc., 'but that,' and so forth: what can be the earthly meaning of it? 'Graceful manners,' says Skeleton, 'is not intuitive.' Nor more an't grammar, Skelton; sooner than make a fault in which, I'd knife my fish, or malt after my cheese.

As for 'emulating a genteel carriage,' not knowing what that might mean, we at once asked Jim Coachman; but neither he nor his helpers could help us. Jim thinks it was a baroosh; cook says, a brisky; Sam, the stable-boy (who, from living chiefly among the hosses and things, has got a sad low way of talking), said it was all dicky, and bid us drive on to the nex' page.

‘For years, when I have observed anything in false taste, I have remarked that, when *My Book* makes its appearance, such an anomaly will be discontinued ; and, instead of an angry reply, it has ever been, “What! are *you* writing such a work?” till at length, in several societies, *My Book* has been referred to whenever *une méprise* has taken place. As thus: “*My Book* is, indeed, wanted ;” or, “If *My Book* were here ;” or, “We shall never be right without *My Book* ;” which led me to take minutes of the barbarisms I observed. I now give them to the world, from a conviction that a rule of conduct should be studied, and impressed upon the mind. Other studies come occasionally into play ; but the conduct, the deportment, and the manner are ever in view, and should be a primary consideration, and by no means left to chance (as at present), “whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”

‘Most books that have appeared on this vital subject have generally been of a trashy nature ; intended, one would imagine—if you took the trouble to read them—as advertisements to this trade, or for that man, this draper, or that dentist, instead of attempting to form the mind, and leaving the judgment to act.

‘To Lord Chesterfield other remarks apply : but Dr. Johnson has so truly and so wittily characterised, in few words, that heartless libertine’s advice to his son, that, without danger of corrupting the mind, you cannot place his works in the hands of youth.

‘It should ever be kept in our recollection, that a graceful carriage—a noble bearing, and a generous disposition to sit with ease and grace, must be enthroned “in the mind’s eye” on every virtuous sentiment.’

There it is, the carriage again ! But never mind that—to the nex’ sentence it’s nothink : ‘to sit with ease and grace must be enthroned “in the mind’s eye” on every virtuous sentiment!’ Heaven bless your bones, Mr. Skeleton ! where are you driving us ? I say, this sentence would puzzle the very Spinx himself ! How *can* a man sit in his eye ? If the late Mr. Finlay, of Streatham Academy, taught John Henry Anatomy Skeleton to do this, he’s a very wonderful pupil, and no mistake ! as well as a finominy in natural history, quite exceeding that of Miss Mac-kavoy. Sich *peculiar* opportunities for hobobservation must make his remarks really valuable.¹

¹ I cannot refrain from quattin, in a note, the following extract from page 8.

‘To be done with propriety, everything must be done quietly. When the cards are dealt round do not sort them in all possible haste, and, having performed it in a most hurried manner, clap your cards on the table, looking

Well, he observes on everythink that is at all observable, and can make a gen'l'man fit for gen'l'manly society. His beavyiourn at dinner and brexfast, at bawls and swarries, at chuch, at vist, at skittles, at drivin' cabs, at gettin' in an' out of a carriage, at his death and burill—givin', on every one of these subjicks, a plenty of ex'lent maxums; as we shall very soon see. Let's begin about dinner—it's always a pleasant thing to hear talk of. Skeleton (who is a slap-up heppycure) says:—

'Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate—send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself: this may be done with rapidity, if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavours to excel. It is as cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to any one: if at the table of a friend, it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable. No refined appetite can survive it.'

Taken in general, I say this remark is admiral. I saw an instance, only last wick, at our table. There was, first, Sir James and my lady, in course, at the head of their own table; then there was Lord and Lady Smigsmag right and left of my lady; Capt. Flupp, of the huzzas (huzza he may be; but he looks, to my thinkin, much more like a bravo); and the Bishop of Biffeter, with his lady; Haldermin Snodgrass, and me,—that is, I waited.

Well, the haldermin, who was helpin the tuttle, puts on Biffeter's plate a wad of green fat, which might way a pound and three-quarters. His ludship goes at it very hearty; but not likin to seprate it, tries to swallow the lump at one go. I reckon Lady Smigsmag saying gaily, 'What, my lord, are you goin that whole hog at once?' The bishop looked at her, rowled his eyes, and tried to spick; but between the spickin and swallerin, and the green fat, the consquinsies were fatle! He sunk back on his chair, his spoon dropt, his face became of a blew colour, and down he fell as dead as a nit. He recovered, to be sure, nex day; but not till after a precious deal of bleedin and dosin, which Dr. Drencher described for him.

proudly round, conscious of your own superiority. I speak to those in good society,—not to him who, making cards his trade, has his motives for thus hurrying,—that he may remark the countenances of those with whom he plays,—that he may make observations in *his mind's eye*, from what passes around, and use those observations to *suit ulterior ends*.'

This, now, is what I call a reg'lar parrylel passidge, and renders quite clear Mr. Skeltonses notin of the situation of the mind's eye.—CHAS. YLPLSH.

This would never have happened, had not the haldermin given him such a plate-full ; and to Skeleton's maxim let me add mine.

Dinner was made for eatin, not for talkin ; never pay compliments with your mouth full.

'The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip ; and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife ; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake,—for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

'Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world ! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens ; and we by much of its produce !

'When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth, and spit it back ; although this has been done by some inconsiderate persons. Never, in short, do that of which, on reflection, you would be ashamed ; for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife, —a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the "perfumed chambers of the great." We all have much to unlearn, ere we can learn much that we should. My effort is "to gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to destroy them," and then to "gather the wheat into the barn."

'When the rose-water is carried round after dinner, dip into the corner of your napkin lightly ; touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips. Forbear plunging into the liquid as into a bath.'

This, to be sure, would be diffiklt, as well as ungenlmnly ; and I have something to say on this head, too.

About them blue water bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company makes such a bubblin and spirtin ; people should be very careful in usin them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her ladyship wears two rows of false teeth (what the French call a *rattler*), and is, everybody knows, one of the most absint of women. After dinner one day (at her own house), she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did, when the squirtin time came. Well, the conversation grew hanimated ; and so much was Lady

Smigsmag interested, that she clean forgot her teeth, and wen too bed without them.

Nex morning was a dreadful disturbance in the house; sum-bady had stolen my lady's teeth out of her mouth! But this iss a loss which a lady don't like positively to advertise; so the matter was hushed up, and my lady got a new set from Parkison's. But nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth.

A fortnight after, another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kep a butler and one man, and this was a chap whom we used to call, professionally, Lazy Jim. He never did nothing; but when he couldn't help it; he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl. If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched itt until the day it was wanted, and the same he did by the glas; you might go into his pantry, and see dozens on 'em with thea water (he drenk up all the wind) which had been left in 'em since last dinner party. How such things could be allowed in a house, I don't know; it only shewed that Smigsmag was an easy master, and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his bisniss.

Well, the day kem for the sek'nd party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do; he cleaned up the plate, the glas, and everythink else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the sideboard. 'Law, Jim, you jackass,' cried out the butler, at half-past seven, jist as the people was a-comen down to dinner; 'you've forgot the washand basins.'

Jim spun down into his room,—for he'd forgotten 'em, sure enough; there they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water; so he brought 'em up, and said nothink; but gev 'em a polishin wipe with the tail of his coat.

Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like good uns. The society was reg'lar *distangy* (as they say): there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of commontators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers (as I call 'em) put down; and all the people began a-washin themselves, like anythink. 'Whrrrrr!' went Lady Smigsmag; 'Cloocloocloocloophizz!' says Lady Barbikin; 'Goggleoggleoggleblrrawaw!' says Jewin (a very fat g'n'l'm'n); 'Blobberblob!' began his grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in all the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped, down went his washand-basin, and he gev such a piercing shriek! such a bust of agony as I never saw, excep when the prince sees the ghost in *Hamlick*: down went his basin, and up went his eyes; I really thought he was going to vomick!

I rushed up to his grace, squeegeing him in the shoulders, and

attacking him on the back. Everybody was in alarm; the duke was pale as hash, grinding his teeth, frowning, and making the most frightful extortions; the ladies were in a starry; and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the sideboard, and looking as white as chalk.

I looked into his grace's plate, and, on my honour as a gentleman, among the amins and reasons, there was two rows of TEETH!

'Law!—Heavens!—what!—your grace!—is it possible,' said Lady Smigsmag, putting her hand into the duke's plate. 'Dear Duke of Aldersgate! as I live, they are my lost teeth!'

Flesh and blood couldn't stand this, and I bust out laughing, till I thought I should split; a footman's a man, and as impregnable as any other to the ridiculous. I bust, and everybody bust after me—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all—everybody except Lazy Jim.

Would you believe it! *He hadn't cleaned out the glasses, and the company was a-washin themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old!*

I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of thing is general; only people had better take warning by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash themselves at home. Lazy Jeames was turned off the next morning, took to drinking and evil habits, and is now, in consquints, lieutenant-general in the Axillary Legend. Let's now get on to what Skelton calls his 'Derelictions'—here's some of 'em, and every funny one's they are too. What do you think of Number 1, any way of a dereliction?

'1. A knocker on the door of a lone house in the country.

'2. When on horseback, to be followed by a groom in a fine livery; or, when in your gig or cab, with a "tiger" so adorned by your side. George IV., whose taste was never excelled, if ever equalled, always, excepting on state occasions, exhibited his retinue in plain liveries—a grey frock being the usual dress of his grooms.

'4. To elbow people as you walk is rude. For such uncouth things, perhaps, a good thrashing would be the best monitor; only there might be disagreeables attending the correction, in the shape of legal functionaries.

'9. When riding with a companion, be not two or three horse-lengths before or behind.

'10. When walking with one friend, and you encounter another, although you may stop and speak, never introduce the strangers, unless each expresses a wish to that effect.

'13. Be careful to check vulgarities in children; for instance:

"Tom, did you get wet?"—"No; Bob did, but I cut away." You should also affectionately rebuke an unbecoming tone and manner in children.

'18. To pass a glass, or any drinking vessel, by the brim, or to offer a lady a bumper, are things equally in bad taste.

'19. To look from the window to ascertain who has knocked, whilst the servant goes to the door, must not be done.

'26. Humming, drumming, or whistling, we must avoid, as disrespectful to our company.

'27. Never whisper in company, nor make confidants of mere acquaintance.

'28. Vulgar abbreviations, such as gent for gentleman, or buss for omnibus, etc., must be shunned.

'29. Make no noise in eating; as, when you masticate with the lips unclosed, the action of the jaw is heard. It is equally bad in drinking. Gulping loudly is abominable—it is but habit—unrestrained, no more; but enough to disgust.

'30. To do anything that might be obnoxious to censure, or even bear animadversion from eccentricity, you must take care not to commit.

'31. Be especially cautious not to drink while your plate is sent to be replenished.

'32. A bright light in a dirty lamp is not to be endured.¹

'33. The statue of the Achilles in Hyde Park is in bad taste. To erect a statue in honour of a hero in a defensive attitude, when his good sword has carved his renown—Ha, ha, ha!'

Ha, ha, ha! isn't that reg'lar ridiklous? Not the statute I mean, but the *dereliction*, as Skillyton calls it. Ha, ha, ha! indeed! Defensive hattitude! He may call that nasty naked figger *defensive*—I say it's *hoffensive*, and no mistake. But read the whole bunch of remarx, MR. YORKE; a'nt they *rich*?—a'nt they what you may call a perfect gallixy of derelictions?

Take, for instance, twenty-nine and thutty-one—gulpins, mastigatin, and the haction of the jaw! Why, sich things a'nt done, not by the knife-boy, and the skillery-made, who dine in the back kitchin after we've done! And nex appeal to thutty-one. *Why* shouldn't a man drink, when his plate's taken away? Is it unnatral? is it ungen'm'nly? is it unbecomin? If he'd said that a chap shouldn't drink when his *glass* is taken away, that would be a reason, and a good one. Now let's read 'hayteen.' Pass a glass *by the brim*! Put your thum and fingers, I spose. The

¹ 'If in the hall, or in your cab, this, if seen a second time, admits no excuse: *turn away the man.*'

very notion makes me all over uncomfortable; and, in all my experience of society, I never saw nor a coalheaver do such a thing. Next comes:

'The most barbarous modern introduction is the habit of wearing the hat in the "salon," as now practised even in the presence of the ladies.

'When, in making a morning call, you give your card at the door, the servant should be instructed to do his duty, and not stand looking at the name on the card while you speak to him.'

There's two rules for you! Who *does* wear a hat in the salon? Nobody, as I ever saw. And as for Number 40, I can only say, on my own part individually, and on the part of the permission, that if ever Mr. Skelton comes to a house where I am the gen'l'm'n to open the door, and instruct me about doing my duty, I'll instruct him about the head, I will. No man should instruct other people's servants. No man should bully or talk loud to a gen'l'm'n who, from his wery situation, is incapable of defense or reply. I've known this custom to be carried on by low swaggerin fellows in clubs and private houses, but never by reel gen'l'm'n. And now for the last maxum, or dereliction:

'The custom of putting the knife in the mouth is so repulsive to our feelings as men, is so entirely at variance with the manners of gentlemen, that I deem it unnecessary to inveigh against it here. The very appearance of the act is

'A monster of so odious a mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.'

Oh, Heavens! the notion is overpowerin! I once see a gen'l'm'n cut his head off eatin peez that way. Knife in your mouth!—fawgh!—it makes me all over. Mrs. Cook, do have the kindness to git me a basin!

In this abrupt way Mr. Yellowplush's article concludes. The notion conveyed in the last paragraph was too disgusting for his delicate spirit, and caused him emotions that are neither pleasant to experience nor to describe.

It may be objected to his communication, that it contains some photographic eccentricities, and that his acuteness surpasses considerably his education. But a gentleman of his rank and talent is the exact person fitted to criticise the volume which forms the subject of his remarks. We at once saw that only Mr. Yellowplush was fit for Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton for Mr. Yellow-

plush. There is a luxury of fashionable observation, a fund of apt illustration, an intimacy with the first leaders of the *ton*, and a richness of authentic anecdote, which is not to be found in any other writer of any other periodical. He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned.

It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with *the only authentic picture of fashionable life* which has been given to the world in our time. All the rest are stolen and disfigured copies of that original piece, of which we are proud to be in possession.

After our contributor's able critique, it is needless for us to extend our remarks upon Mr. Skelton's book. We have to thank that gentleman for some hours' extraordinary amusement; and shall be delighted at any further productions of his pen.

O. Y.

SKIMMINGS FROM 'THE DAIRY OF GEORGE IV.'

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, Esq., TO OLIVER YORKE, Esq.

DEAR WHY,—Takin advantage of the Crismiss holydays, Sir John and me (who is a member of parlyment) had gone down to our place in Yorkshire for six wicks, to shoot grows and woodcox, and enjoy old English hospatalaty. This ugly Canady bisniss unluckaly put an end to our sports in the country, and brot us up to Buckly Square as fast as four postorses could gallip. When there, I found your parsel, containing the two vollums of a new book, witch, as I have been away from the litterary world, and emplied soly in athlatic exorcises, have been laying neglected in my pantry, among my knife-cloaths, and dekanter, and blacking-bottles, and bed-room candles, and things.

This will, I'm sure, account for my delay in notussing the work. I see sefral of the papers and magazeens have been befoarhand with me, and have given their apinions concerning it; specially the *Quotly Revew*, which has most mussilessly cut to peases the author of this *Dairy of the Times of George IV.*¹

That it's a woman who wrote it is evydent from the style of the writing, as well as from certain proofs in' the book itself. Most suttnly a femail wrote this *Dairy*; but who this *Dairy-maid* may be, I, in coarse, can't conjecter: and, indeed, commin galliantry forbids me to ask. I can only judge of the book itself, which, it appears to me, is clearly trenching upon my ground and favrite subjick, viz. fashnabble life, as igsibited in the houses of the nobility, gentry, and rile fammly.

¹ *Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other distinguished Persons.*

'Tôt ou tard, tout se sçait.'—MAINTENON.

In 2 vols. London, 1838. Henry Colburn.

But I bare no mallis—infamation is infamation, and it doesn't matter where the infamy comes from ; and whether the *Dairy* be from that distinguished pen to witch it is ornarily attributed—whether, I say, it comes from a lady of honor to the late quean, or a scullion to that diffunct majisty, no matter ; all we ask is nollidge, never mind how we have it. Nollidge, as our cook says, is like trikel-possit—it's always good, though you was to drink it out of an old shoo.

Well, then, although this *Dairy* is likely searusly to injur my pussonal intrests, by fourstalling a deal of what I had to say in my private memoars—though many, many guineas is taken from my pockit, by cuttin short the tail of my narratif—though much that I had to say in souperior languidge, greased with all the ellygance of my orytory, the benefick of my classicle reading, the chawms of my agreble wit, is thus abruply brot befor the world by an inferor genus, neither knowing nor writing English, yet I say, that nevertheless I must say, what I am puffickly prepared to say, to gainsay which no man can say a word—yet I say, that I say I consider this publication welkom. Far from viewing it with enfy, I greet it with applaws ; because it increases that most exlent specious of nollidge, I mean 'FASHNABBLE NOLLIDGE ;' compayred to witch all other nollidge is nonsince—a bag of goold to a pare of snuffers.

Could Lord Broom, on the Canady question, say moar ? or say what he had to say better ? We are marters, both of us, to prinsple ; and everybody who knows eather knows we would sacrafice anythink rather than that. Fashion is the goddiss I adoar. This delightful work is an offering on her srine ; and as sich all her wushippers are bound to hail it. Here is not a question of trumpry lords and honrabbles, generals and barronites, but the crown itself, and the king and queen's actions ; witch may be considered as the crown jewels. Here's princes, and grand-dukes, and airsaparent, and Heaven knows what ; all with blood-royal in their veins, and their names mentioned in the very fust page of the peeridge. In this book you become so intmate with the Prince of Wales, that you may follow him, if you please, to his marridge-bed ; or, if you prefer the Princiss Charlotte, you may have with her an hour's tator-tator.¹

Now, though most of the remarkable extrax from this book have been given already (the cream of the *Dairy*, as I wittily say), I shall trouble you, nevertheless, with a few ; partly because they can't be repeated too often, and because the toan of obsyvation with witch they have been genrally received by the press, is not

¹ Our estimable correspondent means, we presume, *tête-à-tête*.—O. Y.

igsackly such as I think they merit. How, indeed, can these common magaseen and newspaper pipple know anythink of fash-nabble life, let alone ryal?

Conseaving, then, that the publication of the *Dairy* has done reel good on this scoar, and may probly do a deal moor, I shall look through it, for the porpus of selecting the most ellygant passidges, and which I think may be peculiarly adapted to the reader's benefick.

For you see, my dear Mr. Yorke, that, in the fust place, that this is no commin catchpny book, like that of most authors and authoresses who write for the base looker of gain. Heaven bless you! the Dairy-maid is above any thing musnary. She is a woman of rank, and no mistake; and is as much above doin a common or vulgar action as I am supearor to taking beer after dinner with my cheese. She proves that most satisfackarily, as we see in the following passidge:—

'Her royal highness came to me, and, having spoken a few phrases on different subjects, produced all the papers she wishes to have published:—her whole correspondence with the prince relative to lady J——'s dismissal; his subsequent neglect of the princess; and, finally, the acquittal of her supposed guilt, signed by the Duke of Portland, etc., at the time of the secret inquiry: when, if proof could have been brought against her, it certainly would have been done; and which acquittal, to the disgrace of all parties concerned, as well as to the justice of the nation in general, was not made public at the time. A common criminal is publicly condemned or acquitted. Her royal highness commanded me to have these letters published forthwith, saying, "You may sell them for a great sum." At first (for she had spoken to me before concerning this business), I thought of availing myself of the opportunity; but, upon second thoughts, I turned from this idea with detestation: for, if I do wrong by obeying her wishes and endeavouring to serve her, I will do so at least from good and disinterested motives, not from any sordid views. The princess commands me, and I will obey her, whatever may be the issue; but not for fare or fee. I own I tremble, not so much for myself, as for the idea that she is not taking the best and most dignified way of having these papers published. Why make a secret of it at all? If wrong, it should not be done; if right, it should be done openly, and in the face of her enemies. In her royal highness's case, as in that of wronged princes in general, why do they shrink from straightforward dealings, and rather have recourse to crooked policy? I wish, in this particular instance, I could make

her royal highness feel thus : but she is naturally indignant at being falsely accused, and will not condescend to an avowed explanation.'

Can any thing be more just and honrable than this ? The Dairy-lady is quite fair and above-board. A clear stage, says she, and no favour ! 'I won't do behind my back what I am ashamed of before my face : not I !' No more she does ; for you see that, though she was offered this manuscript by the princess *for nothink*, though she knew that she could actually get for it a large sum of money, she was above it, like an honest, noble, grateful, fashnable woman, as she was. She aboars secrecy, and never will have recors to disguise or crookid polacy. This ought to be an ansure to them *Raddicle sneerers*, who pretend that they are the equals of fashnable pepple ; whareas it's a well-known fact, that the vulgar roagues have no notion of honour.

And after this positif declaration, which reflex honor on her ladyship (long life to her ! I've often waited behind her chair !)—after this positif declaration, that, even for the porpus of *defending* her missis, she was so hi-mindid as to refuse anythink like a peculinary consideration, it is actually asserted in the public prints by a booxeller, that he has given her *a thousand pound* for the *Dairy*. A thousand pound ! nonsince !—it's a phigment ! a base libel ! This woman take a thousand pound, in a matter where her dear mistriss, friend, and benyfactriss was concerned ! Never ! A thousand baggonits would be more prefrable to a woman of her squizzit feelins and fashion.

But, to proseed. It's been objected to me, when I wrote some of my expearunces in fashnable life, that my languidge was occasionally vulgar, and not such as is generally used in those exquizzit famlies which I frequent. Now, I'll lay a wager that there is in this book, wrote, as all the world knows, by a rele lady, and speakin of kings and queens as if they were as common as sand-boys—there is in this book more vulgarity than ever I displayed, more nastiniss than ever I would dare *to think on*, and more bad grammer than ever I wrote since I was a boy at school. As for authograpy, evry genlm has his own : never mind spellin, I say, so long as the sence is right.

Let me here quot a letter from a corryspondent of this charming lady of honour ; and a very nice corryspondent he is, too, without any mistake :—

'Lady O——, poor Lady O—— ! knows the rules of prudence, I fear me, as imperfectly as she doth those of the Greek and Latin Grammars ; or she hath let her brother, who is a sad swine, become

master of her secrets, and then contrived to quarrel with him. You would see the outline of the *mélange* in the newspapers; but not the report that Mr. S—— is about to publish a pamphlet, as an addition to the Harleian Tracts, setting forth the amatory adventures of his sister. We shall break our necks in haste to buy it, of course crying "Shameful" all the while; and it is said that Lady O—— is to be cut, which I cannot entirely believe. Let her tell two or three old women about town that they are young and handsome, and give some well-timed parties, and she may still keep the society which she hath been used to. The times are not so hard as they once were, when a woman could not construe Magna Charta with anything like impunity. People were full as gallant many years ago. But the days are gone by wherein my lord-protector of the commonwealth of England was wont to go a love-making to Mrs. Fleetwood, with the Bible under his arm.

'And so Miss Jacky Gordon is really clothed with a husband at last, and Miss Laura Manners left without a mate! She and Lord Stair should marry and have children, in mere revenge. As to Miss Gordon, she's a Venus well suited for such a Vulcan,—whom nothing but money and a title could have rendered tolerable, even to a kitchen wench. It is said that the matrimonial correspondence between this couple is to be published, full of sad scandalous relations, of which you may be sure scarcely a word is true. In former times, the Duchess of St. A——'s made use of these elegant epistles, in order to intimidate Lady Johnstone: but that *ruse* would not avail; so, in spite, they are to be printed. What a cargo of amiable creatures! Yet will some people scarcely believe in the existence of Pandemonium.

'*Tuesday morning.*—You are perfectly right respecting the hot rooms here, which we all cry out against, and all find very comfortable—much more so than the cold sands and bleak neighbourhood of the sea; which looks vastly well in one of Vander Velde's pictures hung upon crimson damask, but hideous and shocking in reality. H—— and his "*elle*" (talking of parties) were last night at Cholmondeley House, but seem not to ripen in their love. He is certainly good-humoured, and, I believe, good-hearted, so deserves a good wife; but his *cara* seems a genuine London miss, made up of many affectations. Will she form a comfortable helpmate? For me, I like not her origin, and deem many strange things to run in blood, besides madness and the Hanoverian evil.

'*Thursday.*—I verily do believe that I never shall get to the end of this small sheet of paper, so many unheard-of interruptions have I had; and now I have been to Vauxhall, and caught the

tooth-ache. I was of Lady E. B——m and H——'s party: very dull—the Lady giving us all a supper after our promenade—

“Much ado was there, God wot;
She would love, but he would not.”

He ate a great deal of ice, although he did not seem to require it; and she “*faisoit les yeux doux*,” enough not only to have melted all the ice which he swallowed, but his own hard heart into the bargain. The thing will not do. In the mean time, Miss Long hath become quite cruel to Wellesley Pole, and divides her favour equally between Lords Killeen and Kilworth, two as simple Irishmen as ever gave birth to a bull. I wish to Hymen that she were fairly married, for all this pother gives one a disgusting picture of human nature.’

A disgusting pictur of human nature, indeed—and isn't he who moralises about it, and she to whom he writes, a couple of pretty heads in the same piece? Which, Mr. Yorke, is the wust, the scandle or the scandle-mongers? See what it is to be a moral man of fashn. Fust, he scrapes together all the bad stoaries about all the people of his acquentance—he goes to a ball, and laffs or snears at everybody there—he is asked to a dinner, and brings away, along with meat and wine to his heart's content, a sour stomick, filled with nasty stories of all the people present there. He has such a squeamish appytite, that all the world seems to *disagree* with him. And what has he got to say to his delicate female frend? Why, that—

Fust, Mr. S. is going to publish indesent stoaries about Lady O——, his sister, which everybody's goin to by.

Nex. That Miss Gordon is going to be cloathed with an usband; and that all their matramonial corryspondins is to be published too.

3. That Lord H. is goin to be married; but there's something rong, in his wife's blood.

4. Miss Long has cut Mr. Wellesley, and is gone after two Irish lords.

Wooden you phancy, now, that the author of such a letter, instead of writin about pipples of tip-top qualaty, was describin Vinegar Yard? Would you beleave that the lady he was a ritin to was a chased, modist lady of honour, and mother of a famly? *O trumpery, O morris!* as Homer says, this is a higeous pictur of manners, such as I weap to think of, as every morl man must weap.

The above is one pritty pictur of nearly fashnabble life: what follows is about families even higher situated than the most fashnabble. Here we have the princess-regint, her daughter the Princess Sharlot, her grandmamma the old quean, and her

madjisty daughters the two princesses. If this is not high life, I don't know where it is to be found ; and it's pleasing to see what affeckshn and harmny rains in such an exolted spear.

'*Sunday, 24th.*—Yesterday, the princess went to meet the Princess Charlotte at Kensington. Lady —— told me that, when the latter arrived, she rushed up to her mother, and said, "For God's sake, be civil to her," meaning the Duchess of Leeds, who followed her. Lady —— said she felt sorry for the latter ; but when the Princess of Wales talked to her, she soon became so free and easy, that one could not have any *feeling* about her *feelings*. Princess Charlotte, I was told, was looking handsome, very pale, but her head more becomingly dressed, that is to say, less dressed than usual. Her figure is of that full round shape which is now in its prime ; but she disfigures herself by wearing her boddice so short, that she literally has no waist. Her feet are very pretty ; and so are her hands and arms, and her ear, and the shape of her head. Her countenance is expressive, when she allows her passions to play upon it ; and I never saw any face, with so little shade, express so many powerful and varied emotions. Lady —— told me that the Princess Charlotte talked to her about her situation, and said, in a very quiet, but determined way, she *would not bear it*, and that, as soon as parliament met, she intended to come to Warwick House, and remain there ; that she was also determined not to consider the Duchess of Leeds as her *governess*, but only as her *first lady*. She made many observations on other persons and subjects ; and appears to be very quick, very penetrating, but imperious and wilful. There is a tone of romance, too, in her character, which will only serve to mislead her.

'She told her mother that there had been a great battle at Windsor between the queen and the prince, the former refusing to give up Miss Knight from her own person to attend on Princess Charlotte as sub-governess. But the prince-regent had gone to Windsor himself, and insisted on her doing so ; and the "old Beguin" was forced to submit, but has been ill ever since : and Sir Henry Halford declared it was a complete breaking up of her constitution—to the great delight of the two princesses, who were talking about this affair. Miss Knight was the very person they wished to have : they think they can do as they like with her. It had been ordered that the Princess Charlotte should not see her mother alone for a single moment ; but the latter went into her room, stuffed a pair of large shoes full of papers, and, having given them to her daughter, she went home. Lady —— told me every-thing was written down, and sent to Mr. Brougham *next day*.'

See what dishcord will creap even into the best reglated famlies. Here are six of 'em—viz., the quean and her two daughters, her son, and his wife and daughter; and the manner in which they hate one another is a compleat puzzle.

The Prince hates { his mother.
his wife.
his daughter.

Princess Charlotte hates her father.

Princess of Wales hates her husband.

The old quean, by their squobbles, is on the pint of death; and her two jewtiful daughters are delighted at the news. What a happy, fashnabble, Christian famly! O Mr. Yorke, Mr. Yorke, if this is the way in the drawin rooms, I'm quite content to live below, in pease and charaty with all men; writin, as I am now, in my pantry, or els havin a quite game at cards in the servants-all. With *us* there's no bitter, wicked, quarling of this sort. *We* don't hate our children, or bully our mothers, or wish em ded when they're sick, as this Dairy-woman says kings and queans do. When we're writing to our friends or sweethearts, *we* don't fill our letters with nasty stoaries, takin away the carricter of our fellow-servants, as this maid of honour's amusin, moral, frend does. But, in coarse, it's not for us to judge of our betters;—these great people are a supearur race, and we can't comprehend their ways.

Do you recklect—it's twenty years ago now—how a bewtiffle princess died in givin buth to a poar baby, and how the whole nation of Hengland wep, as though it was one man, over that sweet woman and child, in which were sentered the hopes of every one of us, and of which each was as proud as of his own wife or infnt? Do you recklect how pore fellows spent their last shillin to buy a black crape for their hats, and clergymen cried in the pulpit, and the whole country through was no better than a great dismal funeral? Do you recklect, Mr. Yorke, who was the person that we all took on so about? We called her the Princis Sharlot of Wales; and we valyoud a single drop of her blood more than the whole heartless body of her father. Well, we looked up to her as a kind of saint or angle, and blest God (such foolish loyal English pipples as we ware in those days) who had sent this sweet lady to rule over us. But, Heaven bless you! it was only souperstition. She was no better than she should be, as it turns out—or at least the Dairy-maid says so. No better?—if my daughters or yours was $\frac{1}{2}$ so bad, we'd as leaf be dead ourselves, and they hanged. But listen to this pritty charritable storry, and a truce to reflexshuns:—

'Sunday, January 9, 1814.—Yesterday, according to appoint-

ment, I went to Princess Charlotte. Found at Warwick House the harp-player Dizzi; was asked to remain and listen to his performance, but was talked to during the whole time, which completely prevented all possibility of listening to the music. The Duchess of Leeds and her daughter were in the room, but left it soon. Next arrived Miss Knight, who remained all the time I was there. Princess Charlotte was very gracious—showed me all her *bonny dyes*, as B—— would have called them—pictures, and cases, and jewels, etc. She talked in a very desultory way, and it would be difficult to say of what. She observed her mother was in very low spirits. I asked her how she supposed she could be otherwise? This *questioning* answer saves a great deal of trouble, and serves two purposes—*i.e.*, avoids committing oneself, or giving offence by silence. There was hung in the apartment one portrait, amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of D——. I asked Miss Knight whom it represented. She said that was not known; it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender, when young. This answer suited my thoughts so comically I could have laughed, if one ever did at Courts anything but the contrary of what one was inclined to do.

‘Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her countenance—a play of features, and a force of muscle, rarely seen in connection with such soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful; but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother’s: in short, it is the very picture of her, and *not in miniature*. I could not help analysing my own sensations during the time I was with her, and thought more of them than I did of her. Why was I at all flattered, at all more amused, at all more supple to this young princess, than to her who is only the same sort of person, set in the shade of circumstances and of years? It is that youth, and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and dazzle the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed for interested calculations, what effect must not the same causes produce on the generality of mankind?

‘In the course of the conversation, the Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum-de-dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it, while looking at a little picture of herself, which had about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, done on *isinglass*, and which allowed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency. It was, I thought, a pretty enough conceit, though rather like dressing up a doll. “Ah!” said Miss Knight, “I am not content

though, madam—for I yet should have liked one more dress—that of the favourite Sultana.”

“No, no!” said the princess, “I never was a favourite, and never can be one”—looking at a picture which she said was her father’s, but which I do not believe was done for the Regent any more than for me, but represented a young man in a hussar’s dress—probably a former favourite.

‘The Princess Charlotte seemed much hurt at the little notice that was taken of her birthday. After keeping me for two hours and a-half she dismissed me; and I am sure I could not say what she said, except that it was an *olio* of *décousus* and heterogeneous things, partaking of the characteristics of her mother grafted on a younger scion. I dined *tête-à-tête* with my dear old aunt: hers is always a sweet and soothing society to me.’

There’s a pleasing, lady-like, moral extrack for you! An innocent young thing of fifteen has picturs of *two* lovers in her room, and expex a good number more. This dellygate young creature *edges in* a good deal of *tumdedy* (I can’t find it in Johnson’s Dixonary), and would have *gone on with the thing* (ellygence of language), if the dairy-lady would have let her.

Now, to tell you the truth, Mr. Yorke, I doant beleave a single syllible of this story. This lady of honner says, in the fust place, that the princess would have talked a good deal of *tumdedy*: which means, I suppose, indeasnsy, if she, the lady of honner, *would have let her*. This *is* a good one! Why, she lets every body else talk tumdedy to their hearts’ content; she lets her friends *write* tumdedy, and, after keeping it for a quarter of a sentry, she *prints* it. Why, then, be so squeamish about *hearing* a little? And, then, there’s the stoary of the two portricks. This woman has the honner to be received in the frendlyest manner by a British princess; and what does the grateful, loyal creature do? 2 picturs of the princess’s relations are hanging in her room, and the dairy-woman swears away the poor young princess’s carrickter, by swearing they are picturs of her *lovers*. For shame, oh, for shame! you slauderin, backbitin, dairy-woman you! If you told all them things to your ‘dear old aunt,’ on going to dine with her, you must have had very ‘sweet and soothing society’ indeed.

I had marked out many moar extrax, witch I intended to write about; but I think I have said enough about this Dairy: in fack, the butler, and the gals in the servants’ hall, are not well pleased that I should go on readin this naughty book; so we’ll have no more of it, only one passidge about Pollytics, witch is sertnly quite new:—

'No one was so likely to be able to defeat Bonaparte as the Crown Prince, from the intimate knowledge he possessed of his character. Bernadotte was also instigated against Bonaparte by one who not only owed him a personal hatred, but who possessed a mind equal to his, and who gave the Crown Prince both information and advice how to act. This was no less a person than Madame de Staël. It was not, as some have asserted, *that she was in love with Bernadotte*; for, at the time of their intimacy, *Madame de Staël was in love with Rocca*. But she used her influence (which was not small) with the Crown Prince, to make him fight against Bonaparte, and to her wisdom may be attributed much of the success which accompanied his attack upon him. Bernadotte has raised the flame of liberty, which seems fortunately to blaze all around. May it liberate Europe; and from the ashes of the laurel may olive branches spring up, and overshadow the earth!'

There's a discovery! that the overthrow of Boneypart is owing to *Madame de Stael*! What nonsense for Colonel Southey, or Doctor Napier, to write histories of the war with that Capsican hupstart and murderer, when here we have the whole affair explained by the lady of honour!

'*Sunday, April 10, 1814.*—The incidents which take place every hour are miraculous. Bonaparte is deposed, but alive; subdued, but allowed to choose his place of residence. The island of Elba is the spot he has selected for his ignominious retreat. France is holding forth repentant arms to her banished sovereign. The Poissardes who dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold are presenting flowers to the Emperor of Russia, the restorer of their legitimate king! What a stupendous field for philosophy to expatiate in! What an endless material for thought! What humiliation to the pride of mere human greatness! How are the mighty fallen! Of all that was great in Napoleon, what remains? Despoiled of his usurped power, he sinks to insignificance. There was no moral greatness in the man. The meteor dazzled, scorched, is put out—utterly, and for ever. But the power which rests in those who have delivered the nations from bondage, is a power that is delegated to them from Heaven; and the manner in which they have used it is a guarantee for its continuance. The Duke of Wellington has gained laurels unstained by any useless flow of blood. He has done more than conquer others—he has conquered himself: and in the midst of the blaze and flush of victory, surrounded by the homage of nations, he has not been betrayed into

the commission of any act of cruelty or wanton offence. He was as cool and self-possessed under the blaze and dazzle of fame as a common man would be under the shade of his garden-tree, or by the hearth of his home. But the tyrant who kept Europe in awe is now a pitiable object for scorn to point the finger of derision at; and humanity shudders as it remembers the scourge with which this man's ambition was permitted to devastate every home tie, and every heartfelt joy.'

And now, after this sublime passidge, as full of awfle reflections and pious sentyments as those of Mrs. Cole in the play, I shall only quot one little extrack more :—

'All goes gloomily with the poor Princess. Lady Charlotte Campbell told me she regrets not seeing all these curious personages; but she says, the more the Princess is forsaken, the more happy she is at having offered to attend her at this time. *This is very amiable in her*, and cannot fail to be gratifying to the princess.'

So it is—wery amiable, wery kind and considderate in her, indeed. Poor princess! how lucky you was to find a frend who loved you for your own sake, and when all the rest of the wuld turned its back kep steady to you. As for beleaving that Lady Sharlot had any hand in this book,¹ Heaven forbid! she is all gratitude, pure gratitude, depend upon it. *She* would not go for to blacken her old frend and patron's carrickter, after having been so outragusly faithful to her; *she* wouldn't do it, at no price, depend upon it. How sorry she must be that others a'nt quite so squeamish, and show up in this indesent way the follies of her kind, genrus, foolish bennyfactriss!

¹ The 'authorised' announcement, in the *John Bull* newspaper, sets this question at rest. It is declared that her ladyship is not the writer of the *Diary*.—O. Y.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI

CH-S Y-LL-WPL-SH, ESQ., TO SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BT.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH, ESQ., TO C-S Y——H, ESQ.

NOTUS

THE suckmstansies of the folloing harticle are as follos:—Me and my friend, the sellabrated Mr. Smith, reckonised each other in the Haymarket Theatre, during the paformints of the new play. I was settn in the gallery, and sung out to him (he was in the pit), to jine us after the play, over a glass of bear and a cold hoyster, in my pantry, the famly being out.

Smith came as appinted. We descorsed on the subjiick of the comady; and, after seftral glases, we each of us agreed to write a letter to the other, giving our notiums of the pease. Paper was brought that momint; and Smith writing his harticle across the knife-bord, I dasht off mine ou the dresser.

Our agreement was, that I (being remarkabble for my style of riting) should cretasize the languidge, whilst he should take up with the plot of the play; and the candied reader will parding me for having holtered the original address of my letter, and directed it to Sir Edward himself; and for having incopperated Smith's remarks in the midst of my own.

MAYFAIR, Nov. 30, 1839. *Midnite.*

HONRABBLE BARNET!—Retired from the littery world a year or moar, I didn't think anythink would injuice me to come forrards again; for I was content with my share of reputation, and propoas'd to add nothink to those immortal wux which have rendered this Magaseen so sallybrated.

Shall I tell you the reazn of my re-appearants?—a desire for the benefick of my fellow-creatures? Fiddlestick! A mighty truth with which my busm laboured, and which I must bring forth or die? Nonsince—stuff: money's the secret, my dear Barnet,—money—*l'argong, gelt, spicunia.* Here's quarter-day coming, and

I'm blest if I can pay my landlud, unless I can ad hartificially to my inkum.

This is, however, betwigest you and me. There's no need to blacard the streets with it, or to tell the British public that Fitzroy Y-ll-wpl-sh is short of money, or that the sallybrated hauthor of the Y—— Papers is in peskewniary difficklties, or is fiteagued by his shuperhuman littery labors, or by his famly suckmstansies, or by any other pusnal matter: my maxim, dear B, is on these pints to be as quiet as posibile. What the juice does the public care for you or me? Why must we always, in prefizzes and what not, be a-talking about ourselves and our igstrodinary merrats, woas, and injaries? It is on this subjick that I porpies, my dear Barnet, to speak to you in a frendly way; and praps you'll find my advise tolraably holesum.

Well, then,—if you care about the apinions, fur good or evil, of us poor suvvants, I tell you, in the most candied way, I like you, Barnet. I've had my fling at you in my day (for, *entry nou*, that last stoary I roat about you and Larnder was as big a bowsnir as ever was)—I've had my fling at you; but I like you. One may object to an immence deal of your writings, which, betwigest you and me, contain more sham scentiment, sham morallaty, sham poatry, than you'd like to own; but, in spite of this, there's the *stuff* in you: you've a kind and loyal heart in you, Barnet—a trifle deboshed, perhaps; a kean i, igspecially for what's comic (as for your tradgady, it's mighty flatchulent), and a ready plesnt pen. The man who says you are an As is an As himself. Don't believe him, Barnet! not that I suppose you wil,—for, if I've formd a correck apinion of you from your wucks, you think yoor small-beear as good as most men's: every man does,—and why not? We brew, and we love our own tap—amen; but the pint betwigest us, is this stewpid, absudd way of crying out, because the public don't like it too. Why shoold they, my dear Barnet? You may vow that they are fools; or that the critix are your enemies; or that the wuld should judge your poams by your critticle rules, and not their own: you may beat your breast, and vow you are a marter, and you won't mend the matter. Take heart, man! you're not so misrabbble after all; your spirits need not be so *very* cast down; you are not so *very* badly paid. I'd lay a wager that you make, with one thing or another—plays, novvles, pamphlicks, and little odd jobbs here and there—your three thowsnd a year. There's many a man, dear Bullwig, that works for less, and lives content. Why shouldn't you? Three thowsnd a year is no such bad thing,—let alone the barnetey: it must be a great comfort to have that bloody hand in your skitching.

But don't you sea, that in a wuld naturally envius, wickid, and fond of a joak, this very barnetcy, these very cumplaints,—this ceaseless groning, and moning, and wining of yours, is igsackly the thing which makes people laff and snear more? If you were ever at a great school, you must recklect who was the boy most bullid, and buffitid, and purshewd—he who minded it most. He who could take a basting got but few; he who rord and wep because the knotty boys called him nicknames, was nicknamed wuss and wuss. I recklect there was at our school, in Smithfield, a chap of this milksop, spoony sort, who appeared among the romping, ragged fellers in a fine flanning dressing-gownd, that his mamba had given him. That pore boy was beaten in a way that his dear ma and aunts didn't know him: his fine flanning dressing-gownd was torn all to ribbings, and he got no pease in the school ever after, but was abliged to be taken to some other saminary, where, I make no doubt, he was paid off igsackly in the same way.

Do you take the halligory, my dear Barnet? *Mutayto nominy*—you know what I mean. You are the boy, and your barnetcy is the dressing-gownd. You dress yourself out finer than other chaps, and they all begin to sault and hustle you; it's human nature, Barnet. You show weakness, think of your dear ma, mayhap, and begin to cry: it's all over with you; the whole school is at you—upper boys and under, big and little; the dirtiest little fag in the place will pipe out blaggerd names at you, and take his pewny tug at your tail.

The only way to avoid such consperracies is to put a pair of stowt shoalders forrards, and bust through the crowd of raggy-muffins. A good bold fellow dubls his fistt, and cries, 'Wha dares meddle wi' me?' When Scott got *his* barnetcy, for instans, did any one of us cry out? No, by the laws, he was our master; and wo betide the chap that say neigh to him! But there's barnets and barnets. Do you recklect that fine chapter in *Squintin Durward*, about the too fellos and the cups, at the siege of the bishop's castle? One of them was a brave warrier, and kep *his* cup; they strangled the other chap—strangled him, and laffd at him too.

With respect, then, to the barnetcy pint, this is my advise; brazen it out. Us littery men I take to be like a pack of school-boys—childish, greedy, envius, holding by our friends, and always ready to fight. What must be a man's conduck among such? He must either take no notis, and pass on myjastick, or else turn round and pummle soundly—one, two, right and left, ding dong over the face and eyes; above all, never acknowledge that he is hurt. Years ago, for instans (we've no ill blood, but only mention this by way of igsample), you began a sparring with this Magaseen. Law bless

you ! such a ridicklus gaym I never see : a man so belaybord, be-flusterd, bewolloped, was never known ; it was the laff of the whole town. Your intelackshal natur, respected Barnet, is not fizzickly adapted, so to speak, for encounters of this sort. You must not indulge in combats with us course bullies of the press ; you have not the *staminy* for a reglar set-to. What, then, is your plan ? In the midst of the mob to pass as quiet as you can ; you won't be undistubbed. Who is ? Some stray kix and buffits will fall to you—mortial man is subjick to such ; but if you begin to wins and cry out, and set up for a marter, wo betide you !

These remarks, pusnal as I confess them to be, are yet, I assure you, written in perfick good-natur, and have been inspired by your play of the *Sea Captiny*, and prefiz to it ; which latter is on matters intirely pusnall, and will, therefore, I trust, igscuse this kind of *ad hominam* (as they say) diskcushion. I propose, honrabbble Barnit, to cumsider calmly this play and prephiz, and to speak of both with that honisty which, in the pantry or studdy, I've been always phamous for. Let us, in the first place, listen to the opening of the 'Preface to the Fourth Edition :'

'No one can be more sensible than I am of the many faults and deficiencies to be found in this play ; but, perhaps, when it is considered how very rarely it has happened in the history of our dramatic literature that good acting plays have been produced, except by those who have either been actors themselves, or formed their habits of literature, almost of life, behind the scenes, I might have looked for a criticism more generous, and less exacting and rigorous, than that with which the attempts of an author accustomed to another class of composition have been received by a large proportion of the periodical press.

'It is scarcely possible, indeed, that this play should not contain faults of two kinds : first, the faults of one who has necessarily much to learn in the mechanism of his art ; and, secondly, of one who, having written largely in the narrative style of fiction, may not unfrequently mistake the effects of a novel for the effects of a drama. I may add to these, perhaps, the deficiencies that arise from uncertain health and broken spirits, which render the author more susceptible than he might have been some years since to that spirit of depreciation and hostility which it has been his misfortune to excite amongst the general contributors to the periodical press ; for the consciousness that every endeavour will be made to cavil, to distort, to misrepresent, and, in fine, if possible, to *run down*, will occasionally haunt even the hours of composition, to check the inspiration, and damp the ardour.

‘Having confessed thus much frankly and fairly, and with a hope that I may ultimately do better, should I continue to write for the stage (which nothing but an assurance that, with all my defects, I may yet bring some little aid to the drama, at a time when any aid, however humble, ought to be welcome to the lovers of the art, could induce me to do), may I be permitted to say a few words as to some of the objections which have been made against this play?’

Now, my dear sir, look what a pretty number of please you put forrards here, why your play shouldn’t be good.

First. Good plays are almost always written by actors.

Secknd. You are a novice to the style of composition.

Third. You *may* be mistaken in your effects, being a novelist by trade, and not a play-writer.

Fourthly. Your in such bad helth and sperrits.

Fifthly. Your so afraid of the critix, that they damp your arder.

For shame, for shame, man! What confeshns is these,—what painful pewling and piping! Your not a babby. I take you to be some seven or eight and thutty years old—‘in the morning of youth,’ as the flosofer says. Don’t let any such nonsince take your reazn prisoner. What you, an old hand amongst us,—an old soljer of our sovring quean the press,—you, who have had the best pay, have held the topmost rank (ay, and *deserved* them too! —I gif you leaf to quot me in siasiaty, and say, ‘I *am* a man of genius; Y-ll-wpl-sh says so’),—you to lose heart, and cry pickavy, and begin to howl, because little boys fling stones at you! Fie, man! take courage; and, bearing the terrows of your blood-red hand, as the poet says, punish us, if we’ve ofended you, punish us like a man, or bear your own punishment like a man. Don’t try to come off with such misrabbble lodgie as that above.

What do you? You give four satisfackary reazns that the play is bad (the secknd is naught,—for your no such chicking at play-writing, this being the forth). You shew that the play must be bad, and *then* begin to deal with the critix for finding folt!

Was there ever wuss generalship? The play *is* bad,—your right,—a wuss I never see or read. But why kneed *you* say so? If it was so *very* bad, why publish it? *Because you wish to serve the drama!* O fie! don’t lay that flattering function to your sole, as Milton observes. Do you believe that this *Sea Captng* can serve the drama? Did you never intend that it should serve anything, or anybody *else*? Of cors you did! You wrote it for money,—money from the maniger, money from the bookseller,—for the same reason that I write this. Sir, Shakspeare wrote for

the very same reasons, and I never heard that he bragged about serving the drama. Away with this canting about great motifs! Let us not be too proud, my dear Barnet, and fancy ourselves marters of the truth, marters or apostels. We are but tradesmen working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let's be praying pompisly about our 'sacred calling.' The taylor who makes your coats (and very well they are made too, with the best of velvit collars)—I say Stulz or Nugee, might cry out that *their* motifs were but to assert the eturnle truth of tayloring, with just as much reazn; and who would believe them?

Well: after this acknollitchmint that the play is bad, comes seftral pages of attack on the critix, and the folt those gentry have found with it. With these I shan't middle for the presnt. You defend all the characters 1 by 1, and conclude your remarks as follows:—

'I must be pardoned for this disquisition on my own designs. When every means is employed to misrepresent, it becomes, perhaps, allowable to explain. And if I do not think that my faults as a dramatic author are to be found in the study and delineation of character, it is precisely because *that* is the point on which all my previous pursuits in literature and actual life would be most likely to preserve me from the errors I own elsewhere, whether of misjudgment or inexperience.

'I have now only to add my thanks to the actors for the zeal and talent with which they have embodied the characters intrusted to them. The sweetness and grace with which Miss Faucit embellished the part of Violet, which, though only a sketch, is most necessary to the colouring and harmony of the play, were perhaps the more pleasing to the audience from the generosity, rare with actors, which induced her to take a part so far inferior to her powers. The applause which attends the performance of Mrs Warner and Mr. Strickland attests their success in characters of unusual difficulty; while the singular beauty and nobleness, whether of conception or execution, with which the greatest of living actors has elevated the part of Norman (so totally different from his ordinary range of character), is a new proof of his versatility and accomplishment in all that belongs to his art. It would be scarcely gracious to conclude these remarks without expressing my acknowledgment of that generous and indulgent sense of justice which, forgetting all political differences in the literary arena, has enabled me to appeal to approving audiences—from hostile critics. And it is this which alone encourages me to

hope that, sooner or later, I may add to the dramatic literature of my country something that may find, perhaps, almost as many friends in the next age as it has been the fate of the author to find enemies in this.'

See, now, what a good comfrabble vanaty is! Pepple have quarld with the dramatic characters of your play. 'No,' says you; 'if I *am* remarkabble for anythink, it's for my study and delineation of character; *that* is prezizely the pint to which my littery purshuits have led me.' Have you read Jil Blaw, my dear sir? Have you pirouzed that exlent tragady, the *Critic*? There's something so like this in Sir Fretful Plaguy, and the Archbishop of Granadiers, that I'm blest if I can't laff till my sides ake. Think of the critix fixing on the very pint for which you are famus!—the roags! And spose they had said the plot was absudd, or the languitch absudder, still, don't you think you would have had a word in defens of them too—you who hope to find frends for your dramatic wux in the nex age? Poo! I tell thee, Barnet, that the nex age will be wiser and better than this; and do you think that it will imply itself a-reading of your trajagies? This is misantrophy, Barnet—reglar Byronism; and you ot to have a better apinian of human natur.

Your apinion about the actors I shan't here middle with. They all acted exlently as far as my humbile judgement goes, and your write in giving them all possbile prays. But let's consider the last sentence of the prefiz, my dear Barnet, and see what a pretty set of apiniuns you lay down.

1. The critix are your inymies in this age.
2. In the nex, however, you hope to find newmrous frends.
3. And it's a satisfackshn to think that, in spite of politticle diffrences, you have found frendly aujences here.

Now, my dear Barnet, for a man who begins so humbly with what my friend Father Prout calls an *argamantum ad misericorjam*, who ignoledges that his play is bad, that his pore dear helth is bad, that those cussid critix have played the juice with him—I say, for a man who begins in such a humbill toan, it's rayther *rich* to see how you end.

My dear Barnet, *do* you suppose that *politticle diffrences* prejudice pepple against *you*? What *are* your politix? Wig, I presume—so are mine, *ontry noo*. And what if they *are* Wig, or Raddiccle, or Cumsuvvative? Does any mortal man in England care a phig for your politix? Do you think yourself such a mity man in parlymint, that critix are to be angry with you, and aujences to be cumsidered magnanamous because they treat you

fairly? There, now, was Sherridn, he who roat the *Rifles* and *School for Scandle* (I saw the *Rifles* after your play, and, O Barnet, if you *knew* what a relief it was!)—there, I say, was Sherridn—he *was* a politticle character, if you please—he *could* make a spitch or two—do you spose that Pitt, Purseyvall, Castlerag, old George the Third himself, wooden go to se the *Rivles*—ay, and clap hands too, and laff and ror, for all Sherry's Wiggery? Do you spose the critix wouldn't applaud too? For shame, Barnet! what ninnis, what hartless raskles, you must beleave them to be,—in the fust plase, to fancy that you are a politticle genius; in the secknd, to let your politix interfear with their notiums about your littery merits!

'Put that nonsince out of your head,' as Fox said to Bonnypart. Wasn't it that great genus, Dennis, that wrote in Swift and Poop's time, who fansid that the French king wooden make pease unless Dennis was delivered up to him? Upon my wud, I doant think he carrid his diddlusion much futher than a serting honrabble barnet of my acquentance.

And, then, for the nex age. Respected sir, this is another diddlusion; a grose mistake on your part, or my name is not Y—sh. These plays immortal? Ah, *parrysampl*e, as the French say, this is too strong—the small-beer of the *Sea Capting*, or of any suxessor of the *Sea Capting*, to keep sweet for sentries and sentries! Barnet, Barnet! do you know the natur of bear? Six weeks is not past, and here your last casque's sour—the public won't even now drink it; and I lay a wager that, betwixst this day (the thuttieth November) and the end of the year, the barl will be off the stox altogether, never, never to return.

I've notted down a few frazes here and there, which you will do well to igsamin:—

NORMAN

"The eternal Flora
Woos to her odorous haunts the western wind;
While circling round and upward from the boughs,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, like a happy soul released,
Hangs in the air, and from invisible plumes
Shakes sweetness down!"

NORMAN

"And these the lips
Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss
Of parting linger'd, as the fragrance left
By *angels* when they touch the earth and vanish."

NORMAN

"Hark ! she has blessed her son ! I bid ye witness
 Ye listening heavens—thou circumambient air :
 The ocean sighs it back—and with the murmur
 Rustle the happy leaves. All nature breathes
 Aloud—aloft—to the Great Parent's ear,
 The blessing of the mother on her child."

NORMAN

"I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
 Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage,
 Which I can take unsullied to the *stars*,
 When the Great Father calls his children home."

NORMAN

"The blue air, breathless in the *starry* peace,
 After long silence hushed as heaven, but filled
 With happy thoughts as heaven with *angels*."

NORMAN

"Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
 Heaven looked its love from all its numberless *stars*."

NORMAN

"Those eyes, the guiding *stars* by which I steered."

NORMAN

"That great mother
 (The only parent I have known), whose face
 Is bright with gazing ever on the *stars*—
 The mother-sea."

NORMAN

"My bark shall be our home ;
 The *stars* that light the *angel* palaces
 Of air, our lamps."

NORMAN

"A name that glitters, like a *star*, amidst
 The galaxy of England's loftiest born."

LADY ARUNDEL

"And see him princeliest of the lion tribe,
 Whose swords and coronals gleam around the throne,
 The guardian *stars* of the imperial isle."

The fust spissymen has been going the round of all the papers, as real, reglar poatry. Those wickid critix! they must have been laffing in their sleafs when they quoted it. Malody, suckling round and uppards from the bows, like a happy soul released, hangs in the air, and from invizable plumes shakes sweetness down. Mighty fine, truly! but let mortal man tell the meanink of the passidge. Is it *musickle* sweetniss that Malody shakes down from its plumes—its wings, that is, or tail—or some pekewliar scent that proceeds from happy souls released, and which they shake down from the trees when they are suckling round and uppards? Is this poatry, Barnet? Lay your hand on your busm, and speak out boldly: Is it poatry, or sheer windy humbugg, that sounds a little melojous, and won't bear the commanest test of comman sence?

In passidge number 2, the same bisniss is going on, though in a more comprehensable way: the air, the leaves, the otion, are fild with emoceen at Capting Norman's happiness. Pore Nature is dragged in to partisapate in his joys, just as she has been befor. Once in a poem, this universle simfithy is very well; but once is enuff, my dear Barnet: and that once should be in some great suckmstans, surely,—such as the meeting of Adam and Eve, in *Pardice Lost*, or Jewpeter and Jewno, in Hoamer, where there seems, as it were, a reasn for it. But sea-captings should not be eternly spowting and invoking gods, hevns, starrs, angels, and other silestial influences. We can all do it, Barnet; nothing in life is esier. I can compare my livry buttons to the stars, or the clouds of my backopipe to the dark vollums that isheiw from Mount Hetna; or I can say that angels are looking down from them, and the tobacco silf, like a happy sole released, is circling round and upwards, and shaking sweetness down. All this is as esy as drink; but it's not poatry, Barnet, nor natural. People, when their mothers reckonise them, don't howl about the suckumambient air, and paws to think of the happy leaves a-rustling—at least, one mistrusts them if they do. Take another instans out of your own play. Capting Norman (with his eternll *slack-jaw*!) meets the gal of his art:—

Look up, look up, my Violet—weeping? fie!
 And trembling too—yet leaning on my breast.
 In truth, thou art too soft for such rude shelter.
 Look up! I come to woo thee to the seas,
 My sailor's bride! Hast thou no voice but blushes?
 Nay—from those roses let me, like the bee,
 Drag forth the secret sweetness!

VIOLET

'Oh what thoughts

Were kept for *speech* when we once more should meet,
Now blotted from the *page*; and all I feel
Is—*thou art with me!*'

Very right, Miss Violet—the scentiment is natral, affeckshnit, pleasing, simple (it might have been in more grammaticle languidge, and no harm done): but never mind, the feeling is pritty: and I can fancy, my dear Barnet, a pritty, smiling, weeping lass, looking up in a man's face and saying it. But the capting!—O this capting!—this windy, spouting capting, with his prittinesses, and conseated apologies for the hardness of his busm, and his old, stale, vapid simalies, and his wishes to be a bee! Pish! Men don't make love in this finniking way. It's the part of a sentymentle, poeticle taylor, not a galliant gentleman, in command of one of her madjisty's vessels of war.

Look at the remaining extrac, honored Barnet, and acknollidge that Capting Norman is eturnly repeating himself, with his endless jabber, about stars and angels. Look at the neat grammaticle twist of Lady Arundel's spitch, too, who, in the cors of three lines, has made her son a prince, a lion, with a sword and coronal, and a star. Why jumble and sheak up matafors in this way? Barnet, one simily is quite enuff in the best of sentences (and, I preshume, I kneedn't tell you that it's as well to have it *like*, when you are about it). Take my advise, honrabble sir—listen to a humble footmin: it's genrally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to ingspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal (an "ancestral coronal," p. 74) if you like, as you might call a hat a "swart sombrero," "a glossy four-and-nine," "a silken helm, to storm impermeable, and lightsome as the breezy gossamer;" but, in the long run, it's as well to call it a hat. It *is* a hat; and that name is quite as poetticle as another. I think it's Playto, or els Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Confess, now, dear Barnet, don't you long to call it a Polyanthus?

I never see a play more carelessly written. In such a hurry you seem to have bean, that you have actially in some sentences forgot to put in the sence. What is this, for instance?—

'This thrice-precious one

Smiled to my eyes—drew being from my breast—
Slept in my arms;—the very tears I shed
Above my treasure were to men and angels
Alike such holy sweetness!'

In the name of all the angels that ever you invoked—Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, Zadkiel, Azrael—what does this ‘holy sweetness’ mean? We’re not spinxes to read such durk conandrum. If you knew my state sins I came upon this passidg—I’ve neither slep nor eton; I’ve neglected my pantry; I’ve been wandring from house to house with this riddl in my hand, and nobody can understand it. All Mr. Frazier’s men are wild, looking gloomy at one another, and asking what this may be. All the cumtributors have been spoak to. The Docter, who knows every languitch, has tried and giv’n up; we’ve sent to Docter Pettigruel, who reads horyglifics a deal ezier than my way of spellin’—no anser. Quick! quick with a fifth edition, honored Barnet, and set us at rest! While your about it, please, too, to igsplain the two last lines:—

‘His merry bark with England’s flag to crown her.’

See what dellexy of igsfreshn, ‘a flag to crown her!’

‘His merry bark with England’s flag to crown her,
Fame for my hopes, and woman in my cares.’

Likewise the following:—

‘Girl, beware

THE LOVE THAT TRIFLES ROUND THE CHARMS IT GILDS
OFT RUINS WHILE IT SHINES.’

Igsplane this, men and angels! I’ve tried every way; backards, forards, and in all sorts of trancepositions, as thus:—

The love that ruins round the charms it shines,
Gilds while it trifles oft;

Or,

The charm that gilds around the love it ruins,
Oft trifles while it shines;

Or,

The ruins that love gilds and shines around,
Oft trifles where it charms;

Or,

Love, while it charms, shines round, and ruins oft
The trifles that it gilds;

Or,

The love that trifles, gilds and ruins oft,
While round the charms it shines.

All which are as sensible as the fust passidge.

And with this I’ll alow my friend Smith, who has been silent all this time, to say a few words. He has not written near so much as me (being an infearor genus, betwigst ourselves), but he says he never had such mortial difficklty with anything as with the dixcripshn of the plott of your pease. Here his letter.

TO CH-RL-S F-TZR-Y PL-NT-G-N-T Y-LL-WPL-SH, ESQ., ETC. ETC.

30th November 1839.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED SIR—I have the pleasure of laying before you the following description of the plot, and a few remarks upon the style of the piece called *The Sea Captain*.

Five-and-twenty years back, a certain Lord Arundel had a daughter, heiress of his estates and property; a poor cousin, Sir Maurice Beevor (being next in succession); and a page, Arthur Le Mesnil by name.

The daughter took a fancy for the page, and the young persons were married unknown to his lordship.

Three days before her confinement (thinking, no doubt, that period favourable for travelling), the young couple had agreed to run away together, and had reached a chapel near on the sea-coast, from which they were to embark, when Lord Arundel abruptly put a stop to their proceedings by causing one Gaussen, a pirate, to murder the page.

His daughter was carried back to Arundel House, and in three days gave birth to a son. Whether his lordship knew of this birth I cannot say; the infant, however, was never acknowledged, but carried by Sir Maurice Beevor to a priest, Onslow by name, who educated the lad and kept him for twelve years in profound ignorance of his birth. The boy went by the name of Norman.

Lady Arundel meanwhile married again, again became a widow, but had a second son, who was the acknowledged heir, and called Lord Ashdale. Old Lord Arundel died, and her ladyship became countess in her own right.

When Norman was about twelve years of age, his mother, who wished to 'waft young Arthur to a distant land,' had him sent on board ship. Who should the captain of the ship be but Gaussen, who received a smart bribe from Sir Maurice Beevor to kill the lad. Accordingly, Gaussen tied him to a plank, and pitched him overboard.

About thirteen years after these circumstances, Violet, an orphan niece of Lady Arundel's second husband, came to pass a few weeks with her ladyship. She had just come from a sea-voyage, and had been saved from a wicked Algerine by an English sea captain. This sea captain was no other than Norman, who had been picked up off his plank, and fell in love with, and was loved by, Miss Violet.

A short time after Violet's arrival at her aunt's the captain

came to pay her a visit, his ship anchoring off the coast near Lady Arundel's residence. By a singular coincidence, that rogue Gaussen's ship anchored in the harbour too. Gaussen at once knew his man, for he had 'tracked' him (after drowning him), and he informed Sir Maurice Beevor that young Norman was alive.

Sir Maurice Beevor informed her ladyship. How should she get rid of him? In this wise. He was in love with Violet, let him marry her and be off; for Lord Ashdale was in love with his cousin too; and, of course, could not marry a young woman in her station of life. 'You have a chaplain on board,' says her ladyship to Captain Norman; 'let him attend to-night in the ruined chapel, marry Violet, and away with you to sea.' By this means she hoped to be quit of him for ever.

But, unfortunately, the conversation had been overheard by Beevor, and reported to Ashdale. Ashdale determined to be at the chapel and carry off Violet; as for Beevor, he sent Gaussen to the chapel to kill both Ashdale and Norman—thus there would only be Lady Arundel between him and the title.

Norman, in the meanwhile, who had been walking near the chapel, had just seen his worthy old friend, the priest, most barbarously murdered there. Sir Maurice Beevor had set Gaussen upon him; his reverence was coming with the papers concerning Norman's birth, which Beevor wanted in order to extort money from the countess. Gaussen was, however, obliged to run before he got the papers; and the clergyman had time, before he died, to tell Norman the story, and give him the documents, with which Norman sped off to the castle to have an interview with his mother.

He lays his white cloak and hat on the table, and begs to be left alone with her ladyship. Lord Ashdale, who is in the room, surlily quits it; but, going out, cunningly puts on Norman's cloak. 'It will be dark,' says he, 'down at the chapel; Violet won't know me, and, egad! I'll run off with her.'

Norman has his interview. Her ladyship acknowledges him, for she cannot help it; but will not embrace him, love him, or have anything to do with him.

Away he goes to the chapel. His chaplain was there waiting to marry him to Violet, his boat was there to carry him on board his ship, and Violet was there to.

'Norman,' says she, in the dark, 'dear Norman, I knew you by your white cloak; here I am.' And she and the man in a cloak go off to the inner chapel to be married.

There waits Master Gaussen; he has seized the chaplain and the boat's crew, and is just about to murder the man in the cloak, when—

Norman rushes in and cuts him down, much to the surprise of Miss, for she never suspected it was sly *Ashdale* who had come, as we have seen, disguised, and very nearly paid for his masquerading.

Ashdale is very grateful ; but, when *Norman* persists in marrying *Violet*, he says—no, he shan't. He shall fight ; he is a coward if he doesn't fight. *Norman* flings down his sword, and says he *won't* fight, and—

Lady *Arundel*, who has been at prayers all this time, rushing in, says, 'Hold ! this is your brother, *Percy*—your elder brother !' Here is some restiveness on *Ashdale's* part, but he finishes by embracing his brother.

Norman burns all the papers ; vows he will never peach ; reconciles himself with his mother ; says he will go loser ; but, having ordered his ship to 'veer' round to the chapel, orders it to veer back again, for he will pass the honeymoon at *Arundel Castle*.

As you have been pleased to ask my opinion, it strikes me that there are one or two very good notions in this plot. But the author does not fail, as he would modestly have us believe, from ignorance of stage-business ; he seems to know too much, rather than too little, about the stage ; to be too anxious to cram in effects, incidents, perplexities. There is the perplexity concerning *Ashdale's* murder, and *Norman's* murder, and the priest's murder, and the page's murder, and *Gaussen's* murder. There is the perplexity about the papers, and that about the hat and cloak (a silly, foolish obstacle), which only tantalise the spectator, and retard the march of the drama's action ; it is as if the author had said, 'I must have a new incident in every act ; I must keep tickling the spectator perpetually, and never let him off until the fall of the curtain.'

The same disagreeable bustle and petty complication of intrigue you may remark in the author's drama of *Richelieu*. *The Lady of Lyons* was a much simpler and better-wrought plot, the incidents following each other not too swiftly or startlingly. In *Richelieu* it always seemed to me as if one heard doors perpetually clapping and banging ; one was puzzled to follow the train of conversation in the midst of the perpetual small noises that distracted one right and left.

Nor is the list of characters of *The Sea Captain* to be despised. The outlines of all of them are good. A mother, for whom one feels a proper tragic mixture of hatred and pity ; a gallant, single-hearted son, whom she disdains, and who conquers her at last by his noble conduct ; a dashing, haughty *Tybalt* of a brother ; a wicked, poor cousin, a pretty maid, and a fierce buccanier. These people might pass three hours very well on the stage, and interest

the audience hugely ; but the author fails in filling up the outlines. His language is absurdly stilted, frequently careless ; the reader or spectator hears a number of loud speeches, but scarce a dozen lines that seem to belong of nature to the speakers.

Nothing can be more fulsome or loathsome to my mind than the continual sham-religious clap-traps which the author has put into the mouth of his hero ; nothing more unsailor-like than his namby-pamby starlit descriptions, which my ingenious colleague has, I see, alluded to. 'Thy faith my anchor, and thine eyes my haven,' cries the gallant captain to his lady. See how loosely the sentence is constructed, like a thousand others in the book. The captain is to cast anchor with the girl's faith in her own eyes ; either image might pass by itself, but together, like the quadrupeds of Kilkenny, they devour each other. The captain tells his lieutenant *to bid his bark veer round* to a point in the harbour. Was ever such language ? My lady gives Sir Maurice a thousand pounds to *waft* him (her son) to some distant shore. Nonsense, sheer nonsense ; and, what is worse, affected nonsense !

Look at the comedy of the poor cuosin. 'There is a great deal of game on the estate—partridges, hares, wild-geese, snipes, and plovers (*smacking his lips*)—besides a magnificent preserve of sparrows, which I can sell to the *little blackguards* in the streets at a penny a hundred. But I am very poor—a very poor old knight.'

Is this wit, or nature ? It is a kind of sham wit ; it reads as if it were wit, but it is not. What poor, poor stuff, about the little blackguard boys ! what flimsy ecstasies and silly 'smacking of lips' about the 'plovers' ! Is this the man who writes for the next age ? O fie ! Here is another joke :—

SIR MAURICE

'Mice ! zounds, how can I
Keep mice ? I can't afford it ! They were starved
To death an age ago. The last was found,
Come Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone
In that same larder, so consumed and worn
By pious fast, 'twas awful to behold it !
I canonised its corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To thieves and beggars !'

Is not this rare wit ? 'Zounds ! how can I keep mice ?' is well enough for a miser ; not too new, or brilliant either ; but this miserable dilution of a thin joke, this wretched hunting down of the poor mouse ! It is humiliating to think of a man of *esprit* harping so long on such a mean, pitiful string. A man who aspires to immortality, too ! I doubt whether it is to be gained thus ;

whether our author's words are not too loosely built to make 'starry-pointing pyramids of.' Horace clipped and squared his blocks more carefully before he laid the monument which, *imber edax*, or *Aquila impotens*, or *fuga temporum*, might assail in vain. Even old Ovid, when he raised his stately, shining, heathen temple, had placed some columns in it, and hewn out a statue or two which deserved the immortality that he prophesied (somewhat arrogantly) for himself. But let us not all be looking forward to a future, and fancying that, '*incerti spatium dum finiat avi*,' our books are to be immortal. Alas! the way to immortality is not so easy, nor will our *Sea Captain* be permitted such an unconscionable cruise. If all the immortalities were really to have their wish, what a work would our descendants have to study them all!

Not yet, in my humble opinion, has the honourable baronet achieved this deathless consummation. There will come a day (may it be long distant!) when the very best of his novels will be forgotten; and it is reasonable to suppose that his dramas will pass out of existence, some time or other, in the lapse of the *secula seculorum*. In the meantime, my dear Plush, if you ask me what the great obstacle is towards the dramatic fame and merit of our friend, I would say that it does not lie so much in hostile critics or feeble health, as in a careless habit of writing, and a peevish vanity which causes him to shut his eyes to his faults. The question of original capacity I will not moot; one may think very highly of the honourable baronet's talent, without rating it quite so high as he seems disposed to do.

And to conclude: as he has chosen to combat the critics in person, the critics are surely justified in being allowed to address him directly.

With best compliments to Mr. Yellowplush, I have the honour to be, dear sir, your most faithful and obliged humble servant,
JOHN THOMAS SMITH.

And now, Smith having finisht his letter, I think I can't do better than clothes mine lickwise; for though I should never be tired of talking, praps the public may of hearing, and therefore it's best to shet up shopp.

What I've said, respected Barnit, I hoap you woan't take unkind. A play, you see, is public property for every one to say his say on; and I think, if you read your prefez over agin, you'll see that it ax as a direct incouridgemint to us critix to come forrard and notice you. But don't fansy, I besitch you, that we are actiated by hostillaty; fust write a good play, and you'll see we'll prays it fast enuff. Waiting which, *Agray, Munseer le Chevaleer, l'ashurance de ma hot cumsideratun. Voter distangy,* Y.

THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF C. JEAMES
DE LA PLUCHE.

A LUCKY SPECULATOR.

‘CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in the upper and lower circles in the West End, by a startling piece of good fortune which has befallen JAMES PLUSH, Esq., lately footman in a respected family in Berkeley Square.

‘One day last week, MR. JAMES waited upon his master, who is a banker in the City ; and after a little blushing and hesitation, said he had saved a little money in service, was anxious to retire, and to invest his savings to advantage.

‘His master (we believe we may mention, without offending delicacy, the well-known name of SIR GEORGE FLIMSY, of the house of FLIMSY, DIDDLE, and FLASH) smilingly asked MR. JAMES what was the amount of his savings, wondering considerably how, out of an income of thirty guineas—the main part of which he spent on bouquets, silk stockings, and perfumery—MR. PLUSH could have managed to lay by anything.

‘MR. PLUSH, with some hesitation, said he had been *speculating in railroads*, and stated his winnings to have been thirty thousand pounds. He had commenced his speculations with twenty, borrowed from a fellow-servant. He had dated his letters from the house in Berkeley Square, and humbly begged pardon of his master for not having instructed the Railway Secretaries who answered his applications to apply at the area-bell.

‘SIR GEORGE, who was at breakfast, instantly rose, and shook MR. P. by the hand ; LADY FLIMSY begged him to be seated, and partake of the breakfast which he had laid on the table ; and has subsequently invited him to her grand *déjeuner* at Richmond, where it was observed that Miss EMILY FLIMSY, her beautiful and accomplished seventh daughter, paid the lucky gentleman *marked attention*.

‘We hear it stated that MR. P. is of a very ancient family (HUGO DE LA PLUCHE came over with the Conqueror) ; and the new Brougham which he has started, bears the ancient coat of his race.

'He has taken apartments in the Albany, and is a director of thirty-three railroads. He purposes to stand for Parliament at the next general election on decidedly conservative principles, which have always been the politics of his family.

'Report says that, even in his humble capacity, Miss EMILY



FLIMSY had remarked his high demeanour. Well, "none but the brave," say we, "deserve the fair."—*Morning Paper*.

This announcement will explain the following lines, which have been put into our box¹ with a West-End post-mark. If, as we believe, they are written by the young woman from whom the Millionaire borrowed the sum on which he raised his fortune, what

¹ [The letter-box of *Punch*, in the columns of which periodical the *Diary* and *Letters* appeared.]

heart will not melt with sympathy at her tale, and pity the sorrows which she expresses in such artless language?

If it be not too late ; if wealth have not rendered its possessor callous ; if poor MARYANNE *be still alive* ; we trust, we trust, MR. PLUSH will do her justice.

'JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE.

'A HELIGY.

'Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
Come all ye ladies'-maids so fair—
Vile I a story vil relate
Of cruel JEAMES of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked vith powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum JEAMES of Buckley Square.

'O Evns ! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our JEAMES in red plush tights,
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwilets,
He cocked his at with *such* a hair ;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved JEAMES of Buckley Square.

'He pleased the hup-stairs folks as vell,
And O ! I vithered vith despair,
Misses *would* ring the parler bell,
And call up JEAMES in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord,
(Sperrits and beer I can't a bear),
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year, he visper'd, "MARY HANN,
Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square."
O how my gentle heart did bound,
To think that I his name should bear,
"Dear JEAMES," says I, "I've twenty pound,"
And gev them him in Buckley Square.

- ' Our master vas a City gent,
 His name's in railroads everywhere ;
 And lord, vot lots of letters vent
 Betwist his brokers and Buckley Square !
 My JEAMES it was the letters took,
 And read 'em all, (I think it's fair),
 And took a leaf from Master's book,
 As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.
- ' Encouraged with my twenty pound,
 Of which poor *I* was unaware,
 He wrote the Companies all round,
 And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
 And how JOHN PORTER used to grin,
 As day by day, share after share,
 Came railway letters pouring in,
 "J. PLUSH, Esquire, in Buckley Square."
- ' Our servants' All was in a rage—
 Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
 Vith butler, coachman, groom and page,
 Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
 But O ! imagine vat I felt
 Last Vensday veek as ever were ;
 I gits a letter, which I spelt
 "MIS M. A. HOGGINS, Buckley Square."
- ' He sent me back my money true—
 He sent me back my lock of air,
 And said, "My dear, I bid ajew
 To MARY HANN and Buckley Square.
 Think not to marry, foolish HANN,
 With people who your betters are ;
 JAMES PLUSH is now a gentleman,
 And you—a cook in Buckley Square.
- " I've thirty thousand guineas won,
 In six short months by genus rare ;
 You little thought what JEAMES was on,
 Poor MARY HANN, in Buckley Square.
 I've thirty thousand guineas net,
 Powder and plush I scorn to veer ;
 And so, MISS MARY HANN, forget
 For hever JEAMES, of Buckley Square."

The rest of the MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.

A LETTER FROM 'JEAMES, OF BUCKLEY
SQUARE.'

Albany, Letter X. August 10, 1845.

'SIR,

Has a reglar subscriber to your emusing paper, I beg leaf to state that I should never have done so, had I supposed that it was your abbit to igspose the mistaries of privit life, and to hinjer the delligit feelings of umble individyouals like myself, who have *no* ideer of being made the subject of newspaper criticism.

'I elude, Sir, to the unjustafiable use which has been made of my name in your Journal, where both my muccantile speclations and the *hinmost pashn of my art* have been brot forrards in a ridicklus way for the public emusemint.

'What call, Sir, has the public to inquire into the suckmstansies of my engagements with MISS MARY HANN OGGINS, or to meddle with their rupsher? Why am I to be maid the hobjick of your *redicule in a doggril ballit* impewted to her! I say *impewted*, because in my time at least MARY HANN could only sign her + mark (has I've hoften witnist it for her when she paid hin at the Savings Bank), and has for *sacraficing to the Mewses* and making *poatry*, she was as *hincapible* as MR. WAKLEY himself.

'With respect to the ballit, my baleaf is, that it is wrote by a footman in a low famly, a pore retch who attempted to rivle me in my affections to MARY HANN—a feller not five foot six, and with no more calves to his legs than a donkey—who was always a ritin (having been a doctor's boy) and who I nockt down with a pint of porter (as he well recklex) at the 3 Tuns Jerming Street, for daring to try to make a but of me. He has signed Miss H.'s name to his *nonsince and lies*: and you lay yourself hopen to a haction for lible for insutting them in your paper.

'It is false that I have treated Miss H. hill in *hany* way. That I borrowed 20lb of her is *trew*. But she confesses I paid it back. Can hall people say as much of the money *they've* lent or borrowed? No. And I not only paid it back: but giv her the andsomet pres'nts *which I never should have eluded to*, but for this attack. Fust, a silver thimble, (which I found in Missus's work-box); seeknd, a vollom of BYROM's poems: third, I halways brought her a glas of Curasore, when we ad a party, of which she was remarkable fond. I treated her to HASHLEY's twice, (and

halways a strimp or a hoyster by the way), and a *thowsnd deligit attentions*, which I sapose count for *nothink*.

'Has for marridge. Haltered suckmstancies rendered it himpossable. I was gone into a new spear of life—mingling with my native aristoxty. I breathe no sallible of blame against Miss H. but his a hilliterit cookmaid fit to set at a fashnable table? Do young fellers of rank generally marry out of the Kitching? If we cast our i's upon a low-born gal, I neednd say it's only a tempory distraction, *pore passy le tong*. So much for *her* claims upon me. Has for *that beest of a Doctor's boy*, he's unwuthy the notas of a Gentleman.

'That I've one thirty thousand lb, and *praps more*, I dont deny. Ow much has the Kilossus of Railroads one, I should like to know, and what was his cappitle? I hentered the market with 20lb, specklated Jewdicious, and ham what I ham. So may you be (if you have 20lb, and praps you haven't)—So may you be: if you choose to go in & win.

'I for my part am jusly *proud* of my suxess, and could give you a hundred instances of my gratatude. For igsample, the fust pair of hosses I bought (and a better pair of steppers I dafy you to see in hany curracle,) I crisen'd Hull and Selby, in grateful elusion to my transackshns in that railroad. My riding Cob I called very unhaptly my Dublin and Galway. He came down with me the other day, and I've jest sold him at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount.

'At fust with prudence and modration I only kep two grooms for my stables, one of whom lickwise waited on me at table. I have now a confidenshle servant, a vally de shamber—He curls my air; inspex my accounts, and hansers my invitations to dinner. I call this Vally my *Trent Vally*, for it was the prophit I got from that exlent line, which injuiced me to ingage him.

'Besides my North British plate and breakfast equipidge—I have two handsom suvvices for dinner—the goold plate for Sundays, and the silver for common use. When I ave a great party, "Trent," I say to my man, "we will have the London and Bummingham plate to-day (the goold), or else the Manchester and Leeds (the silver)." I bought them after realizing on the abuf lines, and if people suppose that the companys made me a presnt of the plate, how can I help it?

'In the sam way I say, "Trent, bring us a bottle of Bristol and Hexeter!" or, "Put some Heastern Counties in hiee!" He knows what I mean: it's the wines I bought upon the hospicious tummination of my connexshn with those two railroads.

'So strong indeed as this abbit become, that being asked to stand Godfather to the youngest Miss DIDDLE last week, I had

her christened (provisionally) Rosamell—from the French line of which I am Director; and only the other day, finding myself rayther unwell, "Doctor," says I to SIR JEAMES CLARK, "I've sent to consult you because my Midlands are out of horder and I want you to send them up to a premium." The Doctor lafd, and I beleave told the story subsquintly at Buckinum P—ll—s.

'But I will trouble you no father. My sole objict in writing has been to *clear my carrater*—to show that I came by my money in a honorable way: that I'm not ashaymd of the manner in which I gaynd it, and ham indeed grateful for my good fortune.

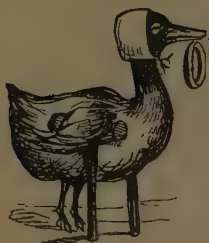
'To conclude, I have ad my podigree maid out at the Erald Hoffis (I don't mean the *Morning Erald*), and have took for my arms a Stagg. You are corriect in stating that I am of hancient Normin famly. This is more than PEAL can say, to whomb I applied for a barnetcy; but the primmier being of low igstraction, natrally stickles for his horder. Consurvative though I be, *I may change my opinions* before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint.

Meanwild, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obeajnt Survnt,

'FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHE.'

JEAMES'S DIARY.



ONE day in the panic week, our friend JEAMES called at our Office, evidently in great perturbation of mind and disorder of dress. He had no flower in his button-hole; his yellow kid gloves were certainly two days old. He had not above three of the ten chains he usually sports, and his great coarse knotty-knuckled old hands were deprived of some dozen of the rubies, emeralds, and other cameos with which, since his elevation to fortune, the poor fellow has thought fit to adorn himself.

'How's scrip? MR. JEAMES,' said we pleasantly, greeting our esteemed contributor.

'Scrip be ——,' replied he, with an expression we cannot repeat, and a look of agony it is impossible to describe in print, and walked about the parlour whistling, humming, rattling his keys and coppers, and showing other signs of agitation. At last, 'Mr. Punch,' says he, after a moment's hesitation, 'I wish to speak to you on a pint of businiss. I wish to be paid for my contribewtions to your paper. Suckinstances is haltered with me. I—I—in a word, *can* you lend me —£ for the account?'

He named the sum. It was one so great, that we don't care to mention it here; but on receiving a cheque for the amount (on MESSRS. PUMP AND ALDGATE, bankers), tears came into the honest fellow's eyes. He squeezed our hand until he nearly wrung it off, and, shouting to a cab, he plunged into it at our office-door, and was off to the City.

Returning to our study, we found he had left on our table an open pocket-book; of the contents of which (for the sake of safety) we took an inventory. It contained:—three tavern-bills, paid; a tailor's ditto, unsettled; forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty-six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be $\frac{1}{4}$ discount; and in an old bit of paper tied with pink riband a lock of chesnut hair, with the initials M. A. H.

In the diary of the pocket-book was a Journal, jotted down by the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant; as, for instance:—'*3rd January*—Our beer in the Suvnts' Hall so *precious* small at this Christmas time that I reely *muss* give warning, & wood, but for my dear MARY HANN.'

'February 7—That broot SCREW, the Butler, wanted to kiss her, my dear MARY HANN boxt his hold hears, & served him right. I *datest* SCREW'—and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations, until we come to the time when, having achieved his successes, MR. JAMES quitted Berkeley Square and his livery, and began his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

EXTRAX.

'Wen I aunounced in the Servnts All my axeshn of forting, and that by the exasize of my own talince and ingianiuty I had reerlized a sum of 20,000 lb. (it was only 5, but what's the use of a mann depreshiating the qualaty of his own mackyrel?) Wen I enounced my abrup intention to cut—you should have sean the sensation among hall the people! Cook wanted to know whether I woodn like a sweatbred, or the slice of the brest of a Cold Turkey. SCREW, the butler, (womb I always detested as a hinsalant hover-baring beast) begged me to walk into the *Hupper* Servnts All, and try a glass of Shuperior Shatto Margo. Heven VISP, the coachmin, eld out his and, & said, "JEAMES, I hopes theres no quarraling betwigst you and me, and I'll stand a pot of beer with pleasure."

'The sickofnts!—that wery Cook had split on me to the Housekeeper ony last week (catchin me priggin some cold tuttle soop, of which I'm remarkable fond). Has for the Butler, I always *ebomminated* him for his precious snears and imperence to all us Gents who wear livry, (he never would sit in our parlour, fasooth, nor drink out of our mugs); and in regard of VISP—why, it was ony the day before the vulgar beest hofferred to fite me, and thretned to give me a good iding if I refused. "Gentlemen and ladies," says I, as haughty as may be, "there's nothink that I want for that I can't go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgins in Halbany, letter Hex; if I'm 'ungry I've no need to refresh myself in the *kitching*." And, so saying, I took a dignafied ajew of these minnial domestics; and asending to my epartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and, taking hoff those hojous livries for hever, put on a new soot, made for me by CULLIN, of St. Jeames Street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks.

'There was *one* pusson in the house with womb I was rayther anxious to evoid a persnal leave-taking—MARY HANN OGGINS, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can't abide seeing a

pore gal in pane. I'd given her previous the infamation of my departure—doing the ansome thing by her at the same time—paying her back 20 lb., which she'd lent me 6 months before: and paying her back not ony the interest, but I gave her an andsome pair of scissars and a silver thimbil, by way of boanus. “MARY HANN,” says I, “suckimstancies has haltered our rellatif positions in life. I quit the Servnts' Hall for hever, (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that my dear is hall gammin), and so I wish you a good-by, my good gal, and if you want to better yourself, halways refer to me.”

‘MARY HANN didn't hanter my speech (which I think was remarkable kind), but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and bust into something betwigest a laugh & cry, and fell down with her ed on the kitching dresser, where she lay until her young Missis rang the dressing-room bell. Would you bleave it? She left the thimbil & things, & my check for 20 lb. 10s. on the tabil, when she went to hanter the bell? And now I heard her sobbing and vimpering in her own room nex but one to mine, with the dore open, peraps expecting I should come in and say good-by. But, as soon as I was dressed, I cut down stairs, hony desiring FREDERICK, my fellow-servnt, to fetch me a cabb, and requesting permission to take leaf of my lady & the famly before my departure.’

‘How MISS HEMLY did hogle me to be sure! Her ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hamiable, fond of poetry, plays the gitter. Then she hasked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin hair. Haubin, indeed! I don't like carrits! as it must be confest MISS HEMLY's his—and has for a *blond buty* she as pink I's like a Halbino, and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeegeed my & as she went away!

‘MARY HANN now *has* haubin air, and a complexion like roses and hivory, and I's as blew as Evin.

‘I gev FREDERICK two and six for fetchin the cabb—been resolved to hact the gentleman in hall things. How he stared!’

‘25th.—I am now director of forty-seven hadvantageous lines, and have past hall day in the Citty. Although I've hate or nine new soots of close, and MR. CULLIN fitts me heligant, yet I fancy they hall reckonise me. Conshus wispers to me—“JEAMS, you'r hony a footman in disguise hafter all.”’

‘28th.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lol. That LABLASH is a wopper at singing. I coodn make out why some people called

out "Bravo," some "Bravar," and some "Bravee." "Bravee, LABLASH," says I, at which hevery body laft.

'I'm in my new stall. I've add new cushings put in, and my harms in goold on the back. I'm dressed hall in black, excep a gold waistcoat and dimind studds in the embroidered busom of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button ole, and have a double-barreld opera glas, so big, that I make Timmins, my secnd man, bring it in the other cabb.

'What an igstronry exabishn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four gals are faries, TELLIONI is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all that they can do, and somethink they can't. There's an indiscrible grace about her, and CARLOTTY, my sweet CARLOTTY, she sets my art in flams.

'Ow that MISS HEMLY was noddin and winkin at me out of their box on the fourth tear?

'What linx i's she must av. As if I could mount up there!

'P.S.—Talking of *mounting hup*! the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent this very day.'

'2nd July.—Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, LORD GEORGE RINGWOOD (LORD CINQBAR'S son), LORD BALLYBUNNION, HONORABLE CAPTING TRAP, & sevral young swells. SIR JOHN'S carridge there in coarse. MISS HEMLY lets fall her booky as I pass, and I'm obleged to get hoff and pick it hup, & get splashed up to the his. The gettin on hoss back agin is halways the juice & hall. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a-porring the hair with his 4 feet, and sinks down so on his anches, that I'm blest if I didn't slip off agin over his tail; at which BALLYBUNNION & the other chaps rord with lafter.

'As BALLY has istates in Queen's County, I've put him on the Saint Helena direction. We call it the "Great St. Helena Napoleon Junction, from Jamestown to Longwood." The French are taking it hup heagerly.'

'6th July.—Dined to-day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I'm hon. The Cwrwmwrw & Plmwyddlywm, with tunnils through Snowding & Plinlimming.

'Great nashnallity of coarse. AP SHINKIN in the chair, AP LLWYDD in the vice; Welsh mutton for dinner; Welsh iron knives & forks; Welsh rabbit after dinner; and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him; he went strummint on his hojous hinstrument, and played a toon piguliarily disagreeable to me.

'It was *Pore Mary Hann*. The clarrit holmost choaked me as I tried it, and I very nearly wep myself as I thought of her bewtifle blue i's. Why *ham* I always thinkin about that gal?

Sasiaty is sasiaty, it's lors is irresistabl. Has a man of rank I can't marry a serving-made. What would CINQBAR & BALLY-BUNNION say?

'P.S.—I don't like the way that CINQBARS has of borroing money, & halways making me pay the bill. Seven pound six at the Shipp, Grinnidge, which I don't grudge it, for DERBYSHIRE's brown Ock is the best in Urup; nine pound three at the Trafflygar, and seventeen pound sixteen & nine at the Star and Garter, Richmond, with the COUNTESS ST. EMILION & the BARONESS FRONTIGNAC. Not one word of French could I speak, and in consquince had nothink to do but to make myself halmost sick with heating hices and desert, while the hothers were chattering & parlyvooring.

'Ha! I remember going to Grinnidge once with MARY HANN, when we were more happy, (after a walk in the park, where we ad one gingy-beer betwigt us,) more appy with tea and a simple scrimp than with hall this splendor!'

'July 24.—My first floor apartmince in the Halbiny is now kimplately and chasely funnished—the droring-room with yellow satting and silver for the chairs and sophies—hemrall green tabbinet curtings with pink velvet & goold borders & fringes; a light blue Haxminster Carpit, embroydered with tulips; tables, seeritaires, cunsoles, &c., as handsome as goold can make them, and candlesticks and shandalers of the purest Hormolew.

'The Dining-room funniture is all *hoak*, British Hoak; round igspanding table, like a trick in a Pantimime, iccomadating any number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties—Curtings Crimsing damask, Chairs crimsing myrocky. Portricks of my favorite great men decorats the wall—namely the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. There's four of his Grace. For I've remarked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight & considration you should holways praise and quote him—I have a valluble one lickwise of my QUEEND, and 2 of PRINCE HALBERT—has a Field Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar *snears* that are daily hullered aginst that Igsolted Pottentat. Betwigt the Prins & the Duke hangs me, in the Uniform of the Cinqbar Militia, of which CINQBARS has made me Capting.

'The Libery is not yet done.

'But the Bedd-roomb is the Jem of the whole—if you could but see it! such a Bedworr! I've a Shuval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanseens Lace, and lighted up of evenings with rose-coloured tapers. Goold dressing case and twilet of Dresding

Cheny. My bed white and gold with curtins of pink and silver brocayd held up a top by a goold Qpid who seems always a-smilin angillicly hon me, has I lay with my Ed on my piller hall sarounded with the finest Mechlin. I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House—I've 7 osses: in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my ixtablishment.

'N.B.—Heverythink looking well in the City. SAINT HELENAS, 12 P.M., MADAGASCARS, 9⁵/₈, SAFFRON HILL & ROOKERY JUNCTION, 24, and the new lines in prospick equily incouraging.

'People phansy its hall gaiety and pleasure the life of us fashnable gents about townd—But I can tell 'em it's not hall goold that glitters. They don't know our moments of hagony, hour ours of studdy and reflecshun. They little think when they see JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Exquire, worling round in walce at Halmax with LADY HANN, or lazaly stepping a kidrill with LADY JANE, poring helegant nothinx into the Countess's hear at dinner, or gallopin his hoss Desperation hover the exorcisin ground in the Park,—they little think that leader of the tong, seaminkly so reckliss, is a careworn mann! and yet so it is.

"Imprymus. I've been ableged to get up all the ecomplishments at double quick, & to apply myself with treemenjuous energy.

'First,—in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is—I've read the novvle of Pelham six times, and am to go through it 4 times mor.

'I practis ridin and the acquirement of "a steady and & a sure seat across Country" assijuously 4 times a week, at the Hippydrum Riding Grounds. Many's the tumbil I 'av ad, and the aking boans I've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opra.

'Every morning from 6 till 9, the innabitanice of Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music ishuing from the apartmince of JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Exquire, Letter Hex. It's my dancing-master. From six to nine we have walces and polkies—at nine "mangtiang & depotment," as he calls it; & the manner of hentering a room, complimenting the ost & ostess & compotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing-room (has to a party), I make my bow—my master (he's a Marquis in France, and ad misfortins, being connected with young LEWY NEPOLEUM) reseaves me—I hadwance—speak abowt the weather & the toppix of the day in an elegant & cussory manner. Brekfst is enounced by FITZWARREN, my mann—we

precede to the festive bord—complimence is igschanged with the manner of drinking wind, adresssing your neighbour, employing your napking & finger-glas, &c. And then we fall to brekfst, when I promiss you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I'm getten on very well—soon I shall be able to invite people to brekfst, like MR. MILLS, my rivle in Halbany; MR. MACAULY, (who wrote that sweet book of ballets, *The Lays of Hancient Rum*,) & the great MR. RODGERS himself.'



'The above was wrote some weeks back. I *have* given brekfsts sins then, reglar *Deshunys*. I have ad Earls and Ycounts—Barnits as many as I chose: and the pick of the Railway world, of which I form a member. Last Sunday was a grand *Fate*. I had the *Eleet* of my friends: the display was sumptuous; the company *reshersh*y. Everything that Dellixy could suggest was by GUNTER provided. I had a Countiss on my right & (the COUNTESS OF WIGGLESBURY, that loveliest and most dashing of Staggs, who may be called the Railway Queend, as my friend

GEORGE H—— is the Railway King) on my left the LADY BLANCHE BLUENOSE — PRINCE TOWROWSKI — the great SIR HUDDLESTONE FUDDLESTONE, from the North, and a skoar of the fust of the fashn. I was in my *gloary*. The dear COUNTESS and LADY BLANCHE was dying with laffing at my joax and fun. I was keeping the whole table in a roar—when there came a ring at my door-bell, and sudnly FITZWARREN, my man, henters with an air of constanation ; “There’s somebody at the door,” says he, in a visper.

“‘O, it’s that dear LADY HEMILY,” says I, “and that lazy raskle of a husband of her’s. Trot them in, FITZWARREN,” (for you see, by this time I had adopted quite the manners and hease of the arristoxo,)—And so, going out, with a look of wonder he returned presently, enouncing MR. & MRS. BLODDER.

‘I turned gashly pail. The table—the guests—the Countiss —TOWROUSKI, and the rest, weald round & round before my hagitated I’s. *It was my Grandmother* and HUNCLE BILL. She is a washerwoman at Healing Common, and he—he keeps a vegetable donkey-cart.

‘Y, Y hadn’t JOHN, the tiger, igsccluded them? He had tried. But the unconscious, though worthy creeters, advanced in spite of him, HUNCLE BILL bringing in the old lady grinning on his harm!

‘Phansy my feelinx.’



MMAGIN when these unfortnat members of my family hentered the room : you may phansy the ixtonnishment of the nobil company presnt. Old Grann looked round the room quite estounded by its horientle splendor, and huncle BILL (pulling hoff his phantail, & seluting the company as respeckfly as his vulgar natur would alow) says—“Crikey, JEAMES, you’ve got a better birth here than you ad where you were in the plush and powder line.” “Try a few of them plovers’ hegs, sir,” I says, whishing, I’m asheamed to say, that somethink would choke huncle B——; “and I hope, mam, now you’ve ad the kindniss to wisit me, a little refreshmint won’t be out of your way.”

‘This I said, detummined to put a good fase on the matter ; and because, in herly times, I’d reseaved a great deal of kindniss from the hold lady, which I should be a roag

to forgit. She paid for my schooling ; she got up my fine linning gratis ; she's given me many & many a lb ; and manys the time in appy appy days when me and MARY HANN has taken tea. But never mind *that*. "Mam," says I, "you must be tired hafter your walk."

"Walk ? Nonsince, JEAMES," says she ; "it's Saturday, & I came in, *in the cart*." "Black or green tea, maam ?" says FITZWARREN, intarupting her. And I will say the feller showed his nouce & good breeding in this difficklt momink ; for he'd halready silenced huncle BILL, whose mouth was now full of muffinx, am, Blowny sausag, Perrigole pie, and other dellixies.

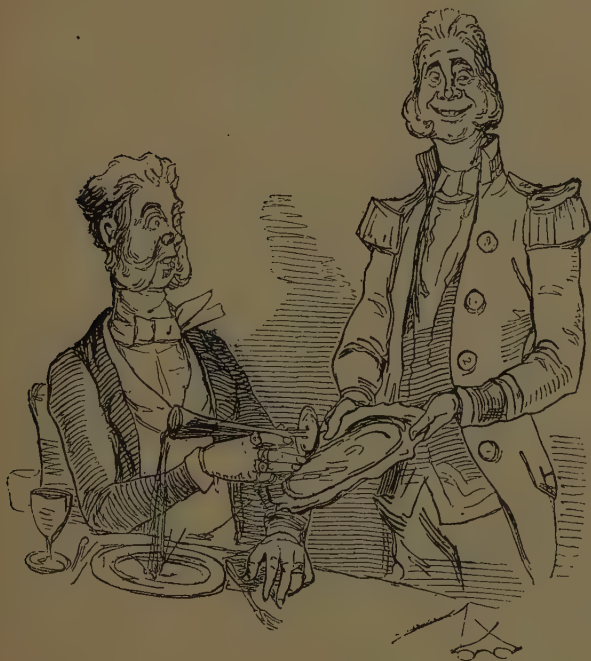
"Wouldn't you like a little *somehink* in your tea, Mam ?" says that sly wagg CINQBARS. "He knows what I likes," replies the hawfle hold Lady, pinting to me (which I knew it very well, having often seen her take a glas of hojous gin along with her Bohee), and so I was ableeged to horder FITZWARREN to bring round the lieures, and to help my unfortint rellatif to a bumper of Ollands. She tost if hoff to the elth of the company, giving a smack with her lipps, after she'd emtied the glas, which very nearly caused me to phaint with hagny. But, luckaly for me, she didn't igspose herself much farther ; for when CINQBARS was pressing her to take another glas, I cried out, "Don't, my lord," on which old Grann hearing him edressed by his title, cried out, "A Lord ! O, lor !" and got up and made him a cutsy, and coodn't be peswaded to speak another word. The presents of the noble gent. heavidently made her uneesy.

"The Countiss on my right and had shownt symtms of ixtream disgust at the beayviour of my relations, and, having called for her carridge, got up to leave the room, with the most dignified hair. I, of coarse, rose to conduct her to her weakle. Ah, what a contrast it was ! There it stood, with stars and garters hall hover the pannels ; the footmin in peach-coloured tites ; the hosses worth 3 hundred a-peace ;—and there stood the horrid *linnen-cart*, with "MARY BLODDER, Laundress, Ealing, Middlesex," wrote on the bord, and waiting until my abandind old parint should come out.

"CINQBARS insisted upon helping her in. SIR HUDDLESTON FUDDLESTONE, the great barnet from the North, who, great as he is, is as stewpid as a howl, looked on, hardly trusting his goggle I's as they witnessed the Sean. But little lively good naterd LADY KITTY QUICKSET, who was going away with the Countiss, held her little & out of the carridge to me and said, "MR. DE LA PLUCHE, you are a much better man than I took

you to be. Though her Ladyship *is* horrified, & though your Grandmother *did* take gin for breakfast, don't give her up. No one ever came to harm yet for honoring their father & mother."

'And this was a sort of consolation to me, and I observed that all the good fellers thought none the wuss of me. CINQBARS said I was a trump for sticking up for the old washerwoman; LORD GEORGE GILLS said she should have his linning; and so



they cut their joax, and I let them. But it was a great releaf to my mind when the cart drove hoff.

'There was one pint which my Grandmother observed, and which, I muss say, I thought lickwise; "Ho, JEAMES," says she, "hall those fine ladies in sattns and velvets is very well, but there's not one of em can hold a candle to MARY HANN."'

'Railway Spec is going on phamously. You should see how polite they har at my bankers now! SIR PAUL PUMP ALDGATE

& COMPANY. They bow me out of the back parlor as if I was a Nybobb. Everybody says I'm worth half a million. The number of lines they're putting me upon, is inkumseavable. I've put FITZWARREN, my man, upon several. REGINALD FITZWARREN, Esquire, looks splendid in a perspectus; and the raskle owns that he has made two thowsnd.

'How the ladies & men too, foller & flatter me! If I go into LADY BINSIS hopra box, she makes room for me, whoever is there, and cries out, "O do make room for that dear creature!" And she complymnts me on my taste in musick, or my new Broom-oss, or the phansy of my weskit, and always ends by asking me for some shares. Old LORD BAREACRES, as stiff as a poaker, as prowd as Loosyfer, as poor as JOAB—even he condysends to be sivvle to the great DE LA PLUCHE, and begged me at HARTHUR's, lately, in his sollom, pompus way, "to faver him with five minutes' conversation." I knew what was coming—application for shares—put him down on my private list. Wouldn't mind the Scrag End Junction passing through Bare-acres—hoped I'd come down and shoot there.

'I gave the old humbugg a few shares out of my own pocket. "There, old Pride," says I, "I like to see you down on your knees to a footman. There, old Pompossaty! Take fifty pound; I like to see you come cringing and begging for it." Whenever I see him in a *very* public place, I take my change for my money. I digg him in the ribbs, or slap his padded old shoulders. I call him, "BAREACRES, my old buck!" and I see him wince. It does my art good.

'I'm in low sperits. A disagreeable insadent has just occurred. LADY PUMP, the banker's wife, asked me to dinner. I sat on her right, of coarse, with an uncommon gal ner me, with whom I was getting on in my fassanating way—full of lacy ally (as the Marquis says) and easy plesntry. Old PUMP, from the end of the table, asked me to drink Champagne; and on turning to take the glass I saw CHARLES WACKLES (with womb I'd been employed at COLONEL SPURRIERS' house) grinning over his shoulder at the Butler.

'The beest reckonized me. Has I was putting on my palto in the hall, he came up again: "*How dy doo*, JEAMES," says he, in a findish visper. "Just come out here, CHAWLES," says I, "I've a word for you, my old boy." So I beckoned him into Portland Place, with my pus in my hand, as if I was going to give him a sovaring.

"I think you said 'JEAMES,' CHAWLES," says I, "and grind at me at dinner?"

"Why, sir," says he, "we're old friends, you know."

"Take that for old friendship then," says I, "and I gave him just one on the noas, which sent him down on the pavemint as if he'd been shot. And mounting myjesticly into my cabb, I left the rest of the grinning scoundrills to pick him up, & droav to the Clubb."



AVE this day kimpleated a little efair with my friend GEORGE, EARL BAREACRES, which I trust will be to the advantidge both of self & that noble gent. Adjining the BAREACRE proppaty is a small piece of land of about 100 acres, called Squallop Hill, igseeding advantageous for the cultivation of sheep, which have been found to have a pickewlear fine flaviour from the natur of the grass, tyme, heather, and other hodare-farus plants which grows on that mounting in the places where the rox and stones don't prevent them. Thistles here is also remarkable fine, and the land is also devided hoff by luxurient Stone Hedges—

much more usefle and ickonomicle than your quickset, or any of that rubbishing sort of timber; indeed the sile is of that fine natur, that timber refuses to grow there altogether. I gave BAREACRES 50*l*. an acre for this land (the igsact premium of my St. Helena Shares)—a very handsom price for land which never yielded two shillings an acre; and very convenient to his Lordship, I know, who had a bill coming due at his Bankers which he had given them. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, is thus for the fust time a landed propriator—or rayther, I should say, is about to reshume the rank & dignity in the country which his Hancestors so long occupied.'

I have caused one of our inginears to make me a plann of the

Squallop Estate, Diddlesexshire, the property of &c., &c., bordered on the North by LORD BAREACRES' Country; on the West by SIR GRANBY GROWLER; on the South by the Hotion. An Arkytect and Survare, a young feller of great emagination, womb we have employed to make a survey of the Great Caffrarian line,



has built me a beautiful Villar (on paper), Plushton Hall, Diddlesex, the seat of I de la P., Esquire. The house is represented a handsome Itallian Structer, imbusmd in woods, and circumwented by beautiful gardings. There's a lake in front with boatsfull of nobillaty and musitions floting on its placid surface—and a curricie

is a driving up to the grand hentrance, and me in it, with MRS., or perhaps LADY HANGELINA DE LA PLUCHE. I speak advisedly. I *may* be going to form a noble kinexion. I may be (by marriage) going to night my famly once mor with Harrystoxy, from which misfortn has for some sentries separated us. I have dreams of that sort.

'I've sean sevrall times in a dalitifle vishn a *serting* Erl standing in a hattitude of bennydiction, and rattafying my union with a serting butifle young lady, his daughter. Phansy MR. or SIR JEAMES and LADY HANGELINA DE LA PLUCHE! Ho! what will the old washywoman, my grandmother, say? She may sell her mangle then, and shall too, by my honour as a Gent.'

'As for Squallop Hill, it's not to be emadgind that I was going to give 5000 lb. for a bleak mounting like that, unless I had some ideer in vew. Ham I not a Director of the Grand Diddlesex? Don't Squallop lie amediately betwigest Old Bone House, Single Gloster, and Scrag End, through which cities our line passes? I will have 40,000 lb. for that mounting, or my name is not JEAMES. I have aranged a little barging too for my friend the Erl. The line will pass through a hangle of Bareacre Park. He shall have a good compensation, I promis you; and then I shall get back the 3000 I lent him. His banker's account, I fear, is in a horrid state.'

[The Diary now for several days contains particulars of no interest to the public:—Memoranda of City dinners—meetings of Directors—fashionable parties in which MR. JEAMES figures, and almost always by the side of his new friend, LORD BAREACRES, whose 'pompossaty,' as described in the last Number, seems to have almost entirely subsided.]

We then come to the following:—

'With a prowde and thankfe Art, I copy off this morning's *Gyzett* the folloing news:—

“Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Diddlesex.

“JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Deputy Lieutenant.”

“North Diddlesex Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.

“JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Captain, *vice* BLOWLORD, promoted.”

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'And his it so? Ham I indeed a landed propriator—a Departy Leftnant—a Capting? May I hatend the Cort of my Sovring? and dror a sayber in my country's defens? I wish the French *wood* land, and me at the head of my squadring on my hoss Desperation. How I'd extonish 'em! How the gals will stare when they see me in younifom! How MARY HANN would—but nonsince! I'm halways thinking of that pore gal. She's left SIR JOHN'S. She couldn't abear to stay after I went, I've heerd say. I hope she's got a good place. Any summ of money that would sett her up in bisniss, or make her comfarable, I'd come down with like a mann. I told my granmother so, who sees her, and rode down to Healing on porpose on Desperation to leave a five lb. noat in anvylope. But she's sent it back, sealed with a thimbill.'

'*Tuesday.*—Reseavd the folloing letter from Lord B——, rellatif to my presntation at Cort and the Youniform I shall wear on that hospicious seramony:—

“MY DEAR DE LA PLUCHE,—I think you had better be presented as a Deputy Lieutenant. As for the Diddlesex Yeomanry, I hardly know what the uniform is now. The last time we were out, was in 1803, when the Prince of Wales reviewed us, and when we wore French grey jackets, leathers, red morocco boots, crimson pelisses, brass helmets with leopard-skin and a white plume, and the regulation pig-tail of eighteen inches. That dress will hardly answer at present, and must be modified, of course. We were called the White Feathers, in those days. For my part, I decidedly recommend the Deputy Lieutenant.

“I shall be happy to present you at the Levee and at the Drawing-room. LADY BAREACRES will be in town for the 13th, with ANGELINA, who will be presented on that day. My wife has heard much of you, and is anxious to make your acquaintance.

“All my people are backward with their rents: for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, lend me five hundred and oblige.

“Yours very gratefully,

“BAREACRES.”

'*Note.*—BAREACRES may press me about the Depity Leftnant—but *I'm* for the cavvleri.'



EWLY will always be a
sacrid anniwussary with me.
It was in that month that I
became persnally ecquaintid
with my Prins and my
gracious Sovarink.

‘Long before the hospi-
tious event acurd, you may
emadgin that my busm was
in no triffling flutter. Sleaf-
lis of nights, I past them
thinking of the great ewent
—or if igsosted natur *did*
clothes my highlids—the
eyedear of my waking
thoughts pevaded my slum-

mers. Corts, Erls, presntations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx
mengling in my dreembs unceasnly. I blush to say it (for humin
prisumpshn never surely igseeded that of my wickid wickid vishn).
One night I actially dremt that Her R.H. the PRINCESS HALLIS
was grown up, and that there was a Cabinit Counsel to detummin
whether her & was to be bestoad on me or the PRINS OF SAX-
MUFFINHAUSEN-PUMPENSTEIN, a young Prooshn or Germing zion
of nobillaty. I ask umly parding for this hordacious ideer.

‘I said, in my fommer remarx, that I had detummined to be
presented to the notus of my reveared Sovaring in a melintary
coschewm. The Court-shoots in which Sivillians attend a Levy
are so uncomming like the—the—livries (ojus wud! I 8 to put
it down) I used to wear before entering sostiety, that I couldn’t
abide the notium of wearing one. My detummination was fumly
fixt to apeer as a Yominry Cavilry Hoffiser, in the galleant youni-
form of the North Diddlesex Huzzas.

‘Has that redgmint had not been out sins 1803, I thought
myself quite hotherized to make such halterations in the youniform
as shuited the presnt time and my metured and elygint taste.
Pigtales was out of the question. Tites I was detummined to
mintain. My legg is praps the finist pint about me, and I was
resolved not to hide it under a booshle.

‘I phixt on scarlit tites, then, imbridered with goold as I have
seen WIDDICOMB wear them at HASHLEYS when me and MARY
HANN used to go there. Ninety-six guineas worth of rich goold

lace and cord did I have myhandering hall hover those shoperb inagspressables.

‘Yellow marocky Heshn boots, red eels, goold spurs & goold tassles as bigg as belpulls.

‘Jackit—French gray and silver orings fasings & cuphs, according to the old patn; belt, green and goold, tight round my pugn, & settin hoff the cemetry of my figgar *not disadventajusly*.

‘A huzza paleese of pupple velvit & sable fir. A sayber of Demaskus steal, and a sabertash (in which I kep my Odiclone and imbridered pocket ankerchief), kimpleat my acooterments, which without vannaty, was, I flatter myself, *uneak*.

‘But the crownding triumph was my hat. I couldn’t wear a cock At. The huzzahs don’t use ’em. I wouldn’t wear the hojous old brass Elmet & Leppardskin. I choas a hat which is dear to the memry of hevery Brittn; an at which was inwented by my Feeld Marshle and adored Prins; an At which *vulgar prejudis & Joaking* has in vane etempted to run down. I chose the HALBERT AT.¹ I didn’t tell BAREACRES of this egsabishn of loilty, intending to *surprize* him. The white ploom of the West Diddlesex Yomingry I fixt on the topp of this Shacko, where it spread hout like a shaving brush.

‘You may be sure that befor the fatle day arrived, I didn’t niglect to practus my part well; and had sevrul *rehustles*, as they say.

‘This was the way. I used to dress myself in my full togs. I made FITZWARREN, my boddy servnt, stand at the door, and figger as the Lord in Waiting. I put Mrs. BLOKER, my laundress, in my grand harm chair to represent the horgust pugn of my Sovring—FREDERICK, my seeknd man, standing on her left, in the hattatude of an illustus Prins Consort. Hall the Candles were lighted. “*Captain de la Pluche, presented by Herl Bareacres,*” FITZWARREN, my man, igsclaimed, as adwancing I made obasins to the Thrown. Nealin on one nee, I cast a glans of unhuttarable loilty towards the BRITTISH CROWND, then stepping gracefully hup (my Dimascus Simiter would git betwigest my ligs, in so doink, which at fust was wery disagreeeble)—rising hup grasefly, I say, I flung a look of manly but respectfll hommitch tords my Prins, and then ellygntly ritreated backards out of the Roil Presents. I kep my 4 suvnts hup for 4 hours at this gaym the night befor my presntation, and yet I was the fust to be hup with the sunrice. I coodn’t sleep that night. By abowt six

¹ [A shako recently invented by the Prince Consort and distributed to the army. Thackeray is amiably satirical about the ‘Halbert At’ in ‘The Ducal Hat for Jenkins’ (*Punch*, January 13, 1844, vol. vi. p. 32), reprinted in vol. x. of this edition: *The Book of Snobs*, etc.]

o'clock in the morning I was drest in my full uniform—and I didn't know how to pass the interveaning hours.

“My Granmother hasn't seen me in full phigg,” says I. “It will rejoice that pore old sole to behold one of her race so suxesfle in life.” Has I ave read the novvle of *Kennleworth*, that the Herl goes down in Cort dress and extoneshes *Hamy Robsart*, I



will go down in hall my splendor and astownd my old washywoman of a Granmother. To make this detummination; to horder my Broom; to knock down FREDERICK the groomb for delaying to bring it; was with me the wuck of a momint. The nex sor as galliant a cavyleer as hever rode in a cabb, skowering the road to Healing.

‘I arrived at the well-known cottitch. My huncle was habsent

with the cart ; but the dor of the humble eboard stood hopen, and I passed through the little garding where the close was hanging out to dry. My snowy ploom was ableeged to bend under the lowly porch, as I hentered the apartmint.

‘There was a smell of tea there—there’s always a smell of tea there—the old lady was at her Bohee as usual. I advanced tords her ; but ha ! phansy my extonnishment when I sor MARY HANN !

‘I halmost faintid with himotion “Ho, JEAMES !” (she has said to me subsquintly) “mortial mann never looked so bewtifle as you did when you arived on the day of the Levy. You were no longer mortial, you were diwine !”

‘R ! what little Justas the Hartist has done to my mannly etractions in the groce carriketure he’s made of me.’

‘Nothing, perhaps, ever created so great a sensashun as my hentrance to St. Jeames’s, on the day of the Levy. The Tuckish Hambasdor himself was not so much remarked as my shuperb turn out.

‘As a Millentary man, and a North Diddlesex Huzza, I was resolved to come to the ground on *hossback*. I had Desperation phigd out as a charger, and got 4 Melentery dresses from Ollywell Street, in which I drest my 2 men (FITZWARREN, hout of livry, woodn’t stand it), and 2 fellers from RIMLES, where my hosses stand at livry. I rode up St. Jeames’s Street, with my 4 Hadycongs—the people huzzaying—the gals waving their hankerchers, as if I were a Foring Prins—hall the winders crowdid to see me pass.

‘The guard must have taken me for a Hempror at least, when I came, for the drums beat, and the guard turned out and seluted me with presented harms.

‘What a momink of triumth it was ! I sprung myjesticly from Desperation. I gav the rains to one of my horderlies, and, salewting the crowd, I past into the presnts of my MOST GRACIOUS MRS.’



OU, peraps, may igspect that I should narrait at lenth the suckmstanzas of my hawjince with the BRITISH CROWND. But I am not one who would gratify *imputtnint curaiosaty*. Rispect for our reckonized instatew-tions is my fust quallaty. I, for one, will dye rallying round my Thrown.

‘Suffise it to say, when I stood in the Horgust Presents,—when I sor on the right & of my Himperial Sovring that Most Gracious Prins, to admire womb has been the chief Objick of my life, my busum was seased with an imotium which my Penn rifewses to dixcribe—my trembling knees halmost rifused their

hoffs—I reckleek nothing mor until I was found phainting in the harms of the LORD CHAMBERLING. SIR ROBERT PEEL apnd to be standing by (I knew our wuthy PRIMMIER by *Punch’s* picturs of him, igspecially his ligs), and he was conwussing with a man of womb I shall say nothink, but that he is a Hero of 100 fites, *and hevery fite he fit he one*. Nead I say that I elude to HARTHUR OF WELLINGTING? I introjuiced myself to these Jents, and intend to improve the equaintance, and peraps ast Guvmint for a Barnetcy.

‘But there was *another* pusn womb on this droring-room I fust had the inagspressable dalite to beold. This was that Star of fashing, that Sinecure of neighbouring i’s, as MILTING observes, the ecomplisht LADY HANGELINA THISTLEWOOD, daughter of my exlent frend, JOHN GEORGE GODFREY DE BULLION THISTLEWOOD, EARL OF BAREACRES, Baron Southdown, in the Peeridge of the United Kingdom, Baron Haggismore, in Scotland, K.T., Lord Leftnant of the County of Diddlesex, &c. &c. This young lady was with her Noble Ma, when I was kinducted tords her. And surely never lighted on this hearth a more delightfle vishn. In that gallixy of Bewty the LADY HANGELINA was the fairest

Star—in that reath of Loveliness the sweetest Rosebudd! Pore MARY HANN, my Art's young affeckshns had been senterd on thee; but like water through a sivv, her immidge disapeared in a momink, and left me intransd in the presnts of HANGELINA!

“LADY BAREACRES made me a myjestick bow—a grand and hawfle pუსnage her Ladyship is, with a Roming Nose, and an enawmus ploom of Hostridge phethers; the fare HANGELINA smiled with a sweetness perfickly bewhildring, and said, “O, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, I’m so delighted to make your acquaintance, I have often heard of you.”

““Who,” says I, “has mentioned my insiggnifficknt igsistance to the fair LADY HANGELINA, *kel bonure igstrame poor mwaw* ;” (for you see I’ve not studded Pelham for nothink, and have lunt a few French phraces, without which no Gent of fashn speaks now).

““O,” replies my lady, “it was papa first; and then a very, very old friend of yours.”

““Whose name is,” says I, pusht on by my stoopid curaws-aty——

““HOGGINS—MARY ANN HOGGINS”—ansurred my lady (laffing phit to splitt her little sides). “She is my maid, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, and I’m afraid you are a very sad, sad person.”

““A mere baggytell,” says I. “In fommer days I *was* equainted with that young woman; but haltered suckmstancies have separated us for hever, and *mong cure* is irratreevably *perdew* elsewhere.”

““Do tell me all about it. Who is it? When was it? We are all dying to know.”

““Since about two minnits, and the Lady’s name begins with a *Ha*,” says I, looking her tendarly in the face, and conjring up hall the fassanations of my smile.

““MR. DE LA PLUCHE,” here said a gentleman in whiskers and mistashes standing by, “hadn’t you better take your spurs out of the COUNTESS OF BAREACRES’ train?”—“Never mind Mamma’s train” (said LADY HANGELINA); “this is the great MR. DE LA PLUCHE, who is to make all our fortunes—yours too. MR. DE LA PLUCHE, let me present you to CAPTAIN GEORGE SILVERTOP.”—The Capting bent just one jint of his back very slitley; I retund his stare with equill hottiness. “Go and see for LADY BAREACRES’ carridge, CHARLES,” says his Lordship; and vispers to me, “a cousin of ours—a poor relation.” So I took no notis of the feller when he came back, nor in my subsquint visits to Hill Street, where it seems a knife and fork was laid reglar for this shabby Capting.’

'*Thursday Night.*—O Hangelina, Hangelina, my pashn for you hogments daily! I've bean with her two the Hopra. I sent her a bewtifle Camellia Jyponiky from Covn Garding, with a request she would wear it in her raving Air. I wear another in my butn-ole. Evns, what was my sattusfackshn as I leant hover her chair, and igsammined the house with my glas!

'She was as sulky and silent as pawssble, however—would scarcely speek; although I kijoled her with a thowsnd little



plesntries. I spose it was because that vulgar raskle SILVERTOP, wood stay in the box. As if he didn't know (Lady B.'s as deaf as a poast and counts for nothink) that people *sometimes* like a *tatytyaty*.'

'*Friday.*—I was sleeples all night. I gave went to my feelings in the folloring lines—there's a hair out of BALFE's Hopera that she's fond of. I edapted them to that mellady.

'She was in the droring-room alone with Lady B. She was wobbling at the pyanna as I hentered. I flung the convasation

upon mewsick; said I sung myself, (I've ad lesns lately of SIGNOR TWANKYDILLO); and, on her rekwesting me to faver her with somethink, I bust out with my poim:

‘WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE HAZURE SEAS’

“When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R HANGELINE! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember JEAMES?

“I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where England's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is LADY HANGELINE.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember JEAMES?

“Away! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
Dost thou remember JEAMES?”

‘When I came to the last words, “Dost thou remember JE-E-E-AMS,” I threw such an igspresshn of unutrabbable tender-niss into the shake at the hend, that HANGELINA could bare it no more. A bust of uncumtrrollable emotium seized her. She put her ankercher to her face and left the room. I heard her laffing and sobbing histerickly in her bedwor.

‘O HANGELINA—My adord one, My Arts joy!’ . . .



AREACRES, me, the ladies of the famly, with their sweet SOUTHDOWN, B's eldest son, and GEORGE SILVERTOP, the shabby Capting (who seames to git leaf from his ridgmint whenever he likes), have beene down into Diddlesex for a few days, enjying the spawts of the feald there.

'Never having done much in the gunning line (since when a hinnasent boy, me and JIM COX used to go out at Healing, and shoot sparrers in the Edges

with a pistle)—I was reyther dowlfle as to my suxes as a shot, and practusd for some days at a stoughed bird in a shooting gallery, which a chap histed up and down with a string. I sugseaded in itting the hannimle pretty well. I bought AWKER's *Shooting Guide*, two double-guns at MANTINGS, and salected from the French prints of fashn the most gawjus and ellygant sporting ebillyment. A lite blue velvet and goold cap, woar very much on one hear, a cravatt of yaller & green imbroidered satting, a weskit of the M'GRIGGER plaid, and a jacket of the M'WHIRTER tartn (with large motherapurl butns, engraved with coaches & osses, and spawting subjix), high leather gayters, and marocky shooting shoes, was the simple hellymence of my costewm, and I flatter myself set hoff my figer in rayther a fayverable way. I took down none of my own pusnal istabishmint excep FITZWARREN, my hone mann, and my grooms, with Desparation and my curricke osses and the Fourgong containing my dressing-case and close.

'I was heverywhere introjuiced in the county as the great Railroad Cappitlist, who was to make Diddlesex the most prawsperous districk of the hempire. The squires prest forrards to welcome the new comer amongst 'em; and we had a Hagricultral Meating of the Bareacres tenantry, where I made a spech droring tears from hevery i. It was in compliment to a layborer who had

brought up sixteen children, and lived sixty years on the istate on seven bobb a week. I am not proud, though I know my station. I shook hands with that mann in lavender kid gloves. I told him that the purshuit of hagriculture was the noblist hockupations of humannaty: I spoke of the yoming of Hengland, who (under the command of my hancisters) had conquered at Hadjincourt & Cressy; and I gave him a pair of new velveten inagspressables, with two and six in each pocket, as a reward for three score years of labor. Fitzwarren, my man, brought them forrards on a satting cushion. Has I sat down, defining chears selewted the horator; the band struck up "The Good Old English Gentleman." I looked to the ladies galry; my HANGELINA waived her ankasher and kissed her &; and I sor in the distans that pore MARY HANN effected evidently to tears by my ellaquints.

'What an advance that gal as made since she's been in LADY HANGELINA's company! Sins she wears her young lady's igsploded gownds and retired caps and ribbings, there's an ellygance abowt her which is pufficklt admarable; and which, haddid to her own natral bewty & sweetniss, creates in my boozum serting sensatiums. . . . Shor! i mustn't give way to fealinx unworthy of a member of the aristoxty. What can she be to me but a mear recklection—a vishn of former ears?

'I'm blest if I didn mistake her for HANGELINA herself yesterday. I met her in the grand Collydore of Bareacres Castle! I sor a lady in a melumcolly hattitude gacing outa-winder at the setting sun, which was eluminating the fair parx and gardings of the hancient demean.

"Bewchus LADY HANGELINA," says I—"A penny for your Ladyship's thoughts," says I.

"Ho, JEAMES! Ho, MR. LA PLUCHE!" hansered a well-known vice, with a haxnt of sadnis which went to my art. "You know what my thoughts are, well enough. I was thinking of happy, happy old times, when both of us were poo-poo-poor," says MARY HANN, bursting out in a phit of crying, a thing I can't ebide. I took her & and tried to comfit her: I pinted out the diffrints of our sitawashns; igsplained to her that proppaty has its jewties as well as its previlecthes, and that *my* juty clearly was to marry into a noble famly. I kep on talking to her (she sobbing and going hon hall the time) till LADY HANGELINA herself came up—"The real Siming Pever," as they say in the play.

'There they stood together—they two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest, I coodn help comparing them; and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certing Hannimle I've read of.

that found it difficklt to make a choice betwigt 2 Bundles of A.

'That ungrateful beest FITZWARREN—my oan man—a feller I've maid a fortune for—a feller I give 100 lb. per hannum to!—a low bred Wallydyshamber! He must be thinking of falling in love too! and treating me to his imperence.

'He's a great big athlatic feller—six foot i, with a pair of black whiskers like air-brushes—with a look of a Colonel in the Harmy—a dangerous pawmpus-spoken raskle I warrunt you. I was



coming ome from shuiting this hafternoon—and passing through LADY HANGELINA's flour-garding, who should I see in the summerhouse, but MARY HANN pretending to em an ankyshr and MR. FITZWARREN paying his cort to her.

"You may as well have me, MARY HANN," says he. "I've saved money. We'll take a public-house and I'll make a lady of you. I'm not a purse-proud ungrateful fellow like JEAMES—who's such a snob ("such a SNOBB" was his very words!) that I'm ashamed to wait on him—who's the laughing-stock of all the gentry and the housekeeper's room too—try a *man*," says he—"don't be taking on about such a humbug as JEAMES."

'Here young JOE the keaper's sun, who was carrying my bagg, bust out a-laffing—thereby causing MR. FITZWARREN to turn round and intarupt this polite convasation.

'I was in such a rage. "Quit the building, MARY HANN," says I to the young woman—"and you, MR. FITZWARREN, have the goodness to remain."

"I give you warning," roars he, looking black, blue, yaller—all the colours of the ranebo.

"Take hoff your coat, you imperent, hungrateful scoundrl," says I.

"It's not your livery," says he.

"Peraps you'll understand me, when I take off my own," says I, unbuttoning the motherapurls of the MACWHIRTER tartn. "Take my jackit, JOE," says I to the boy,—and put myself in a hattatude about which there was *no mistake*.

'He's 2 stone heavier than me—and knows the use of his ands as well as most men; but in a fite, *blood's everythink*; the Snobb can't stand before the gentleman; and I should have killed him, I've little doubt, but they came and stopt the fite betwigest us before we'd had more than 2 rounds.

'I punisht the raskle tremenjously in that time, though; and I'm writing this in my own sittn-room, not being able to come down to dinner on account of a black-eye I've got, which is sweld up and disfiggrs me dredfl.'



N account of the hoffle black i which I reseaved in my rangcounter with the hinfinus FITZWARREN, I kep my roomb for sevrul days, with the rose-coloured curtings of the apartmint closed, so as to form an agreeable twilike; and a light-bloo satting shayd over the injard pheacher. My woons was thus made to become me as much as pawsable; and (has the Poick well observes, "Nun but the Brayv desuvs the Fare") I cumsoled myself in the sasiaty of the ladies for my

tempory disfiggarment.

It was MARY HANN who summind the House and put an

end to my phistycoughs with FITZWARREN. I licked him and bare him no malis; but of corse I dismist the imperent scoundrill from my survis, apinting ADOLPHUS, my page, to his post of confidenshle Valley.

'MARY HANN and her young and lovely Mrs. kep paying me continyoul visits during my retiremint. LADY HANGELINA was halways sending me messidges by her: while my exlent friend, LADY BAREACRES (on the contry) was always sending me toakns of affeckshn by HANGELINA. Now it was a cooling hi-lotium, inwented by herself, that her Ladyship would perscribe—then, agin, it would be a booky of flowers (my favrit polly hanthuses, pellationiums, and jyponikys), which none but the fair &s of HANGELINA could dispose about the chamber of the hinvyleed. Ho! those dear mothers! when they wish to find a chans for a galliant young feller, or to ixtablish their dear gals in life, what awpertunities they *will* give a man! You'd have phansied I was so hill (on account of my black hi) that I couldnt live exsep upon chicking and spoon-meat and jellies, and blemonges, and that I couldnt eat the latter dellixies (which I ebomminate onternoo, preferring a cut of beef or muttn to hall the kickpshawes of France) unless HANGELINA brought them. I et 'em and sacrafised myself for her dear sayk.

'I may stayt here that in privit convasations with old LORD B. and his son, I had mayd my proposasls for HANGELINA and was accepted, and hoped soon to be made the appiest gent in Hengland.

"You must break the matter gently to her," said her hexlent father. "You have my warmest wishes, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, and those of my LADY BAREACRES, but I am not—not quite certain about LADY ANGELINA's feelings. Girls are wild and romantic. They do not see the necessity of prudent establishments, and I have never yet been able to make ANGELINA understand the embarrassments of her family. These silly creatures prate about love and a cottage and despise advantages which wiser heads than theirs know how to estimate."

"Do you mean that she aint fassanated by me?" says I, busting out at this outrayjus ideer.

"She *will* be, my dear sir. You have already pleased her,—your admirable manners must succeed in captivating her, and a fond father's wishes will be crowned on the day in which you enter our family."

"Recklect, gents," says I to the 2 lords,—“a barging's a barging—I'll pay hoff SOUTHDOWN's Jews, when I'm his brother; as a *straynger*—(this I said in a sarcastic toan)—I wouldnt take

such a *libbatty*. When I'm your suninlor I'll treble the valyou of your estayt. I'll make your incumbrinces as right as a trivit, and restor the noble ouse of Bareacres to his herly splendor. But a pig in a poak is not the way of transacting bisnis imployed by JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQUIRE."

"And I had a right to speak in this way. I was one of the greatest scrip-holders in Hengland; and calculated on a kilossle fortune. All my shares was rising immence. Every poast brot me noose that I was sevrsl thowsnds richer than the day befor. I was detummind not to reerlize till the proper time, and then to buy istates; to found a new famly of DELAPLUCHEs, and to alie myself with the aristoxty of my country.

"These pints I reprasented to pore MARY HANN hover and hover agin. "If you'd been LADY HANGELINA, my dear gal," says I, "I would have married you; and why don't I? Because my dooty prewents me. I'm a marter to dooty; and you, my pore gal, must cumsole yorself with that ideer."

"There seemed to be a consperracy, too, between that SILVERTOP and LADY HANGELINA to drive me to the same pint. "What a plucky fellow you were, PLUCHE," says he (he was rayther more familiar than I liked), "in your fight with FITZWARREN!—to engage a man of twice your strength and science, though you were sure to be beaten" (this is an etroashous folsood: I should have finnisht FITZ in 10 minutes), "for the sake of poor MARY HANN! That's a generous fellow. I like to see a man risen to eminence like you, having his heart in the right place. When is to be the marriage, my boy?"

"CAPTING S.," says I, "my marridge consumes your most umble servnt a precious sight more than you;"—and I gev him to understand I didn't want him to put in *his* ore—I wasn't afracyd of his whiskers, I prommis you, Capting, as he was. I'm a British Lion, I am; as brayv as BONYPERT, HANNIBLE, or HOLIVER CRUMMLE, and would face bagnits as well as an Evy Dragoon of 'em all.

"LADY HANGELINA, too igspawstulated in her hartfl way. "MR. DE LA PLUCHE (seshee), why, why press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?"

"I adoar you, charming girl!" says I. "Never, never go to say any such thing."

"You adored MARY ANN first;" answers her Ladyship; "you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind *that*."

"Break yours, you adoarible creature! I'd die first! And as for MARY HANN, she will git over it; people's arts aint broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwist me and er. It's a pang to part with her" (says I, my fine hi's filling with tears), "but part from her I must."

'It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, LADY HANGELINA, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so disml,—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

"What a sacrifice!" says she, "it's like NAPOLEON giving up



JOSEPHINE. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!"

"It does," says I—"Hagnies!" (Another laff.)

"And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor, my Papa, and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!"

"I don't know what you're eluding to about JOSEYFEEN and Hemperors your Pas but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedaneers morgidged; that if some one don't elp him, he's no better than an old pawper; that he owes me a lot of money; and that I'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot; or set him up agen—that's what I know, LADY ANGELINA," says I, with a hair as much as to say, "Put *that* in your ladyship's pipe, and smoke it."

'And so I left her, and nex day a serting fashnable paper enounced—

“**MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.**—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *tapis* between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D-ddles-x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event.”

‘CONTRY to my expigtations (but when or ow can we reckn upon the fealinx of wimming?) MARY HANN didn’t seem to be much



efected by the hideer of my mar-ridge with HANGELINAR. I was rayther disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal reckumsiled herself so easy to giving me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vannaty after all, as well as those of the hopsit secks; & betwist you & me there *was* mominx, when I almost whisht that I’d been borne a Myommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, whereas I was now condemd to be appy with only one.

‘Meanwild every-think went on very agreeble betwist me and my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemishnd MR. SHOWERY the great Hocationear to look out for a town manshing soot-able for a gent of my quallaty. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not *The Mawning Erald*—no, no, I’m not such a Mough as to go *there* for ackrit infamation), an account of my famly, my harms & pedigry.

‘I horderd in Long Haere, three splendid equipidges, on which my arms and my adord wife’s was drawn & quartered; and I got portricks of me and her paynted by the sellabrated MR. SHALLOON, being resolved to be the gentleman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasn’t compleat unless I sat to that dixtinguished Hartist. My likenis I

presented to HANGELINA. Its not considered flattring—here it is—and though *she* parted with it, as you will hear, mighty willingly, there's *one* young lady (a thousnd times handsomer) that values it as the happle of her hi.

'Would any man beleave that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenty-fifth part of what it cost me? It was bought in by MARYHANN, though :—"O dear JEAMES," she says often (kissing of it & pressing it to her art), "it isn't $\frac{1}{4}$ ansum enough for you, and hasn't got your angellick smile and the igspreshn of your dear dear i's."

'HANGELINA's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B., her mamma, though of course I paid for it. It was engraved for *The Book of Bewty* this year; and here is a proof of the etching :—



'With such a perfusion of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and i's is very like. She was

painted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies ; and her brother SOUTHDOWN, who is one of the New England poits, wrote the follering stanzys about her :—

LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

The castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea :
I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race ;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

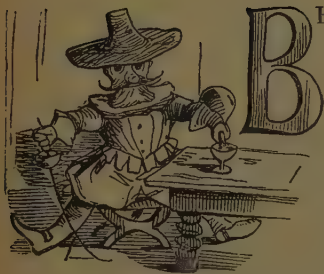
The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, KING WILLIAM was on deck.
A Norman lance the colours wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
ST. WILLIBALD for Bareacres ! 'twas double gules that day !
O Heaven and sweet ST. WILLIBALD ! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted BAREACRES has ridden by his Prince !
At Acre with PLANTAGENET, with EDWARD at Poitiers,
The pennon of the BAREACRES was foremost on the spears !

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing :
O ! grant me, sweet SAINT WILLIBALD, to listen to such singing !
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus !
O knights, my noble ancestors ! and shall I never hear
SAINT WILLIBALD for Bareacres through battle ringing clear ?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side !

Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine !
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line :
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning Jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my ANGELINA ! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A SNOB.

'All young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poim bewtifle.
They're always writing about battleaxis and shivvlery, these

young chaps ; but the ideer of **SOUTHDOWN** in a shoot of armer, and his cuttin hoff his "strong right hand," is rayther too good ; the feller is about 5 fit hi,—as rickety as a babby, with a vaist like a gal,—and though he may have the art and curridge of a Bengal tyger, I'd back my smallest cab-boy to lick him,—that is, if I *ad* a cab-boy. But io ! *my* cab days is over.'



BE still my hagnizing Art ! I now am about to humfoald the dark payges of the Istry of my life !

'My frends ! you've seen me ither² in the full kerear of Fortn, prawsprus but not hover prowld of my prawsperaty ; not dizzy though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hall the great (like the Good Old Henglish Gent in the song, which he has

been my moddle and igsample through life), but not forgitting the small—No, my beayviour to my grandmother at Healing shows that. I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart-blansh), and a handsome set of peggs for anging up her linning, and treated Huncle Jim to a new shoot of close, which he ordered in St. Jeames's Street, much to the estonishment of my Snyder there, namely an olif-green velvyteen jackit and smalclose, and a crimsn plush weskecoat with glas-buttns. These pints of genarawsaty in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort ; and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equal to either good or bad forting.

'What was the substus of my last chapter ? In that everythink was prepayred for my marridge—the consent of the parents of my **HANGELINA** was gaynd, the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the troosso was hordered,—the wedding dresis were being phitted hon,—a weddin-kake weighing half a tunn was a gettn reddy by **MESSRS. GUNTER**, of Buckley Square ; there was such an account for Shantilly and Honiton laces as would have staggered hennyboddy (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffikit) and has for Injar-

shawls I bawt a dozen sich fine ones as never was given away—no not by His Iness the Injan Prins JUGGERNAUT TYGORE. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the extablishmint of MYSURS STORR and MORTIMER. The honey-moon I intended to pass in a continentle excussion, and was in treaty for the ouse at Halberd-gate (hopsit MR. HUDSON's) as my town-house. I waited to cunclude the putchis untile the Share-Markit which was rayther deprest (oing I think not so much to the atax of the misrabbble *Times*, as to the prodidjus flams of *The Morning Erald*) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't going to part with scrip which was 20 premium at 2 or 3; and bein confidnt that the Markit would rally, had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts.

'This will explane to those unfortnight traydsmen to womb I gayv orders for a large igstent ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. I am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money:—it's not *my* fault if that old screw LADY BAREACRES cabbidged three hundred yards of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it's not *my* fault if the tradespeople didn git their goods back, and that LADY B. declared they were *lost*. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in money, concealing nothink, giving hup heverythink, Onist and undismayed, and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin.

'Well—it was the day before that apinted for my Unium. The *Ringdove* steamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hoff. The Bridle apartmince had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsquintly at Balong sur Mare—the very table cloth was laid for the weddn brexfst in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle, the LORD BISHOP of BULLOCKSMITHY, had arrived to sellabrayt our unium. All the papers were full of it. Crowds of the fashnable world went to see the trooso; and admire the Carridges in Long Hacre. Our travleng charret (light bloo lined with pink satting, and vermillium and goold weals) was the hadmaration of all for quiet ellygens. We were to travel only 4, viz., me, my lady, my vally, and MARY HANN as famdyshamber to my Hangelina. Far from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite givn into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjoyd our plans for the fewer igseedinkly.

'I'd left my lovely Bride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of bisniss on, and Stockbrokers' & bankers' accounts to settle: atsettrey atsettrey. It was layt befor I got these in horder: my sleep was feavrish, as most mens is when they are going to be marrid or to be hanged. I took my chocklit in bed

about one; tride on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became me exceedingly.

“One thing distubbed my mind—two wesks had been sent home. A blush-white satting and gold, and a kinary coloured tabbinet imbridered in silver;—which should I wear on the



hospicious day? This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal. I detummined to go down to Hill Street and cumsult the Lady whose wishis were henceforth to be my *hallinhall*; and wear whichever *she* pixht on.

‘There was a great bussel and distubbans in the Hall in Ill Street: which I etribyouted to the eproaching event. The old

porter stared most uncommon when I kem in—the footman who was to enounce me laft I thought—I was going upstairs—

“Her ladyship’s not—not at *home*,” says the man; “and my lady’s hill in bed.”

“Git lunch,” says I, “I’ll wait till LADY HANGELINA returns.”

‘At this the feller loox at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffau! the porter jined in it, the impident old raskle: and Thomas says, slapping his and on his thy, without the least respect—“*I say, Huffy, old boy! ISN’T this a good un?*”

“Wadyermean, you infunnle scoundrel,” says I, “hollaring and laffing at me?”

“O here’s MISS MARY HANN coming up,” says Thomas, “ask *her*”—and indeed there came my little MARY HANN tripping down the stairs—her &s in her pockits; and when she saw me *she* began to blush & look hod & then to grin too.

“In the name of Imperence,” says I, rushing on Thomas, and collaring him fit to throttle him,—“no raskle of a flunky shall insult *me*,” and I sent him staggerin up against the porter, and both of ’em into the hall-chair with a flopp—when MARY HANN, jumping down, says “O James! O MR. PLUSH! read this”—and she pulled out a billy doo.

‘I reckanized the and-writing of HANGELINA.’



DESEATFUL HANGELINA’s billy ran as follows:—

“I had all along hoped that you would have relinquished pretensions which you must have seen were so disagreeable to me; and have spared me the painful necessity of the step which I am compelled to take. For a long time I could not believe my parents were serious in wishing to sacrifice me, but have in vain entreated them to spare me. I cannot undergo the shame and misery of a union with you. To the very last

hour I remonstrated in vain, and only now anticipate, by a few hours, my departure from the home from which they themselves were about to expel me.

“When you receive this, I shall be united to the person to whom, as you are aware, my heart was given long ago. My parents are already informed of the step I have taken. And I have my own honour to consult, even before their benefit; they will forgive me, I hope and feel, before long.

“As for yourself, may I not hope that time will calm your exquisite feelings too? I leave MARY ANN behind to console you. She admires you as you deserve to be admired, and with a constancy which I entreat you to try and imitate. Do, my dear MR. PLUSH, try—for the sake of your sincere friend and admirer.

“A.

“P.S. I leave the wedding dresses behind for her; the diamonds are beautiful, and will become MRS. PLUSH admirably.”

‘This was hall!—Confewshn! And there stood the footmen sniggerin, and that hojous MARY ANN half a cryin, half a laffin at me! “Who has she gone hoff with?” rors I, and MARY HANN (smiling with one hi) just touched the top of one of the Johns’ canes who was goin out with the noats to put hoff the brekfst. It was SILVERTOP then!

‘I bust out of the house in a stayt of diamoniactal igsitement!

‘The story of that iloapmint *I* have no art to tell. Here it is from *The Morning Tatler* newspaper.’

ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

‘The neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and the whole fashionable world, has been thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by an event which has just placed a noble family in great perplexity and affliction.

‘It has long been known among the select nobility and gentry that a marriage was on the *tapis* between the only daughter of a Noble Earl, and a Gentleman whose rapid fortunes in the railway world have been the theme of general remark. Yesterday’s paper, it was supposed in all human probability, would have contained an account of the marriage of JAMES DE LA PL-CHE, Esq., and the LADY ANGELINA —, daughter of the Right Honorable the EARL OF B-RE-CRES. The preparations for this ceremony were complete; we had the pleasure of inspecting the rich *trousseau* (prepared by MISS TWIDDLER, of Pall Mall); the magnificent jewels from the establishment of MESSRS. STORR and MORTIMER; the elegant marriage cake, which already cut up and portioned, is, alas! not destined to be eaten by the friends of Mr.

DE LA PL-CHE; the superb carriages, and magnificent liveries which had been provided in a style of the most lavish yet tasteful sumptuosity. The Right Reverend the LORD BISHOP of BULLOCK-SMITHY had arrived in town to celebrate the nuptials, and is staying at MIVART'S. What must have been the feelings of that venerable prelate, what those of the agonised and noble parents of the LADY ANGELINA — when it was discovered, on the day previous to the wedding, that her Ladyship had fled the paternal mansion! To the venerable Bishop the news of his noble niece's departure might have been fatal; we have it from the waiters of MIVART'S that his Lordship was about to indulge in the refreshment of turtle soup when the news was brought to him; immediate apoplexy was apprehended; but MR. MACANN, the celebrated Surgeon, of Westminster, was luckily passing through Bond Street at the time, and being promptly called in, bled and relieved the exemplary patient. His Lordship will return to the Palace, Bullocksmithy, to-morrow.

'The frantic agonies of the Right Honorable the EARL OF BAREACRES can be imagined by every paternal heart. Far be it from us to disturb—impossible is it for us to describe their noble sorrow. Our reporters have made inquiries every ten minutes at the Earl's mansion in Hill Street, regarding the health of the Noble Peer and his incomparable Countess. They have been received with a rudeness which we deplore but pardon. One was threatened with a cane; another, in the pursuit of his official inquiries, was saluted with a pail of water; a third gentleman was menaced in a pugilistic manner by his Lordship's porter; but being of the Irish Nation, a man of spirit and sinew and Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, the gentleman of our establishment confronted the menial, and having severely beaten him, retired to a neighbouring hotel much frequented by the domestics of the surrounding nobility, and there obtained what we believe to be the MOST ACCURATE PARTICULARS OF this extraordinary occurrence.

'GEORGE FREDERICK JENNINGS, third footman in the establishment of LORD BAREACRES, stated to our *employé* as follows:—LADY ANGELINA has been promised to MR. DE LA PLUCHE for near six weeks. She never could abide that gentleman. He was the laughter of all the servants' hall. Previous to his elevation he had himself been engaged in a domestic capacity. At that period he had offered marriage to MARY ANN HOGGINS, who was living in the quality of ladies' maid in the family where MR. DE LA P. was employed. MISS HOGGINS became subsequently ladies' maid to LADY ANGELINA—the elopement was arranged

between those two. It was Miss HOGGINS who delivered the note which informed the bereaved MR. PLUSH of his loss.

'SAMUEL BUTTONS, page to the Right Honorable the EARL of BAREACRES, was ordered on Friday forenoon at eleven o'clock to fetch a cabriolet from the stand in Davies Street. He selected the cab, No. 19,796, driven by GEORGE GREGORY MACARTY, a one-eyed man from Clonakilty, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Ireland (*of whom more anon*), and waited, according to his instructions, at the corner of Berkeley Square with the vehicle. His young lady, accompanied by her maid, Miss MARY ANN HOGGINS, carrying a band-box, presently arrived, and entered the cab with the box: what were the contents of that box we have never been able to ascertain. On asking her ladyship whether he should order the cab to drive in any particular direction, he was told to drive to MADAME CRINOLINE'S, the eminent milliner, in Cavendish Square. On requesting to know whether he should accompany her ladyship, BUTTONS was peremptorily ordered by Miss HOGGINS to go about his business.

'Having now his clue, our reporter instantly went in search of cab 19,796, or rather of the driver of that vehicle, who was discovered with no small difficulty at his residence, Whetstone Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lives with his family of nine children. Having received two sovereigns, instead doubtless of two shillings (his regular fare, by the way, would have been only one and eightpence), MACARTY had not gone out with the cab for the two last days, passing them in a state of almost ceaseless intoxication. His replies were very incoherent in answer to the queries of our reporter; and, had not that gentleman been himself a compatriot, it is probable he would have refused altogether to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

'At MADAME CRINOLINE'S, Miss HOGGINS quitted the carriage, and a *gentleman* entered it. MACARTY describes him as a very *clever* gentleman (meaning tall) with black moustaches, Oxford-grey trousers, and black hat and a pea-coat. He drove the couple to the Euston Square Station, and there left them. How he employed his time subsequently we have stated.

'At the Euston Square Station, the gentleman of our establishment learned from FREDERICK CORDUROY, a porter there, that a gentleman answering the above description had taken places to Derby. We have despatched a confidential gentleman thither, by a special train, and shall give his reports in a second edition.

SECOND EDITION.

FROM OUR REPORTER.

NEWCASTLE: *Monday.*

“I am just arrived at this ancient town, at the Elephant and Cucumber Hotel. A party travelling under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the gentleman wearing moustaches, and having with them a blue band-box, arrived by the train two hours before me, and have posted onwards to *Scotland*. I have ordered four horses, and write this on the hind boot, as they are putting to.”

THIRD EDITION.

GRETN GREEN: *Monday Evening.*

“The mystery is at length solved. This afternoon, at four o'clock, the Hymeneal Blacksmith, of Gretna Green, celebrated the marriage between GEORGE GRANBY SILVERTOP, Esq., a Lieutenant in the 150th Hussars, third son of GENERAL JOHN SILVERTOP, of Silvertop Hall, Yorkshire, and LADY EMILY SILVERTOP, daughter of the late sister of the present EARL OF BAREACRES, and the LADY ANGELINA AMELIA ARETHUSA ANACONDA ALEXANDRINA ALICOMPANIA ANNEMARIA ANTOINETTA, daughter of the last-named EARL BAREACRES.”

(Here follows a long extract from the Marriage Service in the Book of Common Prayer which was not read on the occasion and need not be repeated here.)

“After the ceremony, the young couple partook of a slight refreshment of sherry and water—the former the Captain pronounced to be execrable; and, having myself tasted some glasses from the *very same bottle* with which the young and noble pair were served, I must say, I think the Captain was rather hard upon mine host of the Bagpipes Hotel and Posting House, whence they instantly proceeded. I follow them as soon as the horses have fed.

FOURTH EDITION.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF OUR REPORTER.

WHISTLEBINKIE, N.B.: *Monday, midnight.*

“I arrived at this romantic little villa about two hours after the newly-married couple, whose progress I have had the honour

to trace, reached Whistlebinkie. They have taken up their residence at the Cairngorm Arms—mine are at the other hostelry, the Clachan of Whistlebinkie.

“On driving up to the Cairngorm Arms, I found a gentleman of military appearance standing at the door, and occupied seemingly in smoking a cigar. It was very dark as I descended from my carriage, and the gentleman in question exclaimed, ‘Is it you, SOUTHDOWN, my boy? You have come too late; unless you are come to have some supper;’ or words to that effect. I explained that I was not the LORD VISCOUNT SOUTHDOWN, and politely apprised CAPTAIN SILVERTOP (for I justly concluded the individual before me could be no other) of his mistake.

“‘Who the deuce’ (the Captain used a stronger term) ‘are you, then?’ said MR. SILVERTOP. ‘Are you BAGGS & TAPEWELL, my uncle’s attorneys? If you are, you have come too late for the fair.’

“‘I briefly explained that I was not BAGGS & TAPEWELL, but that my name was J—MS, and that I was a gentleman connected with the Establishment of *The Morning Tattler* newspaper.

“‘And what has brought you here, MR. MORNING TATTLER?’ asked my interlocutor, rather roughly. My answer was frank—that the disappearance of a noble lady from the house of her friends had caused the greatest excitement in the metropolis, and that my employers were anxious to give the public every particular regarding an event so singular.

“‘And do you mean to say, sir, that you have dogged me all the way from London, and that my family affairs are to be published for the readers of *The Morning Tattler* newspaper! *The Morning Tattler* be ——’ (the Captain here gave utterance to an oath which I shall not repeat), ‘and you too, sir; you impudent meddling scoundrel.’

“‘Scoundrel, sir!’ said I. ‘Yes,’ replied the irate gentleman, seizing me rudely by the collar,—and he would have choked me, but that my blue satin stock and false collar gave way, and were left in the hands of this gentleman. ‘Help, landlord,’ I loudly exclaimed, adding, I believe, ‘murder,’ and other exclamations of alarm. In vain I appealed to the crowd, which by this time was pretty considerable; they and the unfeeling post-boys only burst into laughter and called out, ‘Give it him, Captain.’ A struggle ensued, in which, I have no doubt, I should have had the better, but that the Captain, joining suddenly in the general and indecent hilarity, which was doubled when I fell down, stopped and said, ‘Well, JIMS, I won’t fight on my marriage-day. Go into the tap, JIMS, and order a glass of brandy-and-water at

my expense—and mind I don't see your face to-morrow morning, or I'll make it more ugly than it is.'

'“With these gross expressions and a cheer from the crowd, MR. SILVERTOP entered the inn. I need not say that I did not partake of his hospitality, and that personally I despise his insults. I make them known that they may call down the indignation of the body of which I am a member, and throw myself on the sympathy of the public, as a gentleman shamefully assaulted and insulted in the discharge of a public duty.”'

'THUS you've sean how the flower of my affeckshns was tawn out of my busm, and my art was left bleading. HANGELINA! I forgive thee. Mace thou be appy! If ever artfelt prayer for others wheel awaited on i, the beink on whomb you trampled addresses those subblygations to Evn in your be $\frac{1}{2}$!

'I went home like a maniack, after hearing the enouncement of HANGELINA's departer. She'd been gone twenty hours when I heard the fadle noose. Purshoot was vain. Suppose I *did* kitch her up, they were married, and what could we do? This sensible remark I made to EARL BAREACRES, when that distragted nobleman igspawstulated with me. Er who was to have been my mother-in-lor, the Countiss, I never from that momink sor agin. My presnts, troosoers, juels, &c., were sent back—with the igsepshn of the diminds & Cashmear shawl, which her Ladyship *coodn't find*. Ony it was wisperd that at the next buthday she was seen with a shawl *igsackly of the same patn*. Let er keep it.

'SOUTHDOWN was phurius. He came to me hafter the ewent, and wanted me to advance 50 lb., so that he might pursheiw his fewgitif sister—but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh; there was no more money for *that* famly. So he went away, and gave huttrance to his feelinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the *Bel Asombly*.

'All the juilers, manchumakers, lacemen, coch bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weddencake makers came pawring in with their bills, haggravating feelings already woondid beyond enjurants. That madnis didn't seaze me that night was a mussy. Fever, fewry, and rayge rack'd my hagnized braind, and drove sleap from my throbbink ilds. Hall night I follered HANGELINAR in imadgation along the North Road. I wented cusses & mally-dickshuns on the hinfamus SILVERTOP. I kickd and rord in my

unhuttarable whoe! I seazd my pillar; I pitcht into it: pummld it, strangled it. Ha har! I thought it was SILVERTOP writhing in my Jint grasp; and taw the hordayshis Villing lim from lim in the terrable strenth of my despare! . . . Let me drop a cutting over the memries of that night. When my boddysuvnt came with my Ot water in the mawning, the livid Copse in the charnill was not payler than the gashly DE LA PLUCHE!

"Give me the Share-list, Mandeville," I micanickly igslaimed. I had not perused it for the 3 past days, my etention being engayged elseware. Hvns & huth!—what was it I red there? What was it that made me spring outabed as if sumbaby had given me cold pig!—I red REWIN in that Share-list—the PANICK was in full hopenation!

'Shall I discribe that Kitastrafy with which hall Hengland is fimiliar? My & rifewses to cronickle the misfortns which lassarated my bleeding art in Hocotober last. On the fust of Hawgust where was I? Director of twenty-three Companies; older of scrip hall at a primum, and worth at least a quarter of a millium. On Lord Mare's day, my Saint Helena's quotid at 14 pm were down at $\frac{1}{2}$ discount; my Central Ichaboes at $\frac{3}{4}$ discount; my Table Mounting & Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where; my Bathershins and Derryname Beg, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primum down to nix; my Juan Fernandez, & my Great Central Oregons, prostrit. There was a momint when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail!'

(Here follow in MR. PLUSH's MS. about twenty-four pages of railroad calculations, which we pretermit.)

'Those beests, PUMP & ALDGATE, once so cringing and umble, wrote me a threatnen letter because I overdrew my account three and sixpence; woodn't advance me five thousnd on 250,000 worth of scrip; kep me waiting 2 hours when I asked to see the house; and then sent out SPOUT, the jewnior partner, saying they woodn't discount my paper, and implawed me to clothes my account. I did: I paid the three and six ballince, and never sor 'em mor.

'The market fell daily. The Rewin grew wusser and wusser, Hagnies, Hagnies! It wasn't in the city aloan my misfortns came upon me. They beerded me in my own Ome. The Biddle who kips watch at the Halbany wodn keep Misfortn out of my chambers; and MRS. TWIDDLER, of Pall Mall, and MR. HUNX, of Long Acre, put egsicution into my apartmince, and swep off every stick of my furniture. "Wardrobe and furniture of a man

of fashion." What an advertisement GEORGE ROBINS did make of it; and what a crowd was collected to laff at the prospick of my ruing! My chice plait; my seller of wine; my picturs—that of myself included (it was MARYHANN, bless her! that bought it, unbeknown to me); all—all went to the ammer. That brootle FITZWARREN, my exvally, womb I met, fimiliarly slapt me on



the sholder and said, "JEAMES, my boy, you'd best go into surviv aginn."

'I did go into surviv—the wust of all suvvices—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a miserable captif for 6 mortal weeks. Misrabbble shall I say? No, not misrabbble altogether, there was sunlike in the dunjing of the pore prisner. I had visitors. A cart used to drive hup to the prizn gates of Saturdays; a washywoman's cart, with a fat old lady in it, and a

young one. Who was that young one? Every one who has an art can gess, it was my blue-eyed blushing Hangel of a MARY HANN. "Shall we take him out in the linnen-basket, grandmamma?" MARY HANN said. Bless her, she'd already learned to say grandmamma quite natral; but I didn't go out that way; I went out by the door a white-washed man. Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out! I'd thirteen shillings left when I'd bought the gold ring. I wasn't proud. I turned the mangle for three weeks; and then Uncle BILL said, 'Well, there is some good in the feller;' and it was agreed that we should marry.'

The PLUSH manuscript finishes here: it is many weeks since we saw the accomplished writer, and we have only just learned his fate. We are happy to state it is a comfortable and almost a prosperous one.

The Honorable and Right Reverend LIONEL THISTLEWOOD, LORD BISHOP of BULLOCKSMITHY, was mentioned as the uncle of LADY ANGELINA SILVERTOP. Her elopement with her cousin caused deep emotion to the venerable prelate; he returned to the palace at Bullocksmithy, of which he had been for thirty years the episcopal ornament, and where he married three wives, who lie buried in his Cathedral Church of St. Boniface, Bullocksmithy.

The admirable man has rejoined those whom he loved. As he was preparing a charge to his clergy in his study after dinner, the Lord Bishop fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy; his butler, bringing in his accustomed dish of devilled-kidneys for supper, discovered the venerable form extended on the Turkey carpet with a glass of Madeira in his hand; but life was extinct; and surgical aid was therefore not particularly useful.

All the late prelate's wives had fortunes, which the admirable man increased by thrift, the judicious sale of leases which fell in during his episcopacy, etc. He left three hundred thousand pounds—divided between his nephew and niece—not a greater sum than has been left by several deceased Irish prelates.

What LORD SOUTHDOWN has done with his share we are not called upon to state. He has composed an epitaph to the Martyr of Bullocksmithy, which does him infinite credit. But we are happy to state that LADY ANGELINA SILVERTOP presented five hundred pounds to her faithful and affectionate servant, MARY ANN HOGGINS, on her marriage with MR. JAMES PLUSH, to whom her Ladyship also made a handsome present—namely, the lease, goodwill, and fixtures of the 'Wheel of Fortune' public house, near Sheppherd's Market, May Fair: a house greatly frequented by all the nobility's footmen, doing a genteel stroke of

business in the neighbourhood, and where, as we have heard, the Butlers' Club is held.

Here MR. PLUSH lives happy in a blooming and interesting wife ; reconciled to a middle sphere of life, as he was to a humbler and a higher one before. He has shaved off his whiskers, and accommodates himself to an apron with perfect good-humour. A gentleman connected with this establishment dined at the Wheel of Fortune, the other day, and collected the above particulars. MR. PLUSH blushed rather, as he brought in the first dish, and told his story very modestly over a pint of excellent port. He had only one thing in life to complain of, he said—that a witless version of his adventures had been produced at the Princess's Theatre, 'without with your leaf or by your leaf,' as he expressed it. 'Has for the rest,' the worthy fellow said, 'I'm appy—praps betwigst you and me I'm in my proper spear. I enjy my glass of beer or port (with your elth & my suvvice to you, Sir) quite as much as my clarrit in my prawsprus days. I've a good busniss, which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my MARY HANN, he's a beest ; and when a christening takes place in our famly, will you give my compliments to MR. PUNCH, and ask him to be godfather.'

JEAMES ON TIME BARGINGS.



ERAPS at this present momink of Railway Hagetation and unsafety the follying little istory of a young friend of mine may hact as an olesome warning to hother week and hirresolute young gents.

‘Young FREDERICK TIMMINS was the horphan son of a respectable cludgyman in the West of Hengland. Hadopted by his uncle, COLONEL T——, of the Hoss-Mareens, and regardless of expence, this young man was sent to Heaton Collidge, and subsiquintly to Hoxford, where he was very nearly

being Senior Rangler. He came to London to study for the lor. His prospix was bright indead ; and He lived in a seeknd flore in Jerming Street, having a ginteal inkum of two hunderd lbs. per hannum.

‘With this andsum enuity it may be supposed that FREDERICK wanted for nothink. Nor did he. He was a moral and well-educated young man, who took care of his close ; pollisht his hone tea-party boots ; cleaned his kidd-gloves with injer rubber ; and, when not invited to dine out, took his meals reglar at the Hoxford and Cambridge Club—where (unless somebody treated him) he was never known to igseed his alf-pint of Marsally Wine.

‘Merrits and vuttues such as his coodnt long pass unperseavd in the world. Admitted to the most fashnabbble parties, it wasn’t long befor sevrал of the young ladies viewed him with a favorable i ; one, expecially, the lovely Miss HEMILY MULLIGATAWNEY, daughter of the Heast-Injar Derector of that name. As she was the richest gal of all the season, of corse FREDERICK fell in love with her. His haspirations were on the pint of being crowndid with success ; and it was agreed that as soon as he was called to the bar, when he would sutnly be apinted a Judge, or a revising barrister, or Lord Chanslor, he should lead her to the halter.

‘What life could be more desirable than FREDERICK’s ? He gave up his mornings to perfeshnl studdy, under MR. BLUEBAG,

the hement pleader; he devoted his hevenings to helegant sositaty at his Clubb, or with his hadord HEMILY. He had no cares; no detts; no egstravigancies; he never was known to ride in a cabb, unless one of his tip-top friends lent it him; to go to a theayter unless he got a horder; or to henter a tavern or smoke a cigar. If prosperraty was hever choaked out, it was for that young man.

'But *suckmstances* arose. Fatle suckmstances for pore FREDERICK TIMMINS. The Railway Hoperations began.

'For some time, immerst in lor and love, in the hardent hoccupations of his cheembers, or the sweet sositaty of his HEMILY, FREDERICK took no note of railroads. He did not reckonize the gigantic revaluation which with hiron strides was a-walkin over the country. But they began to be talked of even in *his* quiet haunts. Heven in the Hoxford and Cambridge Clubb, fellers were a spekulatin. TOM TRUMPER (of Brasen Nose) cleared four thowsnd lb.; BOB BULLOCK (of Hexeter), who had lost all his proppaty gambling, had set himself up again; and JACK DEUCEACE, who had won it, had won a small istate besides by lucky specklations in the Share Markit.

'*Hevery body won.* "Why shouldn't I," thought pore FRED; and having saved 100 lb., he began a-writin for shares—using, like an ickonominicle feller as he was, the Club paper to a prodigious igstent. All the Railroad directors, his friends, helped him to shares—the allotments came tumbling in—he took the primmiums by fifties and hundreds a day. His desk was cramd full of bank notes: his brane world with igsitement.

'He gave up going to the Temple, and might now be seen hall day about Capel Court. He took no mor hinterest in lor; but his whole talk was of railroad lines. His desk at Mr. BLUEBAG's was filled full of prospectissies, and that legal gent wrote to FRED's uncle, to say he feared he was neglectin his bisniss.

'Alass! he *was* neglectin it, and all his sober and industerous habits. He begann to give dinners, and thought nothin of partys to Greenwich or Richmond. He didn't see his HEMILY near so often: although the hawdacious and misguided young man might have done so much more heasily now than before: for now he kep a Broom!

'But there's a tumminus to hevery Railway. FRED's was approachin; in an evil hour he began making *time-bargings*. Let this be a warning to all young fellers, and FRED's huntimely hend hoperate on them in a moral pint of vu!

'You all know under what favrabble suckemstansies the Great Haffrican Line, the Grand Niger Junction, or Gold Coast and

Timbuctoo (Provishnal) Hatmospheric Railway came out four weeks ago: deposit ninepence per share of 20*l.* (six elephant's teeth, twelve tons of palm-oil, or four healthy niggers, African currency)—the shares of this helegeble investment rose to 1, 2, 3, in the Markit. A happy man was FRED when, after paying down 100 ninepences (3*l.*15*s.*), he sold his shares for 250*l.* He gave a dinner at the Star and Garter that very day. I promise you there was no Marsally *there*.

'Nex day they were up at 3 $\frac{1}{4}$. This put FRED in a rage: they rose to 5, he was in a fewry. "What an ass I was to sell," said he, "when all this money was to be won!"

"And so you *were* an Ass," said his partickler friend, COLONEL CLAW, K.X.R., a director of the line, "a double-eared Ass. My dear feller, the shares will be at 15 next week. Will you give me your solemn word of honour not to breathe to mortal man what I am going to tell you?"

"Honour bright," says FRED.

"HUDSON HAS JOINED THE LINE." FRED didn't say a word more, but went tumbling down to the City in his Broom. You know the state of the streats. CLAW *went by water*.

"Buy me one thousand Hafricans for the 30th," cries FRED, busting into his broker's; and they were done for him at 4 $\frac{7}{8}$.

'Can't you guess the rest? Haven't you seen the Share List? which says:—

*"Great Africans, paid 9*d.*; price $\frac{1}{4}$ par."*

'And that's what came of my pore dear friend TIMMINS's time-barging.

'What'll become of him I can't say: for nobody has seen him since. His lodgings in Jerming Street is to let. His brokers in vain deplore his absence. His Uncle has declared his marriage with his housekeeper; and the *Morning Erald* (that emusing print) has a paragraf yesterday in the fashnabble news, headed "Marriage in High Life.—The rich and beautiful MISS MULLI-GATAWNEY, of Portland Place, is to be speedily united to COLONEL CLAW, K.X.R."

'JEAMES.'

JEAMES ON THE GAUGE QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH has received from that eminent railroad authority MR. JEAMES PLUSH, the following letter, which bears most pathetically upon the present Gauge dispute:—



YOU will scarcely praps rekonize in this little skitch the haltered liniments of I, with woos face the reders of your valluble mislny were once familiar,—the unfortnt JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, fomly so selabrated in the fashnabble suckles, now the pore JEAMES PLUSH, landlord of the Wheel of Fortune public house. Yes, that is me; that is my haypun which I wear as becomes a publican—those is the checkers which hornymment the pillows of my dor. I am like the Romin Genral, Sr. CENATUS, equal to any emudgency of Fortun. I, who have drunk Shampang in my time, aint now abov doring a $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of Small Bier. As for my wife—that Angel—I've not ventured to depigt *her*. Fansy her a-sittn

in the Bar, smilin like a sunflower—and, ho, dear *Punch*! happy in nussing a deer little darlint totsyt-wotsyt of a JEAMES, with my air to a curl, and my i's to a T!

'I never thought I should have been injuiced to write anything but a Bill agin, much less to edress you on Railway Subjix—which with all my sole *I abaw*. Railway letters, obligations to pay hup, ginteal inquirys as to my Salissator's name, etc., etc., I dispize and scorn artily. But as a man, an usbnd, a father and a freebon Brittn, my jewty compels me to come forwoods, and igspress my opinion upon that *nashnal newsance*—THE BREAK OF GAGE.

'An interesting ewent in a noble family with which I once very nearly had the honer of being kinected, acurd a few weex

sins, when the LADY ANGELINA S——, daughter of the EARL OF B——CRES, presented the gallant Capting, her usband, with a Son & hair. Nothink would satsafy her Ladyship but that her old and atacht famdy-shamber, my wife MARY HANN PLUSH, should be presnt upon this hispicious occasion. Capting S—— was not jellus of me on account of my former attachment to his Lady. I cunsented that my MARY HANN should attend her, and me, my wife, and our dear babby acawdingly set out for our noable frend's residence, Honeymoon Lodge, near Cheltenham.

'Sick of all Railroads myself, I wisht to poast it in a Chay and 4, but MARY HANN, with the hobstenacy of her Sex, was bent upon a Railroad travelling, and I yealded, like all husbinds. We set out by the Great Westn, in an eavle Hour.

'We didn't take much luggitch—my wife's things in the ushal band-boxes—mine in a potmancho. Our dear little JAMES ANGELO's (called so in compliment to his noble Godmamma) cradle, and a small supply of a few 100 weight of Topsanbawtems, Farinashious food, and Lady's fingers, for that dear child who is now 6 months old, with a *perdidgus appatite*. Likewise we were charged with a bran new Medsan chest for my lady, from SKIVARY & MORIS, containing enough rewbub, DAFFY'S Alixir, GODFREY'S cawdle with a few score of parsles for LADY HANGELINA's family and owsehold; about 2000 spessymins of Babby linning from MRS. FLUMMARY'S in Regent Street, a Chayny Cresning bowl from old LADY BAREACRES (big enough to immus a Halderman), & a case marked "Glass" from her ladyship's meddicle man, which were stowed away together; had to this an ormylew Cradle, with rose-coloured Satting & Pink lace hangings held up by a gold tuttle-dove, &c. We had, ingluding JAMES HANGELO's rattle & my umbrellow, 73 packidges in all.

'We got on very well as far as Swindon, where, in the Splendid Refreshment room, there was a galaxy of lovely gals in cottn velvet spencers, who serves out the soop, and 1 of whom maid an impresshn upon this Art which I shoodn't like MARY HANN to know—and here, to our infanit disgust, we changed carridges. I forgot to say that we were in the seeknd class, having with us JAMES ANGELO, and 23 other light harticles.

'Fust inconvenience; and almost as bad as break of gage. I cast my hi upon the gal in cottn velvet and wanted some soop, of coarse; but seasing up JAMES HANGELO (who was layin his dear little pors on an Am Sangwidg) and seeing my igspresshn of hi—"JAMES," says MARY HANN, "instead of looking at that young lady—and not so *very* young, neither—be pleased to look to our packidges & place them in the other carriage." I did so

with an evy Art. I eranged them 23 articles in the opsit carridg, only missing my umbrella & baby's rattle; and jest as I came back for my baysn of soop, the beast of a bell rings, the whizzling injians proclayms the time of our departure,—& farewell soop and cottn velvet. MARY HANN was sulky. She said it was my losing the umbrella. If it had been a *cotton velvet umbrella* I could have understood. JAMES HANGELO sittn on my knee was evidently unwell; without his coral: & for 20 miles that blessid babby kep up a rawring which caused all the passingers to simpithize with him igseedingly.

'We arrive at Gloster, and there fansy my disgust at bein ableeged to undergo another change of carriages! Fansy me holding up moughs, tippits, cloaks, and baskits, and JAMES HANGELO rawring still like mad, and pretending to shuperintend the carrying over of our luggage from the broad gage to the narrow gage. "MARY HANN," says I, rot to desperation, "I shall throttle this darling if he goes on!" "Do," says she—"and *go into the refreshment room*," says she—a-s snatchin the babby out of my arms. "Do go," says she, "you're not fit to look after luggage," and she began lulling JAMES HANGELO to sleep with one hi, while she looked after the packets with the other. "Now, Sir, if you please, mind that packet!—pretty darling—easy with that box, Sir, it's glass—pooooty poppet!—where's the deal case, marked arrowroot, No. 24?" she cried, reading out of a list she had.—And poor little JAMES went to sleep. The porters were bundling and carting the various harticles with no more ceremony than if each package had been of cannon-ball.

'At last—bang goes a package marked "Glass," and containing the Chayny bowl and LADY BAREACRES' mixture, into a large white band-box, with a crash and a smash. "It's My Lady's box from CRINOLINE'S!" cries MARY HANN, and she puts down the child on the bench, and rushes forward to inspect the dammidge. You could hear the Chayny bowls clinking inside; and LADY B.'s mixture (which had the igsack smell of cherry brandy) was dribbling out over the smashed band-box, containing a white child's cloak, trimmed with Blown lace and lined with white satting.

'As JAMES was asleep, and I was by this time uncommon hungry, I thought I *would* go into the Refreshment Room and just take a little soup; so I wrapped him up in his cloak and laid him by his mamma, and went off. There's not near such good attendance as at Swindon.

'We took our places in the carriage in the dark, both of us covered with a pile of packages, and MARY HANN so sulky that she would not speak for some minutes. At last she spoke out—

"Have you all the small parcels?"

"Twenty-three in all," says I.

"Then give me baby."

"GIVE YOU WHAT?" says I.

"Give me baby."

"What haven't y-y-yooooo got him?" says I.

'O Mussy! You should have heard her squeak! *We'd left him on the ledge at Gloster.*

'It all came of the break of gage.'

MR. JEAMES AGAIN.

'DEAR MR. PUNCH,

'As newmarus inquiries have been maid both at my privit ressdence, The Wheel of Fortune Otel, and at your Hoffis, regarding the fate of that dear babby, JAMES HANGELO, whose primmiture dissappearnnts caused such hagnies to his distracted parents, I must begg, dear Sir, the permission to ockupy a part of your vauble collams once more, and hease the public mind about my blessid boy.

'Wictims of that nashnal cuss, the Broken Gage, me and Mrs. PLUSH was left in the train to Cheltenham, soughring from that most disgreeble of complaints, a halmost *broken Art*. The skreems of MRS. JEAMES might be said almost to out-Y the squeel of the dying, as we rusht into that fashnable Spaw, and my pore MARY HANN found it was not Baby, but Bundles I had in my lapp.

'When the old Dowidger, LADY BAREACRES, who was waiting heagerly at the train, that owing to that abawminable brake of Gage, the luggitch, her Ladyship's Cherrybrandy box, the cradle for LADY HANGELINA's baby, the lace, crockary and chany was rejuiced to one immortal smash; the old cat howld at me and pore dear MARY HANN, as if it was huss, and not the infunnle Brake of Gage, was to blame; and as if we ad no misfortns of our hown to deplaw. She bust out about my stupid imparence; called MARY HANN a good for nothink creecher, and wep and abewsd and took on about her broken Chayny Bowl a great deal mor than she did about a dear little Christian child. "Don't talk

to me abowt your bratt of a babby" (seshe), "where's my bowl?—where's my medsan?—where's my bewtifle Pint lace?—All in ruins through your stupidaty, you brute, you."

"Bring your haction against the Great Western, Maam," says I, quite riled by this crewel and unfeeling hold wixen. "Ask the pawters at Gloster, why your goods is spiled—it's not the fust time they've been asked the question. Git the gage haltered against the nex time you send for *medsan*—and meanwild buy some at the Plow—they keep it very good and stong there, I'll be bound. Has for us, *we're* a-going back to the cussid station at Gloster, in such if our blessid child."

"You don't mean to say, young woman," seshee, "that you're not going to LADY HANGELINA: what's her dear boy to do? who's to nuss it?"

"You nuss it, Maam," says I, "Me and MARY HANN return this momint by the Fly." And so (whishing her a suckastic ajew) MRS. JEAMES and I lep into a one-oss weakle, and told the driver to go like mad back to Gloster.

"I can't describe my pore gal's hagny juring our ride. She sat in the carridge as silent as a milestone, and as madd as a march Air. When we got to Gloster she sprang hout of it as wild as a Tigris, and rusht to the station up to the fatle Bench.

"My child, my child," shreex she, in a hoss, hot voice, "Where's my infant? a little bewtifle child, with blue eyes,—dear MR. POLICEMAN, give it me—a thousand guineas for it."

"Faix, Mam," says the man, a Hirishman, "and the divvle a babby have I seen this day, except thirteen of my own—and you're welcome to any one of *them* and kindly."

'As if *his* babby was equal to ours, as my darling MARY HANN said, afterwards. All the station was scrouging round us by this time—pawters & clark and refreshmint people and all. "What's this year row about that there babby?" at last says the Inspector, stepping hup. I thought my wife was going to jump into his harms. "Have you got him?" says she.

"Was it a child in a blue cloak?" says he.

"And blue eyes!" says my wife.

"I put a label on him and sent him on to Bristol; he's there by this time. The Guard of the Mail took him and put him in a letter-box," says he, "he went 20 minutes ago. We found him on the broad gauge line, and sent him on by it, in course," says he. "And it'll be a caution to you, young woman, for the future to label your children along with the rest of your luggage."

'If my piguniary means had been such as *once* they was, you may emadgine I'd ave 'ad a speshle train and been hoff like smoak.

As it was, we was obliged to wait 4 mortal hours for the nex, train. (4 ears they seemed to us) and then away we went.

"My boy! my little boy!" says poor, choking MARY HANN, when we got there. "A parcel in a blue cloak," says the man? "No body claimed him here, and so we sent him back by the



mail. An Irish nurse here gave him some supper, and he's at Paddington by this time. Yes," says he, looking at the clock, "he's been there these ten minutes."

'But seeing my poor wife's distracted histarricle state, this good-naturd man says, "I think, my dear, there's a way to ease your mind. We'll know in five minutes how he is."

"Sir," says she, "don't make sport of me."

“No, my dear, we'll *telegraph* him!”

‘And he began hopparating on that singular and ingenus electrickle inwention, which aniliates time, and carries intelligence in the twinkling of a peg-post.

“I'll ask,” says he, “for child marked G.W.273.”

‘Back comes the telegraph with the sign, “All right.”

“Ask what he's doing, sir,” says my wife, quite amazed. Back comes the answer in a Jiffy—

“C.R.Y.I.N.G.”

‘This caused all the bystanders to laugh excep my pore MARY HANN, who pull'd a very sad face.

‘The good-naterd feller presently said “he'd have another trile;” and what d'ye think was the answer? I'm blest if it wasn't—

“P.A.P.”

‘He was eating pap! There's for you—there's a rogue for you—there's a March of Intaleck! MARY HANN smiled now for the fust time. “He'll sleep now,” says she. And she sat down with a full hart.

‘If hever that good-natured Shoooperintendent comes to London, *he* need never ask for his skore at the Wheel of Fortune Hotel, I promise you—where me and my wife and JAMES HANGELO now is; and where only yesterday a gent came in and drew this pictur of us in our bar.

‘And if they go on breaking gages; and if the child, the most precious luggidge of the Henglishman is to be bundled about in this year way, why it won't be for want of warning, both from PROFESSOR HARRIS, the Commission, and from

‘My dear *Mr. Punch's* obeajent servant,

‘JEAMES PLUSH.’

MR. JEAMES'S SENTIMENTS ON THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

TO MR. PUNCH.

‘DEAR MR. P.,

‘Some vulgar & raddicle igspreshns in the last number of your mislany injuice me to edress you—I mean those in which you indulch in *mean snears* at the conduck of the Donns of Cambritch Unavussaty.

‘Being only anveidividgl, and not a Unavussaty mann, it ill

becomes me, I know, to put in *my* or in the dispute about the Cambridg Chanslor. My vote (did I pesess that facklty) would be—where, I needn say. Art and sole with my Prins and Roil Concert of my Crownd.

‘My sentimence is those of DOCTOR WHYYOUWEYOUWHEWELL. I’ve stood behind his chair in fommer days, where I instantly reckonised his elygnt urbannaty, his retiring modesty, his unfained umillaty, and his genuin cuttisy,—jest as “ANTI-JUNIUS” in the *Times*, igspresses ’em—and I’ve no doubt his pupils was “his absobbing care.” I’ve heerd say, by gents who were at Cambridg College, that his love for the young fellers was ackshly affecting to see; that one of ’em was never ill, but he sor him take his medsan and put his feet in hot water; that he wrote to the Mars of every l of them every mawning; that he used to weap when they went ome for the oladays; that he ruined himself in making ’em presents, and giving ’em parties; in a wud, there was no end to his kindness and femilliar regard for ’em.

‘If he doesn’t allow young gentlemen to sit down in his presents now: you must remember, MR. PUNCH, that the purshoots of these Schudents is already sednterry: and it’s unwholesome for ’em to be too long in a sittn postar.

‘This however is not the pint which I wish at present to udj. What I like, is the bust of loilty which has placed my Prints at the head of the pole; and that manly exabition of indipendns which has caused Masters of Arts & Brittns to rally round him. Manly a Brittn *always is*—there’s no truckling about *us*—we never kiss a great man’s shoo-strings; and if the Unavussaty chooses a Young Jumman Prince of sixntwenty for its Chanslor depend on it it ad its reasns. Depend on it he’ll be an honor to his Halmymater. He was chose not on account of his exalted rank but on account of his “admirable virtues”—it was *them* that made him Chanslor, and no mistake.

‘Y—you’ve only to read his Roil Highness own roil note in reply to the Cambridg requisishn to convints you he’s not a common man—I think it beats everythink in pint of style, in neatness of erangemint, and felissaty of igspreshn.

‘“The expression of the wish upon the part of so numerous and influential a portion of the Senate of the U. of C., including so many eminent names, that I should allow myself to be proposed for election into the vacant office of C. of the U. cannot be otherwise than highly gratifying to my feelings. Did it not appear from proceedings entered into by others in the University that there does not exist that unanimity which alone would leave me at liberty to consent to be put in nomination, I should have felt

both the greatest pleasure and pride in acceding to the desire expressed in this address, and so personally connecting myself with your ancient and renowned seat of learning."

'There's a stile for you, dear Mr. P. "The expression of the wish upon the part of a portion of the senate including so many eminent names,"—there's writing, see how the preposishns back up that sentns! "The wish upon the part of a portion of the senate,"—isn't that neat?—and, "including so many eminent names,"—how plesntly that phrase comes in! It may be—

1. The senate includes eminent names,
2. The wish includes eminent names,
3. The expression includes eminent names,

or quite the revuss, or any way you chews—it's elygant however you take it.

'And "did it not appear that there does not exist that unanimity of feeling, I should have felt both the greatest pleasure and pride"—there's a happy modesty about that igspreshn which amounts to perfect Poitry. Unless the Universaty's unanimous—unless every man—every poor curick in Northumberland—every pius Bishop in Wesmister—is brought to see that the Prince must be Chanslor, that it's impawsable to think of any other—to ignolledge that His R.H. is the man, as you ignolledge a Star or a Comick in Heaven—he can't come forrards. There never was such an instants of amiable diffidents. But the Eds of Ouses woodn let H.H. off. Our reveared Bishops sor his tricks—they knew what was for the good of Hengland and the advancement of learning; they took his Roil Highness *nolus bolus* (to use a Lating igspreshun), and carried him blushing to the head of the pole.

'In that ellyvated poast I am proud to see him; and what's mor, I hope when little MARY HANN and JEAMS are arrived at the proper age, I shall be able to take them to be confummed by that exlent prelick (and at present most Independent minister) Bishop Whyewyouwhooill.

'I look forrard, I say, to see him on the Bench—an ideer which I am sure has never entered into the head of that "honored and beloved" man. I say he deserves it, and Y? because he's worked for it. And I present my respeckfle complymence to ANTI-JUNIUS and the sperrited proprietors of *The Times*.

'Your obeajnt Suvnt,

'JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE.'

SONNICK.

SEJESTED BY PRINCE HALBERT GRATIOUSLY KILLING THE
STAGGS AT SACKS-COBUG-GOTHY.

SOME forty Ed of sleak and hantlered dear
In Cobug (where such haninamles abound)
Were shot, as by the nusepapers I hear,
By HALBERT Usband of the British Crown.
BRITANNIA'S QUEEN let fall the purly tear ;
Seeing them butcherd in their silvn prisns ;
Igspecially, when the keepers, standing round,
Came up and cut their pretty hinnocent whizns.

Suppose, instead of this pore Germing sport
This Saxn wenison which he shoots and baggs,
Our Prins should take a turn in Capel Court
And make a massyker of ENGLISH STAGGS.
Pore Staggs of Hengland ! were the Untsman at you,
What avoc he would make & what a trimenjus battu !
JEAMS.

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN.

BY MR. JEAMES.



IVIN remoke from the
whirld : hockupied with the
umble dooties of my per-
feshun, which moacely con-
sists of droring hale & beer
for the gence who freguent
my otel, polittlicle efairs
hinterest but suldum, and
I confess that when LOY
PHILIP habdigaded (the
other day, as I read in my
noble & favorite *Dispatch*
newspaper, where PUBLI-
COALER is the boy for me),
I cared no mor than I did

when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent.
No maw does my little MARY HANN. I prommis you she has

enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the convulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *poker curranty* on plitticle subjix. I don't permit 'em to whex, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little JEAMES, to skewer somethink comftable for my two gals, MARY HANN and HANGELINA (wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherry-bing to behold), and in case Grimb DETH, which may appen to the best on us, should come & scru me down, to leaf behind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad—tied down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shoodn't have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble perfesshn of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussicuted by the firoashus Paris mob. I love my hold companions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the Wheel of Fortune Otel. I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor; and MR. BUCK, my lord Duke's hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little PLUSH as ever was.

I call the attenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries infliged upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis; many of them is egsiles on our shaws: an infewriate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their wenerable liveries and buttons, as they laff at everythink sacred; and I look upon those pore men as nayther mor nor less than marters, and pitty and admire them with hallmy art.

I hoffer to those sacred repzugs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitable roof of JEAMES PLUSH of the Wheel of Fortune. Some has already come here; two of em occupize our front garrits; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants! Come, childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-six a week; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord!

The narratif of the icxapes and dangers which they have gon through, has kep me and Mrs. P. hup in the bar to many a mid-nike our, a-listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise buth, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteel kinexions), is a man wenerated in the

whole profeshn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops) he was called CANTYBERRY—his reel name being THOMAS. You never sor a finer sight than CANTYBERRY on a levy day, a-seated on his goold fringed Ammer-cloth; a nozegy in his busm; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase; his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him; and behind, his state carridge; with MARQUIZ and MARCHYNESS OF JONQUIL inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back! 'Hooray!' the boys used to cry hout, only to see CANTYBERRY arrive. Every person of the establistment called him 'Sir,' his Master & Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to smoke a segar; and when the state-carridge was hordered (me and the JONQUILS live close together, the W of F being sitiuated in a gintea Court leading hout of the street), he sat in my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord, until such time as his body-suvn't called him, and said LORD and LADY JONQUIL was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner: not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressendencies of the nibillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with CANTYBERRY! Last yer, being bribed by SIR THOMAS and LADY KICKLEBURY, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Butlers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted LORD and LADY JONQUIL'S box for that of the KICKLEBURY famly, residing *Rue Rivuly*, at Parris. He was respected there—that CANTYBERRY is wherever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen, were mear moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apease, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerry, being so ableegin as to drive SIR T. and LADY KICKLEBURY to dinner with the MARKEE D'EPINARD, in the *Fobug Sang Jermang*, CANTYBERRY, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny*, and playing at cribbidge at a *Marshong de Vang*, and kawbsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, found hisself all of a sudding serowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin '*Veevly liberty*,' '*Amore LEWY-PHILIP*,' &c.—'Git out of the way there,' says CANTYBERRY, from his box, a-vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carriage, rawring out '*Ah Bah l'Aristocrat !*'

LADY KICKLEBURY looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way : and she never was called an aristocrat afor. 'Your mistaken, my good people,' says she ; '*Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco, LADY KICKLEBURY, je vay diner avec MUNSEER D'EPPYNAR ;*' and so she went a-jabbring on ; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the eds of CANTYBERRY'S osses, told him to drive down the next street. He didn't understand, but was reddy to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hofferred the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop, (for when aggrywated, CANTYBERRY drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinbyold, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

'Git out of the carriage,' rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at, (of the Pollypicnic School, CANTYBERRY says, though what that is he doant No), comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, '*Miladi, il faut descendres ;*' which means, you must git out.

'*Mway ne vu pas, Moi LADY KICKLEBURY,*' cries out my LADY, waggling her phethers and diminds, and screaming like a Macaw.

'*Il le fo pourtong,*' says the Pollypicnic scholard : very polite, though he was ready to bust with laffin hisself. 'We must make a barrygade of the carriage. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartillary at the other ; there'll be a fight presently, and out you must git.'

LADY KICKLEBURY set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this time, and the hoffiser, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and give her a glas of sallyvalattaly.

Meanwild CANTYBERRY sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Ceilingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen—French minials, unwuthy of a livry—had fratynized with the Mobb, and THOMAS CANTYBERRY sat aloan.

'*Descends mong gros !*' cries the mobb ; (which intupprited is 'Come down, old fat un ;') 'come off your box, we're goin to upset the carriage.'

'Never,' says THOMAS, for which he knew the French ; and dubbling his phist, he igsclaimed, '*Jammy Dammy !*' He cut

the fust man who sprang hon the box, hover the fase and i's ; he delivered on the nex feller's nob. But what was THOMAS CANTY-BERRY against a people in harms ? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carriage—*his* carriage beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, THOMAS always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar : and being disingaged hoffers hissself to the Nobillaty for the enshuing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs. per hannum, the purchesing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses : ony to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abrod no more. In a country (sezee) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, THOMAS will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Hogsile.



INS last weak the Deaming of Revalution has been waiving his flammng sord over France, has drove many more of our unfortnit feller suvnts to hemigrat to the land of their Buth.

The aggrywation of the Boddy of Gentlemen at Livvry agenst the Forriner I am sorry to say is intence.

Meatings of my bruthring have took place at many of their Houses of Call in this town. Some gence who use our back parlor had an Eccembly there the other night called the Haggrygit British Plush Protection Society, which, in my capasty of Lanlord and Xmember of the Boddy, I was called upon to attend. Everythink was conducted on ordly redymoney prinsaples, and the liquor paid for as soon as called

for, and drunk as soon as paid.

But the feelings of irritation against Foring Sevvants as igsibbited by our Domestic projuice was, I grieve to say, very bitter. Sevrал of our Marters came amongst us, pore Egsiles wrankling under the smarts of their ill treatment. The stories of their Rongs caused a furmentation amongst the bruthring. It was all I could do to check the harder of some Howtragus Sperrits, and awhirt perhaps a Massykry of French curriers and lackys employed by our nobillaty and gentry. I am thankful to think that peraps I prewented a dellidge of foring blood.

The tails told by our Marters igsited no small and unnatral simpithy: when CHAWLS GARTERS, late Etendant in the famly of the DUKE OF CALYMANCO in the Fobug St. Honory, came amongst and igsplained how—if he had been aloud to remane a few weeks longer in Parris—MADAMASELL DE CALYMANCO, the Duke's only daughter and hairis, would probbly have owned the soft pashn which she felt for our por CHAWLS, and have pro-

cured the consent of her Par to her marridge with the galliant and andsum Henglishman, the meeting thrield with Amotion, and tears of pittty for our comrid bedimd each hi. His hart's afections have been crusht. MADYMASELL was sent to a Convent; and CHAWLS dismist with a poltry 3 months wages in advance, and returns to Halbion's shores & to servitude once more.

FREDERIC LEGS also moved us deaply; we call him leggs, from



the bewty of those limbs of his, which from being his pride and hornymint, had nearly projuisd his *rewing*. When the town was in kemotion, and the furious French Peuple pursewing every Henglish livary, FREDERICK (in suvvice with a noble famly who shall be nameliss) put on a palto and trowseys, of which his master made him a presnt, and indeavoured to fly.

He mounted a large tricolore cockade in his At, from which he tor the lace, and tried as much as possable to look like a siwillian. But it wouldn't do. The clo's given him by his

X-master, who was a little mann, were too small for FREDERICK—the bewty of his legs epeared through his trowsies. The Reublikins jeered and laft at him in the streats; and it is a mussy that he ever reached Balone alive.

I tried to cumsole CHAWLS by pinting out that the Art which has truly loved never forgits, but as trewly loves on to the clothes; and that if Madamasell reely did love him as he said, he had a better chans of winning her And now than under a monarchickle and arastacrattic Guvment; and as for FREDERIC, I pinted out to him that a man of his appearants was safe of implymint and promoashn in *any* country.

I did everythink, in a word, to sooth my frends. In a noble speach I showed, that if others do wrong, that is no reason why we shouldn't do right. 'On the contry now is the time,' I said, 'for Hengland to show she is reely the Home of the World; and that all men, from a Black to a Frenchman, ought to be safe under the Banner of the Brittanier.

'The pholly of these consperracies and jellowsies, I think may be pinted out to my feller-suvants, and igsemplafied in the instants of the famlies of the PRINCE OF BOVO, at parris, and of LORD Y COUNT GUTTLEBURY, in this country.

'At Parris, as is well ascertained, the nobill Prins, who kep a large studd of osses, with English groombs to take care of em (as by natur Britns are formed to do that, and everythink better than everybody)—the noble Prins, I say, was called upon by the Puple to dishmiss his Hinglish osskeepers. "*Serviture*," says the Prince, "*Veeve la liberty*; let the Hosskeepers be turned out, as the Sovring Puple is inimichael to their stoppin in France." The Puple left the Sitzen Prins with a chear for fratunnity, & the por groombs packed up, and have come back to their native hilind.

'But what inshood? The next day the Prins sent away the hosses after the hosskeepers; sold up the studd; locked up the carridges, broombs, cabs, bogeys (as those hignorant French call buggiz), laudores & all, and goes about now with an umbereller. And how I should lick to know, is the puple any better for meddlin?

'LORD YCOUNT GUTTLEBURY's is a case, dear friends, which still mor comes hoam to our busms and our bisniss, and has made no small sensatiun in the Plush and in the fashionable wuld. The splendor of his lodship's entytainments is well-known. That good and uprike nobleman only lived for wittles. And be ard on him? why should we?—Nayter has implanted in our busums tastis of a thousand different kinds. Some men have a

pashn for fox-untin, some like listening to dybatts in Parlymink and settn on railrode committies; some like Politticle Aconomy. I've waited behind a chair and heard foax talk about Jollagy, Straty, and red sanstone, until I've nearly dropt asleep myself while standing a Santynel on jewty. What then? Give every mann his taste, I say, and my LORD GUTTLEBURY's was his dinner.

'He had a French Hartist at the head of his Quizeen of coarse—that sellabrated mann MUNSEER SUPRÈME. MUNSEER SOOFLAY persided hover the cumfeckshnary; and under SUPRAYM were three young aidycongs: a Frenchman, a Bulgian, and a young feller from the city, who manidged the tertle and wenson department.

'He was a clever young mann. He has hofn been to take a glas at the W of F: and whenever he came with a cassyrowl of clear turtle, or an ash wenison dish for my MARY HANN, he was I'm sure always welcome. But JOHN BASTER was henvious and hambishes. He jined the owtery which has been rose against foring suvnts by some of our bruthring, and he thought to git ridd of SUPRAYM and the other contynentials, and espired to be Chief Guvnor of my lord's kitching.

'Forgitting every sentament but haytred of the forryner, this envius raskle ingaged the kitching-boys and female elpers (who, bein a hansum young mann, looked on him with a kindly i) in a fowl conspिरacy against the Frenchmen. He introjuiced kyang pepper into the pattys, garlick into the Blemongys, and sent up the souffly flavoured with ingyans. He pysoned my lord's chocolate with shalott, he put Tarrygin vinegar into the Hices. There never was such a conwulsion, or so horrid an igspreshn of hagny in a man's, has (I'm told by my exlent friend, the Mojordomy) my lord's fase ashumed, when he tasted black pepper in the clear soup.

'The exdence occurred day after day. It was one day when a R—l P—ss—n—dge was dining with his Loddship; another when 6 egsiled sovrings took their mutton (when he didn't so much mind); a 3d when he wished to dine more igsppecially better than on any other, because the doctor had told him to be careful, and he was dining by himself: this last day drove him madd. He sent for SUPRAME, addresst that gentilman in languidge which he couldn't brook (for he was a Major of the Nashnal Guard of his Betallian, and Commander of the Legend of Honour), and SUPRAME rasined on the spott—which the French and the Bulgian did it too.

'SOOFLAY and the cumfectioners hemigrated the nex day.

And the house steward, who has a heasy master, for LORD G. is old, fibble, and 70 years of hage, and whose lady has an uncommon good apinnion of MASTER BASTER, recommended him to the place, or at least to have the Purvisional Guvment of my lord's Quizeen.

'It wasn't badd. BASTER has talints of no mien horder. You couldn't egsactly find folt with his souperintendiance. But a mere good dinner is fur from enough to your true amature. A dellixy, a something, a *jennysquaw*, constatutes the diffrants between talint and Genus—and my lord soughered under it. He grew melumcolly and silent; he dined, it's trew, taysting all the outrays as usual, but he never made any remarx about 'em, for good or for bad. Young BASTER at the Igth of his Hambishn, tor his Air with rage as his dinners came down 1 by 1, and nothing was said about 'em—nothing.

'LORD GUTTLEBURY was *breaking his Art*. He didn' know how fond he was of SUPRAYM, till he lost him—how nessassurry that mann was to his igsistence. He sett his confidenshle Valick to find out where SUPRAYM had retreated; and finding he was gone to Gascony, of which he is a natif, last weak, without saying a word to his frends, with only SANGSWE his valet, and the flying ketching fourgong, without which he never travels—my lord went to France and put himself again under SUPRAYM. The sean between 'em, I'm told, was very affecting. My lord has taken a Shatto near SUPRAYM's house, who comes to dress the dinner of which the noble Ycount partakes aloan.

'The town-house is shet up, and everybody has ad orders to quit—all the footmen—all the quizeen, in coarse including BASTER—and this is all he has gained by his insidgus haytrid of forraners, and by his foolish hambishn.

'No, my friends,' I concluded; 'if gentlemen choose to have foreign suvnts, it's not for *us* to intafear, and there must be a free trayd in flunkies as in every other kimodaty of the world.'

I trust that my little remarks pazified some of the discontented sperrits presnt—and can at least wouch for the fact that every man shook Ands; every man paid his Skoar.

THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY.

(BEING A LETTER FROM MR. J——S PLUSH TO A FRIEND).

*' Whell of Fortune, Barr,
' Jenyoury twenty-fith.*

‘MY DEAR RINCER,

‘ME and MARY HANN was very much pleased with the box of feznets and woodcox, which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flaviour. Some we gev away: some we hett: and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann as sent em will holways find a glass of somethink comforable in our Barr; and I hope you'll soon come back to London, RINCER, my boy. Your account of the Servants' all festivvaties at Fitzbattleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovvly (I don't know how to spell it) with LADY HAWGUSTER, emused MARY HANN very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so: but in my time I thought the fun didn't begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind suvvices to MRS. LUPIN, and tell MUNSEER BESHYMELL with my and MARY HANN's best wishes, that our little FANNY can play several tunes on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

‘Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and there's no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

‘Although I'm not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfears very much with my abbitts and ixpeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set hoff to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann, who likes to take things heazy; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Aymarket or Old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to MRS. JEAMES and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when she's outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will occur in the best reglated families, you know), or when some private mellumcolly or sorrer of my own is a hagitating hof me.

‘Yesdy evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter—I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, involving the carrickter of our profession—that profeshn which you and me, MR. RINCER, did onst belong to—I'm not above that profeshn. I ave its hintarests and Honor at art: and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother—(not that I need be phonder of him for that, on the ontry, I reckleet at our school where I lunt the fust rules of

athography and grammar, the Brothers were holwis a pitchin into heach other)—but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah ! I regret that hold FATHER TIME is doing somethink to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder, which once I war !

‘A commady, Sir, has been brought out, (which I’m surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grismass Olydays in the Country) in which I was creddably informed—one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, a *Footman*, forms the prinsple drammitis-pursony. How is my horder represented on the British Stage I hast myself? Are we spoke of respeckful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or purfeshn? I was determingd to see; and in case of hanythink inslant being said of us, I took a key with me in horder to iss propply; and bought sevrul hor-ringers jest to make uce of em if I sor any *nessasaty*.

‘My dear RINCER, I greave to say, that though there was nothink against our purfeshn said in the pease—and though the most delligit and sensatif footman (and I’ve known no men of more dellixy of feelin and sensabillaty than a well-reglated footman is whether hin or hout of livry) could find folt with the *languidge* of the New Commady of “*Leap Year*,” yet its prinsples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved purfeshn.

‘The plot of the Pease is founderd upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, MR. BUCKSTONE, discovvred in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epars that in Lip-Year (or what’s called Bissixdile in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbaty of choosung their usbands and not as in hornary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckmend you, old feller, who are a reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year, and kip *hout of the way* that year), and this pragtice must be common anough in Hengland, for a commady is a representation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts every one of the men to marry: igsept one, and she asts two of em.

‘Onst upon a time there was an old genlmu by the name of FLOWERDEW as married a young woman, who became in consquince MRS. FLORA FLOWERDEW. She made this hold buck so Appy during the breaif coarse of his meddrimonial career, that he left a will, hordering her to marry agin before three years was over, failing vich, hevary shillin of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair. Aving maid these destimentry errangements hold FLOWERDEW died. Peace be to his Hashes !

‘His widder didn’t cry much (for betwigst you and me F. must have been rayther a silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal

manner in a house somewhere in the drecshon of Amstid I should think, entertaining her friends like a lady : and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom : had her own maid, a cook and housemaid of coarse, a page and a MANN.

‘If I had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a better Ithe, than MRS. FOLWERJEW did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. It’s that which dixtinguidges us from the vulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the gentleman as hacted VILLIAM VALKER, Mrs. F.’s man, was sadly defisnt. He was respeckble, quiet, horderly, hactive—but his figger I must say was no go. You and me, RINCER, ave seen footmen and know what’s the proper sort—seen em? Hah, what men there was in hour time ! Do you recklect BILL the Maypole as was with us at LORD AMMERSMITH’S? What a chap that was ! what a leg he ad ! The young men are not like us, TOM RINCER,—but I am diwerging from my tail, which I reshume.

‘I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a-settling his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre, I fown myself in presents of MR. & MRS. C. KEAN in a droring-roomb, MRS. K. at a tabble pertending to right letters, or to so ankyshuffs, or somethink, MR. K. a clapsing his &s, a rowling his his, and a quoating poatry & BYROM and that sort of thing like anythink.

‘MRS. KEAN, she was the widdo, and MR. K. he was VILLIAM, the man. He wasn’t a Buttler, dear RINCER, like U. He wasn’t groom of the Chimbers like MR. MEWT at my Lord’s (to whomb my best complymince), he wasn’t a mear footman, he wasn’t a page: but he was a mixer of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip ; he had a coat like a Hunndress John ; he had the helegant mistary of MR. MEWT, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about which I wish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

‘Haltho in hour time, dear RINCER, we didn quoaat BYROM and SHIKSPYER in the droring-room to the ladies of the famly, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect*, and the young JEAMESS do talk potry. Well, for sevrul years, during which he had been in MRS. F.’s service, WALKER had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at once to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of missis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a genlman in livary goin on between em, and in one word that they were pash-intly in love with each other. This won’t surprize *you*, RINCER, my boy ; and in the coarse of *my* expearance I might tell a story or two—O LADY HARABELLAR ! but Honor forbids, and Im mum.

'Several shutors come to whoo the widow ; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impreshn on her heart. One she takes *as a husband on trial*—and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprentiship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Harny, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requests her to pay for his loss of time, and the clothes he has hordered in horder to captiwate her. Finely the piece hends by the widdo proposing to WILLIAM WALKER, her servant, and marrying that pusson.

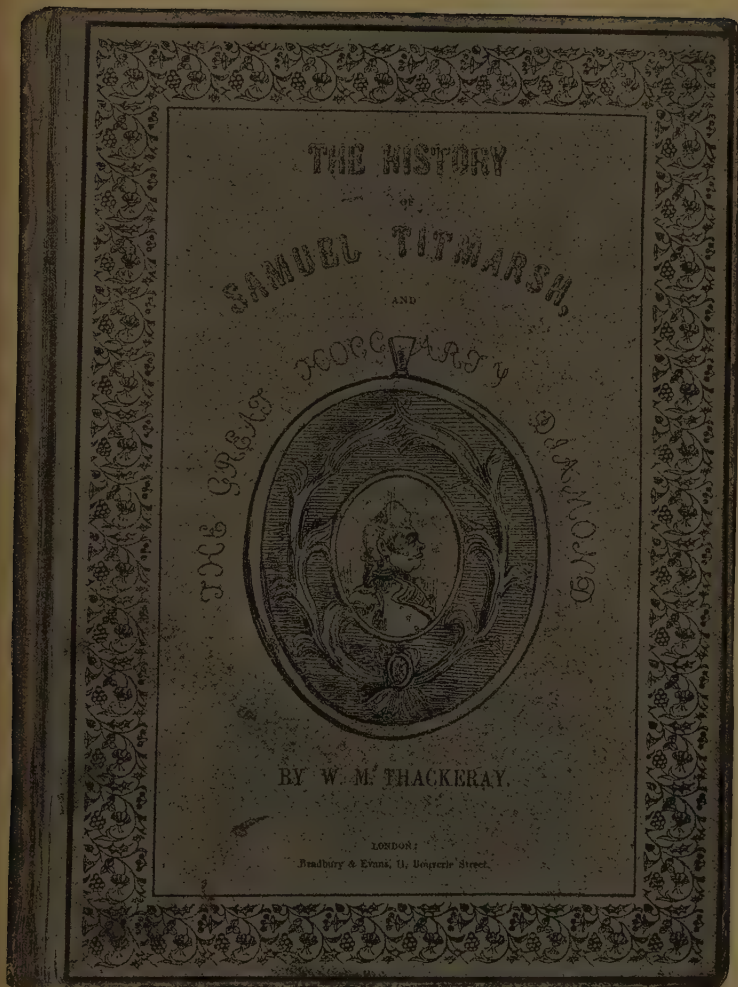
'I don't hask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquier whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtship, or igsamming other absuddaties in this Commady. I look it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, RINCER. Hand, I can't help seeing that is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

'I say there's a Prinsple in a honist footman which should make him purtest and rewolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fatle pashn may haphn hany day to hany Mann ; as a chimbly-pott may drop on his head, or a homnibus drive hover him. We can't help falling in love with a fine woman—we are men : we are fine men praps ; and praps she returns our harder. But what's the use of it ? There *can* be no marridges between footmen and families in which they live. There's a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-book for the use of JOHNS that a man may not marry his Missus—If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. JOHN would be holways up in the droring-room courting : or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry : you'd get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate proply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord ? It's impawsable. We may marry in other famlies, but not in our hown. We have each our spears as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the fust flor ; hours is the base-mint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal bruthering. I would cut that Man dedd who married his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and famlies will leave off iring footmen haltogether and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies can't marry them, and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn isn't a good one, and whether it woodn't be a pity to spoil it.

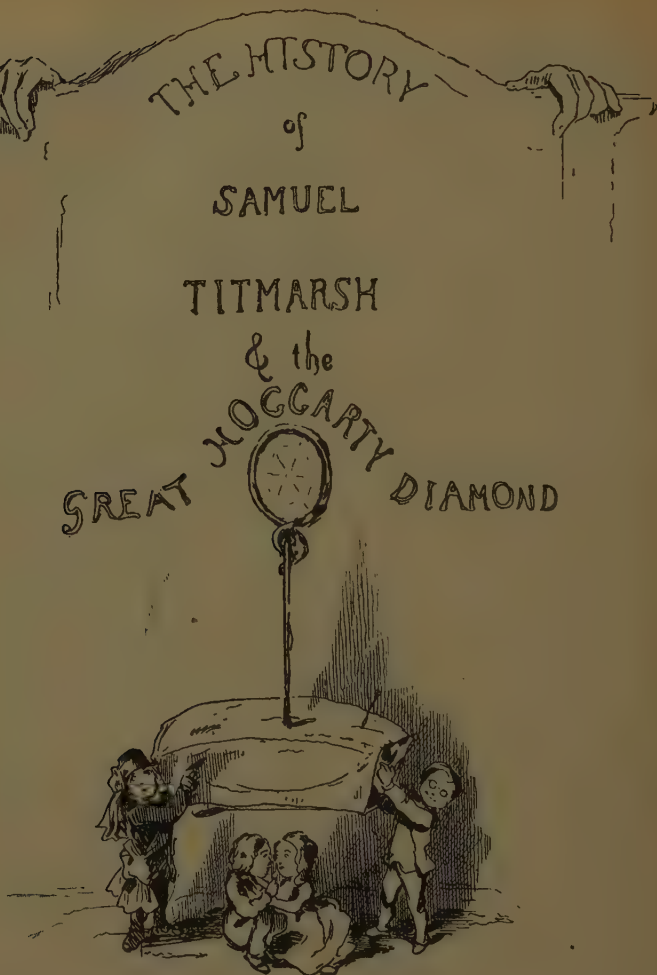
'Yours hever, my dear RINCER,

'J. P.'

'To MR. RINCER,
at the DUKE OF FITZBATTLEAXES,
'Fitzbattleaux Castle, Flintshire,'



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL COVER



LONDON

Bradbury & Evans, M. Bouverie Street.

1849

PREFACE

MY kind friends, the publishers of this little book appear to have a very high opinion of the virtue of prefaces, and demand one for the present occasion in terms so urgent that it is impossible to refuse a compliance with their petition.

The story appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine* in the year 1841, and was written at a time when the writer himself was suffering under the severest personal grief and calamity. Those who are curious in such points of literary biography may thus account for a certain sobriety and melancholy which pervades this little tale. As I read it myself, after a seven years' lapse, I can recall the circumstances under which it was written, other than those on the paper, which accompanied the author through his work.

The tale, which was always a favourite with its writer, was not particularly well received at the time of its first appearance, or noticed, except by one or two persons, one of them the late John Sterling, who wrote me a letter concerning it, which gave me at that time a great comfort and pleasure. Other literary aspirants may be consoled for their own failures by hearing that this story was refused by one magazine before it found a place in *Fraser*; nor was it until the success of *Vanity Fair* (which work was refused by a magazine too) that I found, or perhaps sought, publishers bold enough to venture upon producing the *Hoggarty Diamond* in its present connected shape.

Those enterprising men are anxious that the moral of the tale, viz. that speculations are hazardous, and that honesty is the best policy, should be specially pointed out to the British public. But that moral is spoken a thousand times every year. Are not

the newspapers full of advertisements about California? Have we not the Railway Share List as a constant monitor? It was after paying a call, with a very bad grace, that I thought to myself ruefully—why did I not remember the last page of the *Great Hoggarty Diamond*?

Because prudence sometimes comes a little too late, and parsons do not practise what they preach, shall there be no more advice, and no more sermons? Profit by it or not: at least the present discourse is not very long.

W. M. THACKERAY.

KENSINGTON, *January 25, 1849.*

THE HISTORY OF SAMUEL TITMARSH

AND

THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND

CHAPTER I

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF OUR VILLAGE, AND THE FIRST
GLIMPSE OF THE DIAMOND

WHEN I came up to town for my second year, my aunt Hoggarty made me a present of a diamond-pin ; that is to say, it was not a diamond-pin then, but a large old-fashioned locket, of Dublin manufacture in the year 1795, which the late Mr. Hoggarty used to sport at the Lord-Lieutenant's balls and elsewhere. He wore it, he said, at the battle of Vinegar Hill, when his club pigtail saved his head from being taken off,—but that is neither here nor there.

In the middle of the brooch was Hoggarty in the scarlet uniform of the corps of Fencibles to which he belonged ; around it were thirteen locks of hair, belonging to a baker's dozen of sisters that the old gentleman had ; and, as all these little ringlets partook of the family hue of brilliant auburn, Hoggarty's portrait seemed to the fanciful view like a great, fat, red round of beef, surrounded by thirteen carrots. These were dished up on a plate of blue enamel, and it was from the GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND (as we called it in the family) that the collection of hairs in question seemed as it were to spring.

My aunt, I need not say, is rich ; and I thought I might be her heir as well as another. During my month's holiday, she was particularly pleased with me ; made me drink tea with her often (though there was a certain person in the village with whom on those golden summer evenings I should have liked to have taken a stroll in the hay-fields) ; promised every time I drank her bohea



The Rosolio

to do something handsome for me when I went back to town,—nay, three or four times had me to dinner at three, and to whist or cribbage afterwards. I did not care for the cards; for though we always played seven hours on a stretch, and I always lost, my losings were never more than nineteen-pence a night; but there was some infernal sour black-currant wine, that the old lady always produced at dinner, and with the tray at ten o'clock, and which I dared not refuse, though upon my word and honour it made me very unwell.

Well, I thought after all this obsequiousness on my part, and my aunt's repeated promises, that the old lady would at least make me a present of a score of guineas (of which she had a power in the drawer); and so convinced was I that some such present was intended for me, that a young lady by the name of Miss Mary Smith, with whom I had conversed on the subject, actually netted me a little green silk purse, which she gave me (behind Hicks's hay-rick, as you turn to the right up Churchyard Lane)—which she gave me, I say, wrapped up in a bit of silver paper. There was something in the purse, too, if the truth must be known. First there was a thick curl of the glossiest, blackest hair you ever saw in your life, and next there was threepence; that is to say, the half of a silver sixpence hanging by a little necklace of blue riband. Ah, but I knew where the other half of the sixpence was, and envied that happy bit of silver!

The last day of my holiday I was obliged, of course, to devote to Mrs. Hoggarty. My aunt was excessively gracious; and by way of a treat brought out a couple of bottles of the black-currant, of which she made me drink the greater part. At night when all the ladies assembled at her party had gone off with their pattens and their maids, Mrs. Hoggarty, who had made a signal to me to stay, first blew out three of the wax candles in the drawing-room, and taking the fourth in her hand, went and unlocked her escritoire.

I can tell you my heart beat, though I pretended to look quite unconcerned.

'Sam, my dear,' said she, as she was fumbling with her keys, 'take another glass of Rosolio' (that was the name by which she baptized the cursed beverage), 'it will do you good.' I took it, and you might have seen my hand tremble as the bottle went click, click, against the glass. By the time I had swallowed it, the old lady had finished her operations at the bureau, and was coming towards me, the wax candle bobbing in one hand, and a large parcel in the other.

'Now's the time,' thought I.

‘Samuel, my dear nephew,’ said she, ‘your first name you received from your sainted uncle, my blessed husband ; and of all my nephews and nieces, you are the one whose conduct in life has most pleased me.’



Behind the Hay-ricks.

When you consider that my aunt herself was one of seven married sisters, that all the Hoggarties were married in Ireland and mothers of numerous children, I must say that the compliment my aunt paid me was a very handsome one.

'Dear aunt,' says I, in a slow, agitated voice, 'I have often heard you say there were seventy-three of us in all, and believe me I do think your high opinion of me very complimentary indeed ; I'm unworthy of it,—indeed I am.'

'As for those odious Irish people,' says my aunt, rather sharply, 'don't speak of them ; I hate them, and every one of their mothers' (the fact is, there had been a lawsuit about Hoggarty's property) ; 'but of all my other kindred, you, Samuel, have been the most dutiful and affectionate to me. Your employers in London give the best accounts of your regularity and good conduct. Though you have had eighty pounds a year (a liberal salary), you have not spent a shilling more than your income, as other young men would ; and you have devoted your month's holidays to your old aunt, who, I assure you, is grateful.'

'Oh, ma'am !' said I. It was all that I could utter.

'Samuel,' continued she, 'I promised you a present, and here it is. I first thought of giving you money ; but you are a regular lad, and don't want it. You are above money, dear Samuel. I give you what I value most in life—the p—, the po—, the po—trait of my sainted Hoggarty (*tears*), set in the locket which contains the valuable diamond that you have often heard me speak of. Wear it, dear Sam, for my sake ; and think of that angel in heaven, and of your dear Aunt Susy.'

She put the machine into my hands ; it was about the size of the lid of a shaving-box ; and I should as soon have thought of wearing it, as of wearing a cocked hat and a pigtail. I was so disgusted and disappointed, that I really could not get out a single word.

When I recovered my presence of mind a little, I took the locket out of the paper (the locket, indeed ! it was as big as a barn-door padlock), and slowly put it into my shirt. 'Thank you, aunt,' said I, with admirable raillery. 'I shall always value this present for the sake of you, who gave it me ; and it will recall to me my uncle, and my thirteen aunts in Ireland.'

'I don't want you to wear it in *that* way !' shrieked Mrs. Hoggarty, 'with the hair of those odious carrotty women. You must have their hair removed.'

'Then the locket will be spoiled, aunt.'

'Well, sir, never mind the locket, have it set afresh.'

'Or suppose,' said I, 'I put aside the setting altogether : it is a little too large for the present fashion ; and have the portrait of my uncle framed and placed over my chimney-piece, next to yours. It's a sweet miniature.'

'That miniature,' said Mrs. Hoggarty, solemnly, 'was the great

Mulcahy's *chef d'œuvre*, ' (pronounced *shy dewver*, a favourite word of my aunt's, being, with the words *bongtong* and *ally mode de Parry*, the extent of her French vocabulary). 'You know the dreadful story of that poor, poor artist. When he had finished that wonderful likeness for the late Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty, county Mayo, she wore it in her bosom at the Lord-Lieutenant's ball, where she played a game of picquet with the Commander-in-chief. What could have made her put the hair of her vulgar daughters round Mick's portrait, I can't think; but so it was, as you see it this day. "Madam," says the Commander-in-chief, "if that is not my friend Mick Hoggarty, I'm a Dutchman!" Those were his lordship's very words. Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty took off the brooch and showed it to him.

"Who is the artist?" says my lord. "It's the most wonderful likeness I ever saw in my life!"

"Mulcahy," says she, "of Ormond's Quay."

"Begad, I patronise him!" says my lord; but presently his face darkened, and he gave back the picture with a dissatisfied air. "There is one great fault in that portrait," said his lordship, who was a rigid disciplinarian; "and I wonder that my friend Mick, as a military man, should have overlooked it."

"What's that?" says Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty.

"Madam, he has been painted WITHOUT HIS SWORD-BELT!" And he took up the cards again in a passion, and finished the game without saying a single word.

'The news was carried to Mr. Mulcahy the next day, and that unfortunate artist *went mad immediately*! He had set his whole reputation upon this miniature, and declared that it should be faultless. Such was the effect of the announcement upon his susceptible heart! When Mrs. Hoggarty died, your uncle took the portrait and always wore it himself. His sisters said it was for the sake of the diamond; whereas, ungrateful things! it was merely on account of their hair, and his love for the fine arts. As for the poor artist, my dear, some people said it was the profuse use of spirit that brought on *delirium tremens*, but I don't believe it. Take another glass of Rosolio.'

The telling of this story always put my aunt into great good-humour, and she promised at the end of it to pay for the new setting of the diamond, desiring me to take it on my arrival in London to the great jeweller, Mr. Polonius, and send her the bill. 'The fact is,' said she, 'that the goold in which the thing is set is worth five guineas at the very least, and you can have the diamond reset for two. However, keep the remainder, dear Sam, and buy yourself what you please with it.'

With this the old lady bade me adieu. The clock was striking twelve as I walked down the village, for the story of Mulcahy always took an hour in the telling, and I went away not quite so down-hearted as when the present was first made to me. 'After all,' thought I, 'a diamond-pin is a handsome thing, and will give me a *distingué* air, though my clothes be never so shabby,' and shabby they were without any doubt. 'Well,' I said, 'three guineas, which I shall have over, will buy me a couple of pairs of what-d'y-e-call-'ems,' of which, *entre nous*, I was in great want, having just then done growing, whereas my pantaloons were made a good eighteen months before.

Well, I walked down the village, my hands in my breeches-pockets; I had poor Mary's purse there, having removed the little things which she gave me the day before, and placed them—never mind where; but look you, in those days I had a heart, and a warm one too: I had Mary's purse ready for my aunt's donation, which never came, and with my own little stock of money besides, that Mrs. Hoggarty's card-parties had lessened by a good five-and-twenty shillings, I calculated that, after paying my fare, I should get to town with a couple of seven-shilling pieces in my pocket.

I walked down the village at a deuce of a pace; so quick that, if the thing had been possible, I should have overtaken ten o'clock that had passed by me two hours ago, when I was listening to Mrs. H.'s long stories over her terrible Rosolio. The truth is, at ten I had an appointment under a certain person's window, who was to have been looking at the moon at that hour, with her pretty quilled night-cap on, and her blessed hair in papers.

There was the window shut, and not so much as a candle in it; and though I hemmed, and hawed, and whistled over the garden-paling, and sang a song of which Somebody was very fond, and even threw a pebble at the window, which hit it exactly at the opening of the lattice,—I woke no one except a great brute of a house-dog, that yelled, and howled, and bounced so at me over the rails, that I thought every moment he would have had my nose between his teeth.

So I was obliged to go off as quickly as might be; and the next morning mamma and my sisters made breakfast for me at four, and at five came the True-Blue light six-inside post-coach to London, and I got up on the roof without having seen Mary Smith.

As we passed the house, it *did* seem as if the window-curtain in her room was drawn aside just a little bit. Certainly the window was open, and it had been shut the night before; but away

went the coach ; and the village, cottage, and the churchyard, and Hicks's hay-ricks, were soon out of sight.

‘My hi, what a pin!’ said a stable-boy who was smoking a cigar, to the guard, looking at me and putting his finger to his nose.

The fact is, that I never undressed since my aunt's party ; and being uneasy in mind and having all my clothes to pack up, and thinking of something else, had quite forgotten Mrs. Hoggarty's brooch, which I had stuck into my shirt-frill the night before.

CHAPTER II

TELLS HOW THE DIAMOND IS BROUGHT UP TO LONDON, AND PRODUCES WONDERFUL EFFECTS BOTH IN THE CITY AND AT THE WEST END

THE circumstances recorded in this story took place some score of years ago, when, as the reader may remember, there was a great mania in the city of London for establishing companies of all sorts, by which many people made pretty fortunes.

I was at this period, as the truth must be known, thirteenth clerk of twenty-four young gents who did the immense business of the Independent West Diddlesex Fire and Life Insurance Company, at their splendid stone mansion in Cornhill. Mamma had sunk a sum of four hundred pounds in the purchase of an annuity at this office, which paid her no less than six-and-thirty pounds a year, when no other company in London would give her more than twenty-four. The chairman of the directors was the great Mr. Brough, of the house of Brough and Hoff, Crutched Friars, Turkey Merchants. It was a new house, but did a tremendous business in the fig and sponge way, and more in the Zante currant line than any other firm in the City.

Brough was a great man among the Dissenting connexion, and you saw his name for hundreds at the head of every charitable society patronised by those good people. He had nine clerks residing at his office in Crutched Friars ; he would not take one without a certificate from the schoolmaster and clergyman of his native place, strongly vouching for his morals and doctrine ; and the places were so run after, that he got a premium of four or five hundred pounds with each young gent, whom he made to slave for ten hours a day, and to whom in compensation he taught

all the mysteries of the Turkish business. He was a great man on 'Change, too; and our young chaps used to hear from the stockbrokers' clerks (we commonly dined together at the Cock and Woolpack, a respectable house, where you get a capital cut of meat, bread, vegetables, cheese, half a pint of porter, and a penny to the waiter, for a shilling)—the young stockbrokers used to tell us of immense bargains in Spanish, Greek, and Columbians, that Brough made. Hoff had nothing to do with them, but stopped at home minding exclusively the business of the house. He was a young chap, very quiet and steady, of the Quaker persuasion, and had been taken into partnership by Brough for a matter of thirty thousand pounds, and a very good bargain too. I was told in the strictest confidence that the house one year with another divided a good seven thousand pounds; of which Brough had half, Hoff two-sixths, and the other sixth went to old Tudlow, who had been Mr. Brough's clerk before the new partnership began. Tudlow always went about very shabby, and we thought him an old miser. One of our gents, Bob Swinney by name, used to say that Tudlow's share was all nonsense, and that Brough had it all; but Bob was always too knowing by half, used to wear a green cut-away coat, and had his free admission to Covent Garden Theatre. He was always talking down at the shop, as we called it (it wasn't a shop, but as splendid an office as any in Cornhill)—he was always talking about Vestris and Miss Tree, and singing

The bramble, the bramble,
The jolly, jolly bramble!

one of Charles Kemble's famous songs in *Maid Marian*, a play that was all the rage then, taken from a famous story-book by one Peacock, a clerk in the India House, and a precious good place he has too.

When Brough heard how Master Swinney abused him, and had his admission to the theatre, he came one day down to the office where we all were, four-and-twenty of us, and made one of the most beautiful speeches I ever heard in my life. He said that for slander he did not care, contumely was the lot of every public man who had austere principles of his own, and acted by them austere; but what he *did* care for was the character of every single gentleman forming a part of the Independent West Diddlesex Association. The welfare of thousands was in their keeping; millions of money were daily passing through their hands; the City—the country looked upon them for order, honesty, and good example. And if he found amongst those whom he considered as his children—those whom he loved as his

own flesh and blood—that that order was departed from, that that regularity was not maintained, that that good example was not kept up (Mr. B. always spoke in this emphatic way)—if he found his children departing from the wholesome rules of morality, religion, and decorum—if he found in high or low—in the head clerk at six hundred a year down to the porter who cleaned the steps—if he found the slightest taint of dissipation, he would cast the offender from him—yea, though he were his own son, he would cast him from him!

As he spoke this Mr. Brough burst into tears; and we who didn't know what was coming, looked at each other as pale as parsnips; all except Swinney, who was twelfth clerk, and made believe to whistle. When Mr. B. had wiped his eyes and recovered himself, he turned round; and, oh, how my heart thumped as he looked me full in the face! How it was relieved, though, when he shouted out in a thundering voice,—

‘Mr. ROBERT SWINNEY!’

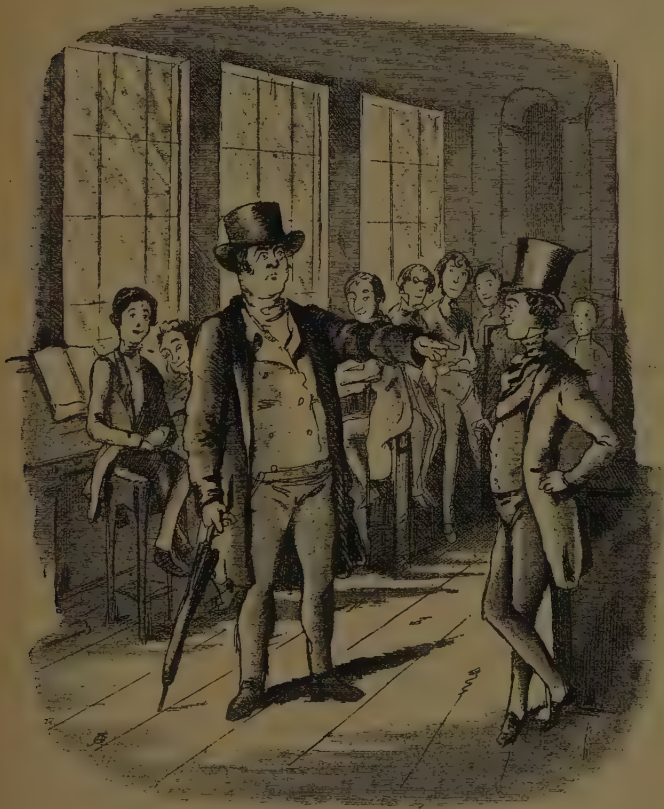
‘Sir to you,’ says Swinney, as cool as possible, and some of the chaps began to titter.

‘Mr. SWINNEY!’ roared Brough, in a voice still bigger than before, ‘when you came into this office—this family, sir, for such it is, as I am proud to say—you found three-and-twenty as pious and well-regulated young men as ever laboured together—as ever had confided to them the wealth of this mighty capital and famous empire. You found, sir, sobriety, regularity, and decorum; no profane songs were uttered in this place sacred to—to business; no slanders were whispered against the heads of the establishment—but over them I pass; I can afford, sir, to pass them by—no worldly conversation or foul jesting disturbed the attention of these gentlemen, or desecrated the peaceful scene of their labours. You found Christians and gentlemen, sir!’

‘I paid for my place like the rest,’ said Swinney. ‘Didn’t my governor take sha——’

‘Silence, sir! Your worthy father did take shares in this establishment, which will yield him one day an immense profit. He *did* take shares, sir, or you never would have been here. I glory in saying that every one of my young friends around me has a father, a brother, a dear relative or friend, who is connected in a similar way with our glorious enterprise; and that not one of them is there but has an interest in procuring, at a liberal commission, other persons to join the ranks of our association. *But*, sir, I am its chief. You will find, sir, your appointment signed by me; and in like manner I, John Brough, annul it. Go from us, sir!—leave us—quit a family that can no longer receive you

in its bosom! Mr. Swinney, I have wept—I have prayed, sir, before I came to this determination; I have taken counsel, sir, and am resolved. *Depart from out of us!*'



A Black Sheep.

‘Not without three months’ salary, though, Mr. B.; that cock won’t fight!’

‘They shall be paid to your father, sir.’

‘My father be hanged! I’ll tell you what, Brough, I’m of age;

and if you don't pay me my salary, I'll arrest you,—by Jingo, I will! I'll have you in quod, or my name's not Bob Swinney!

'Make out a cheque, Mr. Roundhand, for the three months' salary of this perverted young man.'

'Twenty-one pun five, Roundhand, and nothing for the stamp!' cried out that audacious Swinney. 'There it is, sir, *re-ceipted*. You needn't cross it to my banker's. And if any of you gents like a glass of punch this evening at eight o'clock, Bob Swinney's your man, and nothing to pay. If Mr. Brough *would* do me the honour to come in and take a whack? Come, don't say no, if you'd rather not!'

We couldn't stand this impudence, and all burst out laughing like mad.

'Leave the room!' yelled Mr. Brough, whose face had turned quite blue; and so Bob took his white hat off the peg, and strolled away with his 'tile,' as he called it, very much on one side. When he was gone, Mr. Brough gave us another lecture, by which we all determined to profit; and going up to Roundhand's desk put his arm round his neck, and looked over the ledger.

'What money has been paid in to-day, Roundhand?' he said, in a very kind way.

'The widow, sir, came with her money: nine hundred and four, ten and six—say £904:10:6. Captain Sparr, sir, paid his shares up; grumbles, though, and says he's no more: fifty shares, two instalments—three fifties, sir.'

'He's always grumbling!'

'He says he has not a shilling to bless himself with until our dividend day.'

'Any more?'

Mr. Roundhand went through the book, and made it up nineteen hundred pounds in all. We were doing a famous business now; though when I came into the office we used to sit and laugh, and joke, and read the newspapers all day, bustling into our seats whenever a stray customer came. Brough never cared about our laughing and singing *then*, and was hand and glove with Bob Swinney; but that was in early times, before we were well in harness.

'Nineteen hundred pounds, and a thousand pounds in shares. Bravo, Roundhand—bravo, gentlemen! Remember every share you bring in brings you five per cent down on the nail! Look to your friends—stick to your desks—be regular—I hope none of you forget church. Who takes Mr. Swinney's place?'

'Mr. Samuel Titmarsh, sir.'

'Mr. Titmarsh, I congratulate you. Give me your hand, sir;

you are now twelfth clerk of this Association, and your salary is consequently increased five pounds a year. How is your worthy mother, sir—your dear and excellent parent? In good health, I trust? And long—long, I fervently pray, may this office continue to pay her annuity! Remember, if she has more money to lay out, there is higher interest than the last for her, for she is a year older, and five per cent for you, my boy! Why not you as well as another? Young men will be young men, and a ten-pound note does no harm. Does it, Mr. Abednego?’

‘Oh, no!’ says Abednego, who was third clerk, and who was the chap that informed against Swinney; and he began to laugh, as indeed we all did whenever Mr. Brough made anything like a joke; not that they *were* jokes; only we used to know it by his face.

‘Oh, by the bye, Roundhand,’ says he, ‘a word with you on business. Mrs. Brough wants to know why the deuce you never come down to Fulham.’

‘Law, that’s very polite!’ said Mr. Roundhand, quite pleased.

‘Name your day, my boy! Say Saturday, and bring your nightcap with you.’

‘You’re very polite, I’m sure. I should be delighted beyond anything, but——’

‘But—no buts, my boy! Hark ye! the Chancellor of the Exchequer does me the honour to dine with us, and I want you to see him; for the truth is, I have bragged about you to his lordship as the best actuary in the three kingdoms.’

Roundhand could not refuse such an invitation as *that*, though he had told us how Mrs. R. and he were going to pass Saturday and Sunday at Putney; and we who knew what a life the poor fellow led, were sure that the head clerk would be prettily scolded by his lady when she heard what was going on. She disliked Mrs. Brough very much, that was the fact; because Mrs. B. kept a carriage, and said she didn’t know where Pentonville was, and couldn’t call on Mrs. Roundhand. Though, to be sure, her coachman might have found out the way.

‘And, oh, Roundhand!’ continued our governor, ‘draw a cheque for seven hundred, will you? Come, don’t stare, man, I’m not going to run away! That’s right,—seven hundred—and ninety, say, while you’re about it! Our board meets on Saturday, and never fear I’ll account for it to them before I drive you down. We shall take up the Chancellor at Whitehall.’

So saying Mr. Brough folded up the cheque, and shaking hands with Mr. Roundhand very cordially, got into his carriage-

and-four (he always drove four horses even in the City, where it's so difficult), which was waiting at the office-door for him.

Bob Swinney used to say that he charged two of the horses to the Company; but there was never believing half of what that Bob said, he used to laugh and joke so. I don't know how it was, but I and a gent by the name of Hoskins (eleventh clerk), who lived together with me in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, where we occupied a very genteel two-pair, found our flute duet rather tiresome that evening, and as it was a very fine night, strolled out for a walk West End way. When we arrived opposite Covent Garden Theatre we found ourselves close to the Globe Tavern, and recollected Bob Swinney's hospitable invitation. We never fancied that he had meant the invitation in earnest, but thought we might as well look in; at any rate there could be no harm in doing so.

There, to be sure, in the back drawing-room, where he said he would be, we found Bob at the head of a table and in the midst of a great smoke of cigars, and eighteen of our gents rattling and banging away at the table with the bottoms of their glasses.

What a shout they made as we came in! 'Hurray!' says Bob, 'here's two more! Two more chairs, Mary, two more tumblers, two more hot waters, and two more goes of gin! Who would have thought of seeing Tit, in the name of goodness?'

'Why,' said I, 'we only came in by the merest chance.'

At this word there was another tremendous roar; and it is a positive fact, that every man of the eighteen had said he came by chance! However, chance gave us a very jovial night; and that hospitable Bob Swinney paid every shilling of the score.

'Gentlemen!' says he, as he paid the bill, 'I'll give you the health of John Brough, Esquire, and thanks to him for the present of £21:5s. which he made me this morning. What do I say, £21:5s.? That and a month's salary that I should have had to pay—forfeit—down on the nail, by Jingo! for leaving the shop, as I intended to do, to-morrow morning. I've got a place—a tip-top place, I tell you. Five guineas a week, six journeys a year, my own horse and gig, and to travel in the West of England in oil and spermaceti. Here's confusion to gas, and the health of Messrs. Gann and Co. of Thames Street, in the city of London!'

I have been thus particular in my account of the West Diddlesex Assurance Office, and of Mr. Brough, the managing director (though the real names are neither given to the office nor to the chairman, as you may be sure), because the fate of me and my diamond-pin was mysteriously bound up with both, as I am about to show.

You must know that I was rather respected among our gents at the West Diddlesex, because I came of a better family than most of them ; had received a classical education ; and especially because I had a rich aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty, about whom, as must be confessed, I used to boast a good deal. There is no harm in being respected in this world, as I have found out : and if you don't brag a little for yourself, depend on it there is no person of your acquaintance who will tell the world of your merits, and take the trouble off your hands.

So that when I came back to the office after my visit at home, and took my seat at the old day-book opposite the dingy window that looks into Birchin Lane, I pretty soon let the fellows know that Mrs. Hoggarty, though she had not given me a large sum of money, as I expected—indeed, I had promised a dozen of them a treat down the river, should the promised riches have come to me—I let them know, I say, that though my aunt had not given me any money, she had given me a splendid diamond, worth at least thirty guineas, and that some day I would sport it at the shop.

'Oh, let's see it !' says Abednego, whose father was a mock-jewel and gold-lace merchant in Hanway Yard ; and I promised that he should have a sight of it as soon as it was set. As my pocket-money was run out too (by coach-hire to and from home, five shillings to our maid at home, ten to my aunt's maid and man, five-and-twenty shillings lost at whist, as I said, and fifteen-and-six paid for a silver scissors for the dear little fingers of Somebody), Roundhand, who was very good-natured, asked me to dine, and advanced me £7 : 1 : 8, a month's salary. It was at Roundhand's house, Myddelton Square, Pentonville, over a fillet of veal and bacon, and a glass of port, that I learned and saw how his wife ill-treated him, as I have told before. Poor fellow !—we under-clerks all thought it was a fine thing to sit at a desk by oneself, and have £50 per month, as Roundhand had ; but I've a notion that Hoskins and I, blowing duets on the flute together in our second floor in Salisbury Square, were a great deal more at ease than our head—and more *in harmony* too, though we made sad work of the music, certainly.

One day Gus Hoskins and I asked leave from Roundhand to be off at three o'clock, as we had *particular business* at the West End. He knew it was about the great Hoggarty diamond, and gave us permission ; so off we set. When we reached St. Martin's Lane, Gus got a cigar, to give himself, as it were, a *distingué* air, and puffed at it all the way up the Lane, and through the alleys into Coventry Street, where Mr. Polonius's shop is, as everybody knows.

The door was open, and a number of carriages full of ladies were drawing up and setting down. Gus kept his hands in his pockets—trousers were worn very full then, with large tucks, and pigeon-holes for your boots, or Bluchers, to come through (the fashionables wore boots, but we chaps in the City, on £80 a year, contented ourselves with Bluchers); and as Gus stretched out his pantaloons as wide as he could from his hips, and kept blowing away at his cheroot, and clamping with the iron heels of his boots, and had very large whiskers for so young a man, he really looked quite the genteel thing, and was taken by everybody to be a person of consideration.

He would not come into the shop though, but stood staring at the gold pots and kettles in the window outside. I went in; and after a little hemming and hawing, for I had never been at such a fashionable place before, asked one of the gentlemen to let me speak to Mr. Polonius.

‘What can I do for you, sir?’ says Mr. Polonius, who was standing close by as it happened, serving three ladies,—a very old one, and two young ones, who were examining pearl necklaces very attentively.

‘Sir,’ said I, producing my jewel out of my coat-pocket, ‘this jewel has, I believe, been in your house before: it belonged to my aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty.’ The old lady standing near looked round as I spoke.

‘I sold her a gold neck-chain and repeating-watch in the year 1795,’ said Mr. Polonius, who made it a point to recollect everything; ‘and a silver punch-ladle to the captain. How is the major—colonel—general—eh, sir?’

‘The general,’ said I, ‘I am sorry to say,’ though I was quite proud that this man of fashion should address me so—‘Mr. Hoggarty is—no more. My aunt has made me a present, however, of this—this trinket, which as you see contains her husband’s portrait, that I will thank you, sir, to preserve for me very carefully; and she wishes that you would set this diamond neatly.’

‘Neatly and handsomely, of course, sir.’

‘Neatly, in the present fashion; and send down the account to her. There is a great deal of gold about the trinket, for which, of course, you will make an allowance.’

‘To the last fraction of a sixpence,’ says Mr. Polonius, bowing, and looking at the jewel. ‘It’s a wonderful piece of goods, certainly,’ said he; ‘though the diamond’s a neat little bit, certainly. Do, my lady, look at it. The thing is of Irish manufacture, bears the stamp of ’95, and will recall, perhaps, the times of your ladyship’s earliest youth.’

'Get ye out, Mr. Polonius!' said the old lady, a little weazen-faced old lady, with her face puckered up in a million of wrinkles: 'How *dar* you, sir, to talk such nonsense to an old woman like me? Wasn't I fifty years old in '95, and a grandmother in '96?' She put out a pair of withered, trembling hands, took up the locket, examined it for a minute, and then burst out laughing, saying, 'As I live, it's the great Hoggarty diamond!'

Good heavens! what was this talisman that had come into my possession?

'Look, girls,' continued the old lady, 'this is the great jew'l of all Ireland. This red-faced man in the middle is poor Mick Hoggarty, a cousin of mine, who was in love with me in the year '84, when I had just lost your poor dear grandpapa. These thirteen sthreamers of red hair represent his thirteen celebrated sisters,—Biddy, Minny, Thedy, Widdy (short for Williamina), Freddy, Izzy, Tizzy, Mysie, Grizzy, Polly, Dolly, Nell, and Bell—all mar'ied, all ugly, and all carr'ty hair. And of which are you the son, young man?—though, to do you justice, you're not like the family.'

Two pretty young ladies turned two pretty pairs of black eyes at me, and waited for an answer: which they would have had, only the old lady began rattling on a hundred stories about the thirteen ladies above named, and all their lovers, all their disappointments, and all the duels of Mick Hoggarty. She was a chronicle of fifty years' old scandal. At last she was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing; at the conclusion of which Mr. Polonius very respectfully asked me where he should send the pin, and whether I would like the hair kept?

'No,' says I, 'never mind the hair.'

'And the pin, sir?'

I had felt ashamed about telling my address: 'But, hang it!' thought I, 'why *should* I?—

"A king can make a belted knight,
A marquess, duke, and a' that;
An honest man's abune his might—
Gude faith, he canna fa' that."

Why need I care about telling these ladies where I live?'

'Sir,' says I, 'have the goodness to send the parcel, when done, to Mr. Titmarsh, No. 3 Bell Lane, Salisbury Square, near St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street. Ring, if you please, the two-pair bell.'

'What, sir?' said Mr. Polonius.

'*Hwat!*' shrieked the old lady. 'Mr. Hwat? *Mais, ma*

chère, c'est impayable. Come along—here's the carr'age! Give me your arm, Mr. Hwat, and get inside, and tell me all about your thirteen aunts.'

She seized on my elbow and hobbled through the shop as fast as possible; the young ladies following her, laughing.

'Now, jump in, do you hear?' said she, poking her sharp nose out of the window.

'I can't, ma'am,' says I; 'I have a friend.'

'Pooh, pooh! send 'um to the juice, and jump in;' and before almost I could say a word, a great powdered fellow in yellow-plush breeches pushed me up the steps and banged the door to.

I looked just for one minute as the barouche drove away at Hoskins, and never shall forget his figure. There stood Gus, his mouth wide open, his eyes staring, a smoking cheroot in his hand, wondering with all his might at the strange thing that had just happened to me.

'Who is that Titmarsh?' says Gus: 'there's a coronet on the carriage, by jingo!'

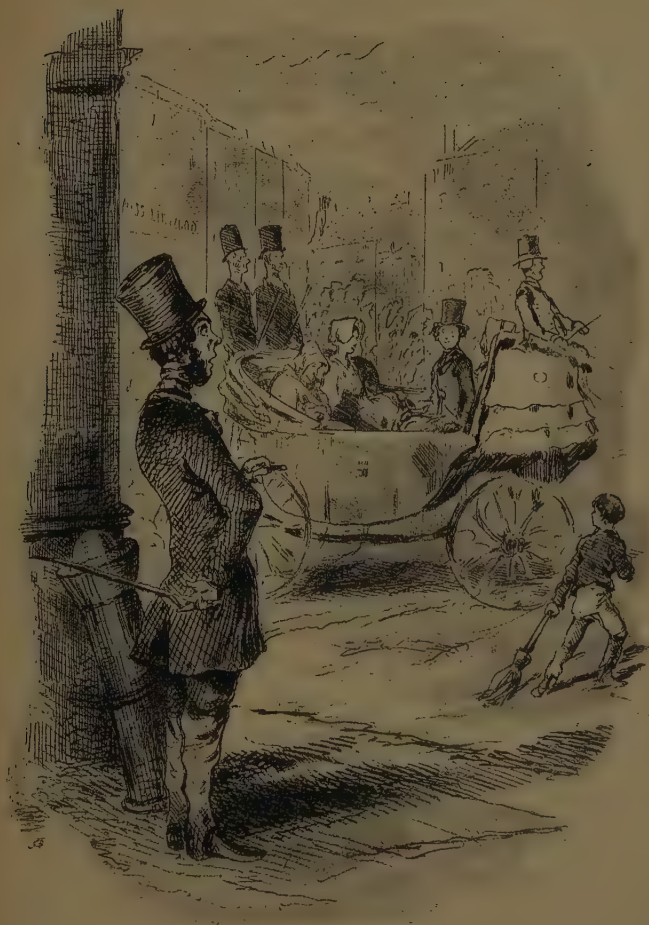
CHAPTER III

HOW THE POSSESSOR OF THE DIAMOND IS WHISKED INTO A
MAGNIFICENT CHARIOT, AND HAS YET FURTHER GOOD
LUCK

I SAT on the back seat of the carriage, near a very nice young lady, about my dear Mary's age—that is to say, seventeen and three-quarters; and opposite us sat the old countess and her other granddaughter—handsome too, but ten years older. I recollect I had on that day my blue coat and brass buttons, nankeen trousers, a white sprig waistcoat, and one of Dando's silk hats, that had just come in in the year '22, and looked a great deal more glossy than the best beaver.

'And who was that hidjus manster,' that was the way her ladyship pronounced,—'that ojou's vulgar wretch, with the iron heels to his boots, and the big mouth, and the imitation goold neck-chain, who *steered* at us so as we got into the carriage?'

How she should have known that Gus's chain was mosaic I can't tell; but so it was, and we had bought it for five-and-twenty and sixpence only the week before at M'Phail's, in St. Paul's Churchyard. But I did not like to hear my friend abused, and so spoke out for him,—



A Coronet. by Jingo!

‘Ma’am,’ says I, ‘that young gentleman’s name is Augustus Hoskins. We live together; and a better or more kind-hearted fellow does not exist.’

‘You are quite right to stand up for your friends, sir,’ said the second lady, whose name, it appears, was Lady Jane, but whom the grandmamma called Lady Jene.

‘Well, upon me conscience, so he is now, Lady Jene; and I like sper’t in a young man. So his name is Hoskins, is it? I know, my dears, all the Hoskinses in England. There are the Lincolnshire Hoskinses, the Shropshire Hoskinses: they say the admiral’s daughter, Bell, was in love with a black footman, or boatswain, or some such thing; but the world’s so censorious. There’s old Doctor Hoskins of Bath, who attended poor dear Drum in the quinsy; and poor dear old Fred Hoskins, the gouty general: I remember him as thin as a lath in the year ’84, and as active as a harlequin, and in love with me—oh, how he was in love with me!’

‘You seem to have had a host of admirers in those days, grandmamma?’ said Lady Jane.

‘Hundreds, my dear,—hundreds of thousands. I was the toast of Bath, and a great beauty, too: would you ever have thought it now, upon your conscience and without flattery, Mr.-a-What-d’ye-call-’em?’

‘Indeed, ma’am, I never should,’ I answered, for the old lady was as ugly as possible; and at my saying this the two young ladies began screaming with laughter, and I saw the two great-whiskered footmen grinning over the back of the carriage.

‘Upon my word, you’re mighty candid, Mr. What’s-your-name—mighty candid, indeed; but I like candour in young people. But beauty I was. Just ask your friend’s uncle the general. He’s one of the Lincolnshire Hoskinses—I knew he was by the strong family likeness. Is he the eldest son? It’s a pretty property, though sadly encumbered; for old Sir George was the divvle of a man—a friend of Hanbury Williams, and Lyttleton, and those horrid, monstrous, ojoues people! How much will he have now, mister, when the admiral dies?’

‘Why, ma’am, I can’t say; but the admiral is not my friend’s father.’

‘Not his father?—but he *is*, I tell you, and I’m never wrong. Who is his father, then?’

‘Ma’am, Gus’s father’s a leather-seller in Skinner Street, Snow Hill,—a very respectable house, ma’am. But Gus is only third son, and so can’t expect a great share in the property.’

The two young ladies smiled at this—the old lady said, ‘Hwat?’

‘I like you, sir,’ Lady Jane said, ‘for not being ashamed of your friends, whatever their rank of life may be. Shall we have the pleasure of setting you down anywhere, Mr. Titmarsh?’

‘Noways particular, my lady,’ says I. ‘We have a holiday at our office to-day—at least, Roundhand gave me and Gus leave; and I shall be very happy, indeed, to take a drive in the Park, if it’s no offence.’

‘I’m sure it will give us—infinite pleasure,’ said Lady Jane, though rather in a grave way.

‘Oh, that it will!’ says Lady Fanny, clapping her hands: ‘won’t it, grandmamma? And after we have been in the Park, we can walk in Kensington Gardens, if Mr. Titmarsh will be good enough to accompany us.’

‘Indeed, Fanny, we will do no such thing,’ says Lady Jane.

‘Indeed, but we will though!’ shrieked out Lady Drum. ‘An’t I dying to know everything about his uncle and thirteen aunts? and you’re all chattering so, you young women, that not a blessed syllable will you allow me or my young friend here to speak.’

Lady Jane gave a shrug with her shoulders, and did not say a single word more. Lady Fanny, who was as gay as a young kitten (if I may be allowed so to speak of the aristocracy), laughed, and blushed, and giggled, and seemed quite to enjoy her sister’s ill-humour. And the countess began at once, and entered into the history of the thirteen Miss Hoggarties, which was not near finished when we entered the Park.

When there, you can’t think what hundreds of gents on horse-back came to the carriage and talked to the ladies. They had their joke for Lady Drum, who seemed to be a character in her way; their bow for Lady Jane; and, the young ones especially, their compliment for Lady Fanny.

Though she bowed and blushed, as a young lady should, Lady Fanny seemed to be thinking of something else; for she kept her head out of the carriage, looking eagerly among the horse-men, as if she expected to see somebody. Aha! my Lady Fanny, I knew what it meant when a young, pretty lady like you was absent, and on the look-out, and only half answered the questions put to her. Let alone Sam Titmarsh—he knows what *Somebody* means as well as another, I warrant. As I saw these manœuvres going on, I could not help just giving a wink to Lady Jane, as much as to say I knew what was what. ‘I guess the young lady is looking for Somebody,’ says I. It was then *her* turn to look queer, I assure you, and she blushed as red as scarlet; but, after a minute, the good-natured little thing looked at her sister, and both the

young ladies put their handkerchiefs up to their faces, and began laughing—laughing as if I had said the funniest thing in the world.

'*Il est charmant, votre monsieur,*' said Lady Jane to her grandmamma. And on which I bowed, and said, '*Madame, vous me faites beaucoup d'honneur ;*' for I know the French language, and was pleased to find that these good ladies had taken a liking to me. 'I'm a poor humble lad, ma'am, not used to London society, and do really feel it quite kind of you to take me by the hand so, and give me a drive in your fine carriage.'

At this minute a gentleman on a black horse, with a pale face, and a tuft to his chin, came riding up to the carriage ; and I knew by a little start that Lady Fanny gave, and by her instantly looking round the other way, that *Somebody* was come at last.

'Lady Drum,' said he, 'your most devoted servant ! I have been just riding with a gentleman who almost shot himself for love of the beautiful Countess of Drum in the year—never mind the year.'

'Was it Killblazes ?' said the lady : 'he's a dear old man, and I'm quite ready to go off' with him this minute. Or was it that delight of an old bishop ? He's got a lock of my hair now—I gave it him when he was papa's chaplain ; and let me tell you it would be a hard matter to find another now in the same place.'

'Law, my lady !' says I, 'you don't say so ?'

'But indeed I do, my good sir,' says she ; 'for, between ourselves, my head's as bare as a cannon-ball—ask Fanny if it isn't. Such a fright as the poor thing got when she was a babby, and came upon me suddenly in my dressing-room without my wig !'

'I hope Lady Fanny has recovered from the shock,' said 'Somebody,' looking first at her, and then at me as if he had a mind to swallow me. And, would you believe it ? all that Lady Fanny could say was, 'Pretty well, I thank you, my lord ;' and she said this with as much fluttering and blushing as we used to say our Virgil at school—when we hadn't learned it.

My lord still kept on looking very fiercely at me, and muttered something about having hoped to find a seat in Lady Drum's carriage, as he was tired of riding ; on which Lady Fanny muttered something, too, about 'a friend of grandmamma's.'

'You should say a friend of yours, Fanny,' says Lady Jane : 'I am sure we never should have come to the Park if Fanny had not insisted upon bringing Mr. Titmarsh hither. Let me introduce the Earl of Tiptoff to Mr. Titmarsh.' But, instead of taking

off his hat, as I did mine, his lordship growled out that he hoped for another opportunity, and galloped off again on his black horse. Why the deuce *I* should have offended him, I never could understand.

But it seemed as if I was destined to offend all the men that day; for who should presently come up but the Right Hon. Edmund Preston, one of his majesty's under secretaries of state (as I knew very well by the almanac in our office), and the husband of Lady Jane.

The Right Hon. Edmund was riding a grey cob, and was a fat, pale-faced man, who looked as if he never went into the open air. 'Who the devil's that?' said he to his wife, looking surlily both at me and her.

'Oh, it's a friend of grandmamma's and Jane's,' said Lady Fanny at once, looking, like a sly rogue as she was, quite archly at her sister, who, in her turn, appeared quite frightened, and looked imploringly at her sister, and never dared to breathe a syllable. 'Yes, indeed,' continued Lady Fanny, 'Mr. Titmarsh is a cousin of grandmamma's, by the mother's side, by the Hoggarty side. Didn't you know the Hoggarties when you were in Ireland, Edmund, with Lord Bagwig? Let me introduce you to grandmamma's cousin, Mr. Titmarsh; Mr. Titmarsh, my brother, Mr. Edmund Preston.'

There was Lady Jane all the time treading upon her sister's foot as hard as possible, and the little wicked thing would take no notice, and I, who had never heard of the cousinship, feeling as confounded as could be. But I did not know the Countess of Drum near so well as that sly minx her granddaughter did; for the old lady, who had just before called poor Gus Hoskins her cousin, had, it appeared, the mania of fancying all the world related to her, and said,—

'Yes, we're cousins, and not very far removed. Mick Hoggarty's grandmother was Millicent Brady, and she and my aunt Towzer were related, as all the world knows; for Decimus Brady, of Ballybrady, married an own cousin of aunt Towzer's mother, Bell Swift—that was no relation of the Dean's, my love, who came but of a so-so family—and isn't *that* clear?'

'Oh, perfectly, grandmamma,' said Lady Jane, laughing, while the right honourable gent still rode by us, looking sour and surly.

'And sure you knew the Hoggarties, Edmund?—the thirteen red-haired girls—the nine graces, and four over, as poor Clanboy used to call them. Poor Clan!—a cousin of yours and mine, Mr. Titmarsh, and sadly in love with me he was too. Not remember them *all* now, Edmund?—not remember?—not remember Biddy

and Minny, and Thedy and Winny, and Mysie and Grizzie, and Polly and Dolly, and the rest?’

‘D—the Miss Hoggarties, ma’am,’ said the right honourable gent; and he said it with such energy, that his grey horse gave a sudden lash out that well-nigh sent him over his head. Lady Jane screamed; Lady Fanny laughed; old Lady Drum looked as if she did not care twopence, and said, ‘Serve you right for swearing, you ojoues man, you!’

‘Hadn’t you better come into the carriage, Edmund—Mr. Preston?’ cried out the lady, anxiously.

‘Oh, I’m sure I’ll slip out, ma’am,’ says I.

‘Pooh, pooh, don’t stir,’ said Lady Drum, ‘it’s my carriage; and if Mr. Preston chooses to swear at a lady of my years in that ojoues vulgar way—in that ojoues vulgar way, I repeat—I don’t see why my friends should be inconvenienced for him. Let him sit on the dickey if he likes, or come in and ride bodkin.’ It was quite clear that my Lady Drum hated her grandson-in-law heartily; and I’ve remarked somehow in families that this kind of hatred is by no means uncommon.

Mr. Preston, one of his majesty’s secretaries of state, was, to tell the truth, in a great fright upon his horse, and was glad to get away from the kicking, plunging brute. His pale face looked still paler than before, and his hands and legs trembled as he dismounted from the cob and gave the reins to his servant. I disliked the looks of the chap—of the master, I mean—at the first moment he came up, when he spoke rudely to that nice gentle wife of his; and I thought he was a cowardly fellow, as the adventure of the cob showed him to be. Heaven bless you! a baby could have ridden it; and here was the man with his soul in his mouth at the very first kick.

‘Oh, quick! *do* come in, Edmund,’ said Lady Fanny, laughing; and the carriage-steps being let down, and giving me a great scowl as he came in, he was going to place himself in Lady Fanny’s corner (I warrant you I wouldn’t budge from mine), when the little rogue cried out, ‘Oh, no! by no means, Mr. Preston. Shut the door, Thomas. And, oh! what fun it will be to show all the world a secretary of state riding bodkin!’

And pretty glum the secretary of state looked, I assure you!

‘Take my place, Edmund, and don’t mind Fanny’s folly,’ said Lady Jane, timidly.

‘Oh, no!—pray, madam, don’t stir! I’m comfortable, very comfortable; and so I hope is this Mr.—this gentleman.’

‘Perfectly, I assure you,’ says I. ‘I was going to offer to ride your horse home for you, as you seemed to be rather frightened

at it; but the fact was, I was so comfortable here that really I *couldn't* move.'

Such a grin as old Lady Drum gave when I said that!—how her little eyes twinkled, and her little sly mouth puckered up! I couldn't help speaking, for, look you, my blood was up.

'We shall always be happy of your company, cousin Titmarsh,' says she; and handed me a gold snuff-box, out of which I took a pinch, and sneezed with the air of a lord.

'As you have invited this gentleman into your carriage, Lady Jane Preston, hadn't you better invite him home to dinner?' says Mr. Preston, quite blue with rage.

'I invited him into *my* carriage,' says the old lady; 'and as we are going to dine at your house, and you press it, I'm sure I shall be very happy to see him there.'

'I'm very sorry I'm engaged,' said I.

'Oh, indeed, what a pity!' says right honourable Ned, still glowering at his wife. 'What a pity that this gentleman—I forget his name—that your friend, Lady Jane, is engaged! I am sure you would have had such gratification in meeting your relation in Whitehall.'

Lady Drum was over-fond of finding out relations, to be sure, but this speech of right honourable Ned's was rather too much. 'Now, Sam,' says I, 'be a man and show your spirit!' So I spoke up at once, and said, 'Why, ladies, as the right honourable gent is so *very* pressing, I'll give up my engagement, and shall have sincere pleasure in cutting mutton with him. What's your hour, sir?'

He didn't condescend to answer, and for me I did not care, for, you see, I did not intend to dine with the man, but only to give him a lesson of manners. For though I am but a poor fellow, and hear people cry out how vulgar it is to eat peas with a knife, or ask three times for cheese, and such like points of ceremony, there's something, I think, much more vulgar than all this, and that is insolence to one's inferiors. I hate the chap that uses it, as I scorn him of humble rank that affects to be of the fashion; and so I determined to let Mr. Preston know a piece of my mind.

When the carriage drove up to his house, I handed out the ladies as politely as possible, and walked into the hall, and then taking hold of Mr. Preston's button at the door, I said, before the ladies and the two big servants—upon my word I did—'Sir,' says I, 'this kind old lady asked me into her carriage, and I rode in it to please her, not myself. When you came up and asked who the devil I was, I thought you might have put the question in a more

polite manner, but it wasn't my business to speak. When, by way of a joke, you invited me to dinner, I thought I would answer in a joke too, and here I am. But don't be frightened; I'm not a-going to dine with you: only if you play the same joke upon other parties—on some of the chaps in our office, for example—I recommend you to have a care, or they will *take you at your word*.'

'Is that all, sir?' says Mr. Preston, still in a rage: 'if you have done, will you leave this house, or shall my servants turn you out? Turn out this fellow! do you hear me?' and he broke away from me, and flung into his study in a rage.

'He's an ojou, horrid monsther of a man, that husband of yours!' said Lady Drum, seizing hold of her elder granddaughter's arm, 'and I hate him; and so come away, for the dinner'll be getting cold:' and she was for hurrying away Lady Jane without more ado. But that kind lady, coming forward, looking very, very pale and trembling, said, 'Mr. Titmarsh, I do hope you'll not be angry—that is, that you'll forget what has happened, for, believe me, it has given me very great——'

Very great what, I never could say, for here the poor thing's eyes filled with tears; and Lady Drum, crying out, 'Tut, tut! none of this nonsense,' pulled her away by the sleeve, and went upstairs. But little Lady Fanny walked boldly up to me, and held me out her little hand, and gave mine such a squeeze, and said 'Good-by, my dear Mr. Titmarsh,' so very kindly, that I'm blest if I did not blush up to the ears, and all the blood in my body began to tingle.

So, when she was gone, I clapped my hat on my head, and walked out of the hall-door, feeling as proud as a peacock and as brave as a lion; and all I wished for was that one of those saucy, grinning footmen should say or do something to me that was the least uncivil, so that I might have the pleasure of knocking him down, with my best compliments to his master. But neither of them did me any such favour; and I went away, and dined at home off boiled mutton and turnips with Gus Hoskins quite peacefully.

I did not think it was proper to tell Gus (who, between ourselves, is rather curious, and inclined to tittle-tattle) all the particulars of the family quarrel of which I had been the cause and witness, and so just said that the old lady——('They were the Drum arms,' says Gus; 'for I went and looked them out that minute in the *Peerage*;') that the old lady turned out to be a cousin of mine, and that she had taken me to drive in the Park. Next day, we went to the office as usual, when you may be sure that Hoskins told everything of what had happened, and

a great deal more ; and somehow, though I did not pretend to care sixpence about the matter, I must confess that I *was* rather pleased that the gents in our office should hear of a part of my adventure.

But fancy my surprise, on coming home in the evening, to find Mrs. Stokes, the landlady ; Miss Selina Stokes, her daughter ; and Master Bob Stokes, her son (an idle young vagabond that was always playing marbles on St. Bride's steps, and in Salisbury Square)—when I found them all bustling and tumbling up the steps before me to our rooms, on the second floor, and there, on the table, between our two flutes, on one side, my album, Gus's *Don Juan* and *Peerage* on the other, I saw as follows :—

1. A basket of great red peaches, looking like the cheeks of my dear Mary Smith.

2. A ditto of large, fat, luscious, heavy-looking grapes.

3. An enormous piece of raw mutton, as I thought it was ; but Mrs. Stokes said it was the primest haunch of venison that ever she saw.

And three cards, viz.,

DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DRUM.

LADY FANNY RAKES.

MR. PRESTON.

LADY JANE PRESTON.

EARL OF TIPTOFF.

'Sich a carriage !' says Mrs. Stokes (for that was the way the poor thing spoke) 'sich a carriage—all over coronites ! sich liveries—two great footmen, with red whiskers and yellow-plush smallclothes ; and inside, a very old lady in a white poke bonnet, and a young one with a great Leghorn hat and blue ribands, and a great, tall, pale gentleman, with a tuft on his chin.

"Pray, madam, does Mr. Titmarsh live here ?' says the young lady, with her clear voice.

"Yes, my lady,' says I ; 'but he's at the office—the West Diddlesex Fire and Life Office, Cornhill.'

"Charles, get out the things," says the gentleman, quite solemn.

"Yes, my lord," says Charles ; and brings me out the haunch in a newspaper, and on the chany dish as you see it, and the two baskets of fruit besides.

"Have the kindness, madam," said my lord, "to take these things to Mr. Titmarsh's rooms, with our, with Lady Jane Preston's compliments, and request his acceptance of them ;" and

then he pulled out the cards on your table, and this letter, sealed with his lordship's own crown.'

And herewith Mrs. Stokes gave me a letter, which my wife keeps to this day by the way, and which runs thus:—

'The Earl of Tiptoff has been commissioned by Lady Jane Preston to express her sincere regret and disappointment that she was not able yesterday to enjoy the pleasure of Mr. Titmarsh's company. Lady Jane is about to leave town immediately; she will therefore be unable to receive her friends in Whitehall Place this season. But Lord Tiptoff trusts that Mr. Titmarsh will have the kindness to accept some of the produce of her ladyship's garden and park; with which, perhaps, he will entertain some of those friends in whose favour he knows so well how to speak.'

Along with this was a little note, containing the words 'Lady Drum at home. Friday evening, June 17.' And all this came to me because my aunt Hoggarty had given me a diamond-pin!

I did not send back the venison, as why should I? Gus was for sending it at once to Brough, our director; and the grapes and peaches to my aunt in Somersetshire.

'But no,' says I, 'we'll ask Bob Swinney and half-a-dozen more of our gents; and we'll have a merry night of it on Saturday.' And a merry night we had too; and as we had no wine in the cupboard, we had plenty of ale, and gin-punch afterwards. And Gus sat at the foot of the table, and I at the head; and we sang songs, both comic and sentimental, and drank toasts; and I made a speech that there is no possibility of mentioning here, because, *entre nous*, I had quite forgotten in the morning everything that had taken place after a certain period on the night before.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE HAPPY DIAMOND-WEARER DINES AT PENTONVILLE

I DID not go to the office till half an hour after opening time on Monday. If the truth must be told, I was not sorry to let Hoskins have the start of me, and tell the chaps what had taken place,—for we all have our little vanities, and I liked to be thought well of by my companions.

When I came in, I saw my business had been done, by the way in which the chaps looked at me, especially Abednego, who offered me a pinch out of his gold snuff-box the very first thing.

Roundhand shook me, too, warmly by the hand, when he came round to look over my day-book, said I wrote a capital hand (and indeed I believe I do, without any sort of flattery), and invited me for dinner next Sunday, in Myddelton Square. 'You won't have,' said he, 'quite such a grand turn-out as with *your friends at the west end*,' he said this with a particular accent; 'but Amelia and I are always happy to see a friend in our plain way, —pale sherry, old port, and cut-and-come again. Hey?'

I said I would come, and bring Hoskins too.

He answered, that I was very polite, and that he should be very happy to see Hoskins; and we went accordingly, at the appointed day and hour; but though Gus was eleventh clerk and I twelfth, I remarked that at dinner I was helped first and best. I had twice as many forced-meat balls as Hoskins in my mock-turtle, and pretty nearly all the oysters out of the sauce-boat. Once, Roundhand was going to help Gus before me; when his wife, who was seated at the head of the table, looking very big and fierce in red crape and a turban, shouted out, 'ANTONY!' and poor R. dropped the plate, and blushed as red as anything. How Mrs. R. did talk to me about the west end, to be sure! She had a *Peerage*, as you may be certain, and knew everything about the Drum family in a manner that quite astonished me. She asked me how much Lord Drum had a year; whether I thought he had twenty, thirty, forty, or a hundred and fifty thousand a year; whether I was invited to Drum Castle; what the young ladies wore, and if they had those odious gigot sleeves which were just coming in then? and here Mrs. R. looked at a pair of large mottled arms that she was very proud of.

'I say, Sam, my boy!' cried, in the midst of our talk, Mr. Roundhand, who had been passing the port-wine round pretty freely, 'I hope you looked to the main chance, and put in a few shares of the West Diddlesex,—hey?'

'Mr. Roundhand, have you put up the decanters downstairs?' cries the lady, quite angry, and wishing to stop the conversation.

'No, Milly, I've *emptied* 'em,' says R.

'Don't Milly me, sir! and have the goodness to go down and tell Lancy, my maid, (a look at me), to make the tea in the study. We have a gentleman here who is not *used* to Pentonville ways (another look); but he won't mind the ways of *friends*.' And here Mrs. Roundhand heaved her very large chest, and gave me a third look, that was so severe, that, I declare to goodness, it made me look quite foolish. As to Gus, she never so much as spoke to him all the evening; but he consoled himself with a great lot of muffins, and sat most of the evening (it was a cruel hot summer)

whistling and talking with Roundhand on the verandah. I think I should like to have been with them,—for it was very close in the room with that great, big Mrs. Roundhand squeezing close up to one on the sofa.

‘Do you recollect what a jolly night we had here last summer?’ I heard Hoskins say, who was leaning over the balcony, and ogling the girls coming home from church; ‘you and me with our coats off, plenty of cold rum-and-water, Mrs. Roundhand at Margate, and a whole box of Manillas?’

‘Hush!’ said Roundhand, quite eagerly; ‘Milly will hear.’

But Milly didn’t hear; for she was occupied in telling me an immense long story about her waltzing with the Count de Schloppenzollern, at the City ball to the allied sovereigns; and how the count had great, large, white moustaches; and how odd she thought it to go whirling round the room with a great man’s arm round your waist. ‘Mr. Roundhand has never allowed it since our marriage—never; but in the year ’fourteen it was considered a proper compliment, you know, to pay the sovereigns. So twenty-nine young ladies, of the best families in the city of London, I assure you, Mr. Titmarsh—there was the Lord Mayor’s own daughters; Alderman Dobbin’s gals; Sir Charles Hopper’s three, who have the great house in Baker Street; and your humble servant, who was rather slimmer in those days—twenty-nine of us had a dancing-master on purpose, and practised waltzing in a room over the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House. He was a splendid man, that Count Schloppenzollern!’

‘I am sure, ma’am,’ says I, ‘he had a splendid partner!’ and blushed up to my eyes when I said it.

‘Get away, you naughty creature!’ says Mrs. Roundhand, giving me a great slap; ‘you’re all the same, you men in the west end—all deceivers. The count was just like you. Heigho! Before you marry, it’s all honey and compliments; when you win us, it’s all coldness and indifference. Look at Roundhand, the great baby, trying to beat down a butterfly with his yellow bandanna! Can a man like *that* comprehend me? can he fill the void in my heart?’ (She pronounced it without the *h*; but, that there should be no mistake, laid her hand upon the place meant.) ‘Ah, no! Will *you* be so neglectful when *you* marry, Mr. Titmarsh?’

As she spoke, the bells were just tolling the people out of church, and I fell a-thinking of my dear, dear Mary Smith, in the country, walking home to her grandmother’s, in her modest grey cloak, as the bells were chiming, and the air full of the sweet smell of the hay, and the river shining in the sun, all crimson, purple, gold, and silver. There was my dear Mary a hundred



Mr. Roundhand looks out of window.

and twenty miles off, in Somersetshire, walking home from church along with Dr. Snorter's family, with which she came and went; and I was listening to the talk of this great, leering, vulgar woman.

I could not help feeling for a certain half of a sixpence that you have heard me speak of; and putting my hand mechanically upon my chest, I tore my fingers with the point of my new DIAMOND-PIN. Mr. Polonius had sent it home the night before, and I sported it for the first time at Roundhand's to dinner.

'It's a beautiful diamond,' said Mrs. Roundhand; 'I have been looking at it all dinner-time. How rich you must be to wear such splendid things; and how can you remain in a vulgar office in the city,—you who have such great acquaintances at the west end?'

The woman had somehow put me in such a passion that I bounced off the sofa, and made for the balcony without answering a word,—ay, and half broke my head against the sash, too, as I went out to the gents in the open air. 'Gus,' says I, 'I feel very unwell: I wish you'd come home with me.' And Gus did not desire anything better; for he had ogled the last girl out of the last church, and the night was beginning to fall.

'What! already?' said Mrs. Roundhand; 'there is a lobster coming up,—a trifling refreshment; not what he's accustomed to, but——'

I am sorry to say I nearly said, 'D—the lobster!' as Roundhand went and whispered to her that I was ill.

'Ay,' said Gus, looking very knowing. 'Recollect, Mrs. R., that he was *at the west end* on Thursday, asked to dine, ma'am, with the tip-top nobs. Chaps don't dine at the west end for nothing, do they, R.? If you play at *bowls*, you know——'

'You must look out for *rubbers*,' said Roundhand, as quick as thought.

'Not in my house of a Sunday,' said Mrs. R., looking very fierce and angry. 'Not a card shall be touched *here*. Are we in a Protestant land, sir? in a Christian country?'

'My dear, you don't understand. We were not talking of rubbers of whist.'

'There shall be *no* game at all in the house of a Sabbath eve,' said Mrs. Roundhand; and out she flounced from the room, without ever so much as wishing us good-night.

'Do stay,' said the husband, looking very much frightened,— 'do stay. She won't come back while you're here; and I do wish you'd stay so.'

But we wouldn't; and when we reached Salisbury Square, I gave Gus a lecture about spending his Sundays idly; and read

out one of Blair's sermons before we went to bed. As I turned over in bed, I could not help thinking about the luck the pin had brought me ; and it was not over yet, as you will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V

HOW THE DIAMOND INTRODUCES HIM TO A STILL MORE FASHIONABLE PLACE

To tell the truth, though, about the pin, although I mentioned it almost the last thing in the previous chapter, I assure you it was by no means the last thing in my thoughts. It had come home from Mr. Polonius's, as I said, on Saturday night ; and Gus and I happened to be out enjoying ourselves, half-price, at Sadler's Wells ; and perhaps we took a little refreshment on our way back ; but that has nothing to do with my story.

On the table, however, was the little box from the jeweller's ; and when I took it out,—*my*, how the diamond did twinkle and glitter by the light of our one candle !

'I'm sure it would light up the room of itself,' says Gus. 'I've read they do in—in history.'

It was in the history of Cogia Hassan Alhabbal, in the *Arabian Nights*, as I knew very well. But we put the candle out, nevertheless, to try.

'Well, I declare to goodness it does illuminate the whole place !' says Gus ; but the fact was, that there was a gas-lamp opposite our window, and I believe that was the reason why we could see pretty well. At least in my bedroom, to which I was obliged to go without a candle, and of which the window looked out on a dead wall, I could not see a wink, in spite of the Hoggarty diamond, and was obliged to grope about in the dark for a pin-cushion which Somebody gave me (I don't mind owning it was Mary Smith), and in which I stuck it for the night. But, somehow, I did not sleep much for thinking of it, and woke very early in the morning ; and, if the truth must be told, stuck it in my night-gown, like a fool, and admired myself very much in the glass.

Gus admired it as much as I did ; for since my return, and especially since my venison dinner and drive with Lady Drum, he thought I was the finest fellow in the world, and boasted about his "west-end friend" everywhere.

As we were going to dine at Roundhand's, and I had no black

satin stock to set it off, I was obliged to place it in the frill of my best shirt, which tore the muslin sadly by the way. However, the diamond had its effect on my entertainers, as we have seen, rather too much perhaps on one of them ; and next day I wore it down at the office, as Gus would make me do, though it did not look near so well in the second day's shirt as on the first day, when the linen was quite clear and bright with Somersetshire washing.

The chaps at the West Diddlesex all admired it hugely, except that snarling Scotchman M'Whirter, fourth clerk,—out of envy because I did not think much of a great yellow stone, named a carum-gorum, or some such thing, which he had in a snuff-mull, as he called it,—all except M'Whirter, I say, were delighted with it ; and Abednego himself, who ought to know, as his father was in the line, told me the jewel was worth at least ten poundsh, and that his governor would give me as much for it.

'That's a proof,' says Roundhand, 'that Tit's diamond is worth at least thirty ;' and we all laughed, and agreed it was.

Now, I must confess that all these praises, and the respect that was paid me, turned my head a little ; and as all the chaps said I *must* have a black satin stock to set the stone off, I was fool enough to buy a stock that cost me five-and-twenty shillings, at Ludlam's, in Piccadilly ; for Gus said I must go to the best place, to be sure, and have none of our cheap and common east-end stuff. I might have had one for sixteen and six in Cheapside, every whit as good ; but when a young lad becomes vain, and wants to be fashionable, you see he can't help being extravagant.

Our director, Mr. Brough, did not fail to hear of the haunch of venison business, and my relationship with Lady Drum and the Right Hon. Edmund Preston ; only Abednego, who told him, said I was her ladyship's first cousin ; and this made Brough think more of me, and no worse than before.

Mr. B. was, as everybody knows, member of parliament for Rottenburgh ; and being considered one of the richest men in the city of London, used to receive all the great people of the land at his villa at Fulham ; and we often read in the papers of the rare doings going on there.

Well, the pin certainly worked wonders ; for, not content merely with making me a present of a ride in a countess's carriage, of a haunch of venison, and two baskets of fruit, and the dinner at Roundhand's above described, my diamond had other honours in store for me, and procured me the honour of an invitation to the house of our director, Mr. Brough.

Once a year, in June, that honourable gent gave a grand ball at his house at Fulham ; and by the accounts of the entertainment

brought back by one or two of our chaps who had been invited, it was one of the most magnificent things to be seen about London. You saw members of parliament there as thick as peas in July, lords and ladies without end. There was everything and everybody of the tip-top sort ; and I have heard that Mr. Gunter, of Berkeley Square, supplied the ices, supper, and footmen,—though of the latter Brough kept a plenty, but not enough to serve the host of people who came to him. The party, it must be remembered, was *Mrs.* Brough's party, not the gentleman's,—he being in the Dissenting way, would scarcely sanction any entertainments of the kind ; but he told his City friends that his lady governed him in everything ; and it was generally observed that most of them would allow their daughters to go to the ball if asked, on account of the immense number of the nobility which our director assembled together : *Mrs.* Roundhand, I know, for one, would have given one of her ears to go ; but, as I have said before, nothing would induce Brough to ask her.

Roundhand himself, and Gutch, nineteenth clerk, son of the brother of an East Indian director, were the only two of our gents invited, as we knew very well, for they had received their invitations many weeks before, and bragged about them not a little. But two days before the ball, and after my diamond-pin had had its due effect upon the gents at the office, Abednego, who had been in the director's room, came to my desk with a great smirk, and said, 'Tit, Mr. B. says, that he expects you will come down with Roundhand to the ball on Thursday.' I thought Moses was joking,—at any rate, that Mr. B.'s message was a queer one ; for people don't usually send invitations in that abrupt, peremptory sort of a way ; but, sure enough, he presently came down himself, and confirmed it, saying, as he was going out of the office, 'Mr. Titmarsh, you will come down on Thursday to *Mrs.* Brough's party, where you will see some relations of yours.'

'West end again !' says that Gus Hoskins ; and accordingly down I went, taking a place in a cab which Roundhand hired for himself, Gutch, and me, and for which he very generously paid eight shillings.

There is no use to describe the grand gala, nor the number of lamps in the lodge and in the garden, nor the crowd of carriages that came in at the gates, nor the troops of curious people outside ; nor the ices, fiddlers, wreaths of flowers, and cold supper within. The whole description was beautifully given in a fashionable paper, by a reporter who observed the same from the *Yellow Lion* over the way, and told it in his journal in the most accurate manner ; getting an account of the dresses of the great

people from their footmen and coachmen, when they came to the ale-house for their porter. As for the names of the guests, they, you may, be sure, found their way to the same newspaper; and a great laugh was had at my expense, because among the titles of the great people mentioned, my name appeared in the list of the 'Honourables.' Next day, Brough advertised 'a hundred and fifty guineas reward for an emerald necklace lost at the party of John Brough, Esq., at Fulham.' Though some of our people said that no such thing was lost at all, and that Brough only wanted to advertise the magnificence of his society; but this doubt was raised by persons not invited, and envious, no doubt.

Well, I wore my diamond, as you may imagine, and rigged myself in my best clothes, viz. my blue coat and brass buttons before mentioned, nankeen trousers and silk stockings, a white waistcoat, and a pair of white gloves bought for the occasion. But my coat was of country make, very high in the waist and short in the sleeves, and I suppose must have looked rather odd to some of the great people assembled, for they stared at me a great deal, and a whole crowd formed to see me dance, which I did to the best of my power, performing all the steps accurately, and with great agility, as I had been taught by our dancing-master in the country.

And with whom do you think I had the honour to dance? With no less a person than Lady Jane Preston, who it appears had not gone out of town, and who shook me most kindly by the hand when she saw me, and asked me to dance with her. We had my Lord Tiptoff and Lady Fanny Rakes for our *vis-à-vis*.

You should have seen how the people crowded to look at us, and admired my dancing too, for I cut the very best of capers, quite different to the rest of the gents (my lord among the number), who walked through the quadrille as if they thought it a trouble, and stared at my activity with all their might. But when I have a dance, I like to enjoy myself; and Mary Smith often said I was the very best partner at our assemblies. While we were dancing, I told Lady Jane how Roundhand, Gutch, and I had come down three in a cab, besides the driver; and my account of our adventures made her ladyship laugh, I warrant you. Lucky it was for me that I didn't go back in the same vehicle; for the driver went and intoxicated himself at the Yellow Lion, threw out Gutch and our head clerk as he was driving them back, and actually fought Gutch afterwards, and blacked his eye, because he said that Gutch's red velvet waistcoat frightened the horse.

Lady Jane, however, spared me such an uncomfortable ride home; for she said she had a fourth place in her carriage, and asked me if I would accept it; and positively, at two o'clock in



Mr. Brough's Ball

the morning, there was I, after setting the ladies and my lord down, driven to Salisbury Square in a great thundering carriage, with flaming lamps and two tall footmen, who nearly knocked the door and the whole little street down with the noise they

made at the rapper. You should have seen Gus's head peeping out of window in his white nightcap! He kept me up the whole night telling him about the ball, and the great people I had seen there; and next day he told at the office my stories, with his own usual embroideries upon them.

'Mr. Titmarsh,' said Lady Fanny, laughing to me, 'who is that great, fat, curious man, the master of the house? Do you know he asked me if you were not related to us? and I said, "Oh yes, you were."'

'Fanny!' says Lady Jane.

'Well,' answered the other, 'did not grandmamma say Mr. Titmarsh was her cousin?'

'But you know that grandmamma's memory is not very good.'

'Indeed, you're wrong, Lady Jane,' says my lord; 'I think it's prodigious.'

'Yes, but not very—not very accurate.'

'No, my lady,' says I; 'for her ladyship, the Countess of Drum, said, if you remember, that my friend Gus Hoskins——'

'Whose cause you supported so bravely,' cries Lady Fanny.

'—That my friend Gus is her ladyship's cousin too, which cannot be, for I know all his family; they live in Skinner Street and St. Mary Axe, and are not—not quite so *respectable* as my relatives.'

At this they all began to laugh; and my lord said, rather haughtily,

'Depend upon it, Mr. Titmarsh, that Lady Drum is no more your cousin than she is the cousin of your friend Mr. Hoskinson.'

'Hoskins, my lord—and so I told Gus; but you see he is very fond of me, and *will* have it that I am related to Lady D.: and say what I will to the contrary, tells the story everywhere. Though to be sure,' added I, with a laugh, 'it has gained me no small good in my time.' So I described to the party our dinner at Mrs. Roundhand's, which all came from my diamond-pin, and my reputation as a connexion of the aristocracy. Then I thanked Lady Jane handsomely for her magnificent present of fruit and venison, and told her that it had entertained a great number of kind friends of mine, who had drunk her ladyship's health with the greatest gratitude.

'A *haunch of venison!*' cried Lady Jane, quite astonished; 'indeed, Mr. Titmarsh, I am quite at a loss to understand you.'

As we passed a gas lamp, I saw Lady Fanny laughing, as usual, and turning her great, arch, sparkling black eyes at Lord Tiptoff.

'Why, Lady Jane,' said he, 'if the truth must out, the great haunch of venison trick was one of this young lady's performing.'

You must know that I had received the above-named haunch from Lord Guttlebury's park ; and knowing that Preston is not averse to Guttlebury venison, was telling Lady Drum (in whose carriage I had a seat that day, as Mr. Titmarsh was not in the way), that I intended the haunch for your husband's table. Whereupon my Lady Fanny, clapping together her little hands, declared and vowed that the venison should *not* go to Preston, but should be sent to a gentleman about whose adventures on the day previous we had just been talking,—to Mr. Titmarsh, in fact ; whom Preston, as Fanny vowed, had used most cruelly, and to whom, she said, a reparation was due. So my Lady Fanny insists upon our driving straight to my rooms in the Albany (you know I am only to stay in my bachelor's quarters a month longer)—

'Nonsense !' says Lady Fanny.

'—Insists upon driving straight to my chambers in the Albany, extracting thence the above-named haunch.'

'Grandmamma was very sorry to part with it,' cries Lady Fanny.

'—And then she orders us to proceed to Mr. Titmarsh's house in the City, where the venison was left, in company with a couple of baskets of fruit bought at Grange's by Lady Fanny herself.'

'And what was more,' said Lady Fanny, 'I made grandmamma go into 'Fr—into Lord Tiptoff's rooms, and dictated out of my own mouth the letter which he wrote, and pinned up the haunch of venison that his hideous old housekeeper brought us—I'm quite jealous of her—I pinned up the haunch of venison in a copy of the *John Bull* newspaper.'

It had one of the Ramsbottom letters in it, I remember, which Gus and I read on Sunday at breakfast, and we nearly killed ourselves with laughing. The ladies laughed too when I told them this ; and good-natured Lady Jane said she would forgive her sister, and hoped I would too ; which I promised to do as often as her ladyship chose to repeat the offence.

I never had any more venison from the family ; but I'll tell you *what* I had. About a month after, came a card of 'Lord and Lady Tiptoff' and a great piece of plum-cake, of which I am sorry to say Gus ate a great deal too much.

CHAPTER VI

OF THE WEST DIDDLESEX ASSOCIATION, AND OF THE
EFFECT THE DIAMOND HAD THERE

WELL, the magic of the pin was not over yet. Very soon after Mrs. Brough's grand party, our director called me up to his room at the West Diddlesex, and after examining my accounts, and speaking awhile about business, said, 'That's a very fine diamond-pin, Master Titmarsh' (he spoke in a grave, patronising way), 'and I called you on purpose to speak to you upon the subject. I do not object to seeing the young men of this establishment well and handsomely dressed; but I know that their salaries cannot afford ornaments like those, and I grieve to see you with a thing of such value. You have paid for it, sir—I trust you have paid for it; for, of all things, my dear—dear young friend, beware of debt.'

I could not conceive why Brough was reading me this lecture about debt, and my having bought the diamond-pin, as I knew that he had been asking about it already, and how I came by it—Abednego told me so. 'Why, sir,' says I, 'Mr. Abednego told me that he had told you that I had told him——'

'Oh, ay—by the by, now I recollect, Mr. Titmarsh—I *do* recollect—yes; though I suppose, sir, you will imagine that I have other more important things to remember.'

'Oh, sir, in course,' says I.

'That one of the clerks *did* say something about a pin—that one of the other gentlemen had it. And so your pin was given you, was it?'

'It was given me, sir, by my aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty,' said I, raising my voice, for I was a little proud of Castle Hoggarty.

'She must be very rich to make such presents, Titmarsh?'

'Why, thank you, sir,' says I, 'she *is* pretty well off. Four hundred a year jointure; a farm at Slopperton, sir; three houses at Squashtail; and three thousand two hundred loose cash at the banker's, as I happen to know, sir,—*that's all*.'

I did happen to know this, you see, because, while I was down in Somersetshire, Mr. MacManus, my aunt's agent in Ireland, wrote to say that a mortgage she had on Lord Brallaghan's property had just been paid off, and that the money was lodged at Coutts's. Ireland was in a very disturbed state in

those days ; and my aunt wisely determined not to invest her money in that country any more, but to look out for some good security in England. However, as she had always received six per cent in Ireland, she would not hear of a smaller interest ; and had warned me, as I was a commercial man, on coming to town, to look out for some means by which she could invest her money at that rate at least.

‘And how do you come to know Mrs. Hoggarty’s property so accurately?’ said Mr. Brough ; upon which I told him.

‘Good Heavens, sir ! and do you mean that you, a clerk in the West Diddlesex Insurance Office, applied to by a respectable lady as to the manner in which she should invest property, never spoke to her about the Company which you have the honour to serve ? Do you mean, sir, that you, knowing there was a bonus of five per cent for yourself upon shares taken, did not press Mrs. Hoggarty to join us ?’

‘Sir,’ says I, ‘I’m an honest man, and would not take a bonus from my own relation.’

‘Honest I know you are, my boy—give me your hand ! So am I honest—so is every man in this Company honest ; but we must be prudent as well. We have five millions of capital on our books, as you see—five *bonâ fide* millions of *bonâ fide* sovereigns paid up, sir,—there is no dishonesty there. But why should we not have twenty millions—a hundred millions ? Why should not this be the greatest commercial association in the world ?—as it shall be, sir—it shall, as sure as my name is John Brough, if Heaven bless my honest endeavours to establish it ! But do you suppose that it can be so unless every man among us use his utmost exertions to forward the success of the enterprise ? Never, sir,—never ; and, for me, I say so everywhere. I glory in what I do. There is not a house in which I enter but I leave a prospectus of the West Diddlesex. There is not a single tradesman I employ but has shares in it to some amount. My servants, sir—my very servants and grooms are bound up with it. And the first question I ask of any one who applies to me for a place is, Are you insured or a shareholder in the West Diddlesex ? the second, Have you a good character ? And if the first question is answered in the negative, I say to the party coming to me, Then *be* a shareholder before you ask for a place in my household. Did you not see me—me, John Brough, whose name is good for millions—step out of my coach-and-four into this office, with four pounds nineteen, which I paid in to Mr. Roundhand as the price of half a share for the porter at my lodge-gate ? Did you remark that I deducted a shilling from the five pound ?’

'Yes, sir; it was the day you drew out eight hundred and seventy-three, ten and six—Thursday week,' says I.

'And why did I deduct that shilling, sir? Because it was *my commission*—John Brough's commission of five per cent; honestly earned by him, and openly taken. Was there any disguise about it? No. Did I do it for the love of a shilling? No,' says Brough, laying his hand on his heart, 'I did it from *principle*—from that motive which guides every one of my actions, as I can look up to Heaven and say. I wish all my young men to see my example, and follow it—I wish—I pray that they may. Think of that example, sir. That porter of mine has a sick wife and nine young children; he is himself a sick man, and his tenure of life is feeble; he has earned money, sir, in my service—sixty pounds and more—it is all his children have to look to—all; but for that, in the event of his death, they would be houseless beggars in the street. And what have I done for that family, sir? I have put that money out of the reach of Robert Gates, and placed it so that it shall be a blessing to his family at his death. Every farthing is invested in shares in this office; and Robert Gates, my lodge-porter, is a holder of three shares in the West Diddlesex Association, and, in that capacity, your master and mine. Do you think I want to *cheat* Gates?'

'Oh, sir!' says I.

'To cheat that poor helpless man, and those tender innocent children!—you can't think so, sir; I should be a disgrace to human nature if I did. But what boots all my energy and perseverance? What though I place my friends' money, my family's money, my own money—my hopes, wishes, desires, ambitions—all upon this enterprise? You young men will not do so. You, whom I treat with love and confidence as my children, make no return to *me*. When I toil, you remain still; when I struggle, you look on. Say the word at once,—you *doubt* me! O Heavens, that *this* should be the reward of all my care and love for you!'

Here Mr. Brough was so affected that he actually burst into tears, and I confess I saw in its true light the negligence of which I had been guilty.

'Sir,' says I, 'I am very—very sorry: it was a matter of delicacy, rather than otherwise, which induced me not to speak to my aunt about the West Diddlesex.'

'Delicacy, my dear, dear boy—as if there can be any delicacy about making your aunt's fortune! Say indifference to me, say ingratitude, say folly,—but don't say delicacy—no, no, not delicacy. Be honest, my boy, and call things by their right names—always do.'

'It *was* folly and ingratitude, Mr. Brough,' says I; 'I see it all now; and I'll write to my aunt this very post.'

'You had better do no such thing,' says Brough, bitterly; 'the stocks are at ninety, and Mrs. Hoggarty can get three per cent for her money.'

'I *will* write, sir,—upon my word and honour, I will write.'

'Well, as your honour is passed, you must, I suppose; for never break your word—no, not in a trifle, Titmarsh. Send me up the letter when you have done, and I'll frank it—upon my word and honour I will,' says Mr. Brough, laughing, and holding out his hand to me.

I took it, and he pressed mine very kindly,—'You may as well sit down here,' says he as he kept hold of it; 'there is plenty of paper.'

And so I sat down and mended a beautiful pen and began, and wrote, 'Independent West Diddlesex Association, June 1822,' and 'My dear Aunt,' in the best manner possible. Then I paused a little, thinking what I should next say; for I've always found that difficulty about letters. The date and my dear So-and-so one writes off immediately—it is the next part which is hard; and I put my pen into my mouth, flung myself back in my chair, and began to think about it.

'Bah!' said Brough, 'are you going to be about that letter all day, my good fellow? Listen to me, and I'll dictate to you in a moment.' So he began:—

'“MY DEAR AUNT,—Since my return from Somersetshire, I am very happy indeed to tell you, that I have so pleased the managing director of our Association and the Board, that they have been good enough to appoint me third clerk——”'

'Sir!' says I.

'Write what I say. Mr. Roundhand, as has been agreed by the Board yesterday, quits the clerk's desk, and takes the title of secretary and actuary. Mr. Highmore takes his place; Mr. Abednego follows him; and I place you as third clerk—as “third clerk (write), with a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. This news will, I know, gratify my dear mother and you, who have been a second mother to me all my life.

'“When I was last at home, I remember you consulted me as to the best mode of laying out a sum of money which was lying useless in your banker's hands. I have since lost no opportunity of gaining what information I could; and situated here as I am, in the very midst of affairs, I believe, although very young, I am

as good a person to apply to as many others of greater age and standing.

“I frequently thought of mentioning to you our Association, but feelings of delicacy prevented me from doing so. I did not wish that any one should suppose that a shadow of self-interest could move me in any way.

“But I believe, without any sort of doubt, that the West Diddlesex Association offers the best security that you can expect for your capital, and, at the same time, the highest interest you can anywhere procure.

“The situation of the Company, as I have it from *the very best authority*, (underline that), is as follows:—

“The subscribed and *bonâ fide* capital is FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

“The body of directors you know. Suffice it to say that the managing director is John Brough, Esq., of the firm of Brough and Hoff, a member of parliament, and a man as well known as Mr. Rothschild in the city of London. His private fortune I know for a fact amounts to half a million, and the last dividends paid to the shareholders of the I. W. D. Association amounted to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum.”

[That I know was the dividend declared by us.]

“Although the shares in the market are at a very great premium, it is the privilege of the four first clerks to dispose of a certain number, £5000 each at par; and if you, my dearest aunt, would wish for £2500 worth, I hope you will allow me to oblige you by offering you so much of my new privileges.

“Let me hear from you immediately upon the subject, as I have already an offer for the whole amount of my shares at market price.”

‘But I haven’t, sir,’ says I.

‘You have, sir. I will take the shares, but I want *you*. I want as many respectable persons in the Company as I can bring. I want you because I like you, and I don’t mind telling you that I have views of my own as well, for I am an honest man and say openly what I mean, and I’ll tell you *why* I want you. I can’t, by the regulations of the Company, have more than a certain number of votes, but if your aunt takes shares, I expect—I don’t mind owning it—that she will vote with me. *Now* do you understand me? My object is to be all in all with the Company; and if I be, I will make it the most glorious enterprise that ever was conducted in the city of London.’

So I signed the letter and left it with Mr. B. to frank.

The next day I went and took my place at the third clerk's desk, being led to it by Mr. B., who made a speech to the gents, much to the annoyance of the other chaps, who grumbled about their services; though, as for the matter of that, our services were very much alike; the Company was only three years old, and the oldest clerk in it had not six months more standing in it than I. 'Look out,' said that envious M'Whirter to me. 'Have you got money, or have any of your relations money? or are any of them going to put it into the concern?'

I did not think fit to answer him, but took a pinch out of his mull, and was always kind to him; and he, to say the truth, was always most civil to me. As for Gus Hoskins, he began to think I was a superior being; and I must say that the rest of the chaps behaved very kindly in the matter, and said that if one man were to be put over their heads before another, they would have pitched upon me, for I had never harmed any of them, and done little kindnesses to several.

'I know,' says Abednego, 'how you got the place. It was I who got it you. I told Brough you were a cousin of Preston's, the Lord of the Treasury, had venison from him, and all that; and depend upon it he expects that you will be able to do him some good in that quarter.'

I think there was some likelihood in what Abednego said, because our governor, as we called him, frequently spoke to me about my cousin; told me to push the concern in the west end of the town, get as many noblemen as we could to insure with us, and so on. It was in vain I said that I could do nothing with Mr. Preston. 'Bah! bah!' says Mr. Brough, 'don't tell *me*. People don't send haunches of venison to you for nothing;' and I'm convinced he thought I was a very cautious, prudent fellow for not bragging about my great family, and keeping my connexion with them a secret. To be sure he might have learned the truth from Gus, who lived with me, but Gus would insist that I was hand in glove with all the nobility, and boasted about me ten times as much as I did myself.

The chaps used to call me the 'West Ender.'

See, thought I, what I have gained by aunt Hoggarty giving me a diamond-pin! what a lucky thing it is that she did not give me the money as I hoped she would! Had I not had the pin—had I even taken it to any other person but Mr. Polonius, Lady Drum would never have noticed me; had Lady Drum never noticed me, Mr. Brough never would, and I never should have been third clerk of the West Diddlesex.

I took heart at all this, and wrote off on the very evening of my appointment to my dearest Mary Smith, giving her warning that a 'certain event' for which one of us was longing very earnestly, might come off sooner than we had expected. And why not? Miss S.'s own fortune was £70 a year, mine was £150, and when we had £300 we always vowed we would marry. Ah! thought I, if I could but go to Somersetshire now, I might boldly walk up to old Smith's door (he was her grandfather and a half-pay lieutenant of the navy), I might knock at the knocker and see my beloved Mary in the parlour, and not be obliged to sneak behind hay-ricks on the look-out for her, or pelt stones at midnight at her window.

My aunt, in a few days, wrote a pretty gracious reply to my letter. She had not determined, she said, as to the manner in which she should employ her three thousand pounds, but should take my offer into consideration, begging me to keep my shares open for a little while, until her mind was made up.

What, then, does Mr. Brough do? I learned afterwards, in the year 1830, when he and the West Diddlesex Association had disappeared altogether, how he had proceeded.

'Who are the attorneys at Slopperton?' says he to me in a careless way.

'Mr. Ruck, sir,' says I, 'is the Tory solicitor, and Messrs. Hodge and Smithers the Liberals.' I knew them very well, for the fact is, before Mary Smith came to live in our parts, I was rather partial to Miss Hodge, and her great gold-coloured ringlets; but Mary came and soon put *her* nose out of joint, as the saying is.

'And you are of what politics?'

'Why, sir, we are Liberals.' I was rather ashamed of this, for Mr. Brough was an out-and-out Tory; but Hodge and Smithers is a most respectable firm. I brought up a packet from them to Hickson, Dixon, Paxon and Jackson, *our* solicitors, who are their London correspondents.

Mr. Brough only said, 'Oh, indeed!' and did not talk any further on the subject, but began admiring my diamond-pin very much.

'Titmarsh, my dear boy,' says he, 'I have a young lady at Fulham who is worth seeing, I assure you, and who has heard so much about you from her father (for I like you, my boy, I don't care to own it), that she is rather anxious to see you, too. Suppose you come down to us for a week? Abednego will do your work.'

'Law, sir! you are very kind,' says I.

'Well, you shall come down, and I hope you will like my claret. But hark ye! I don't think, my dear fellow, you are

quite smart enough—quite well enough dressed. Do you understand me?’

‘I’ve my blue coat and brass buttons at home, sir.’

‘What? that thing with the waist between your shoulders that you wore at Mrs. Brough’s party?’ (It *was* rather high-waisted, being made in the country two years before.) ‘No—no, that will never do. Get some new clothes, sir,—two new suits of clothes.’

‘Sir!’ says I, ‘I’m already, if the truth must be told, very short of money for this quarter, and can’t afford myself a new suit for a long time to come.’

‘Pooh, pooh! don’t let that annoy you. Here’s a ten-pound note. But no, on second thoughts, you may as well go to my tailor’s. I’ll drive you down there, and never mind the bill, my good lad!’ And drive me down he actually did, in his grand coach-and-four, to Mr. Von Stiltz, in Clifford Street, who took my measure, and sent me home two of the finest coats ever seen, a dress coat and a frock, a velvet waistcoat, a silk ditto, and three pairs of pantaloons, of the most beautiful make. Brough told me to get some boots and pumps, and silk stockings for evenings; so that when the time came for me to go down to Fulham, I appeared as handsome as any young nobleman, and Gus said that ‘I looked, by jingo, like a regular tip-top swell.’

In the meantime, the following letter had been sent down to Hodge and Smithers:—

‘RAM ALLEY, CORNHILL, LONDON, *July* 1822.

‘DEAR SIRS,

This part being on private affairs
relative to the cases of

Dixon *v.* Haggerstony,
Snodgras *v.* Rubbidge and another,

I am not permitted
to extract.

‘Likewise we beg to hand you a few more prospectuses of the Independent West Diddlesex Fire and Life Assurance Company, of which we have the honour to be the solicitors in London. We wrote to you last year, requesting you to accept the Slopperton and Somerset agency for the same, and have been expecting for some time back that either shares or assurances should be effected by you.

‘The capital of the Company, as you know, is five millions

sterling (say £5,000,000), and we are in a situation to offer more than the usual commission to our agents of the legal profession. We shall be happy to give a premium of 6 per cent for shares to the amount of £1000, $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent above a thousand, to be paid immediately upon the taking of the shares.—I am, dear Sirs, for self and partners, yours most faithfully,

‘SAMUEL JACKSON.’

This letter, as I have said, came into my hands some time afterwards. I knew nothing of it in the year 1822, when, in my new suit of clothes, I went down to pass a week at the Rookery, Fulham, residence of John Brough, Esq., M.P.

CHAPTER VII

HOW SAMUEL TITMARSH REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT OF PROSPERITY

IF I had the pen of a George Robins, I might describe the Rookery properly : suffice it, however, to say it is a very handsome country place ; with handsome lawns sloping down to the river, handsome shrubberies and conservatories, fine stables, out-houses, kitchen gardens, and everything belonging to a first-rate *rus in urbe*, as the great auctioneer called it when he hammered it down some years after.

I arrived on a Saturday at half an hour before dinner ; a grave gentleman out of livery showed me to my room ; a man in a chocolate coat and gold lace, with Brough’s crest on the buttons, brought me a silver shaving-pot of hot water on a silver tray ; and a grand dinner was ready at six, at which I had the honour of appearing in Von Stiltz’s dress-coat, and my new silk stockings and pumps.

Brough took me by the hand as I came in, and presented me to his lady, a stout, fair-haired woman, in light blue satin ; then to his daughter, a tall, thin, dark-eyed girl, with beetle-brows, looking very ill-natured, and about eighteen.

‘Belinda, my love,’ said her papa, ‘this young gentleman is one of my clerks, who was at our ball.’

‘Oh, indeed !’ says Belinda, tossing up her head.

‘But not a common clerk, Miss Belinda,—so, if you please, we will have none of your aristocratic airs with him. He is a nephew of the Countess of Drum ; and I hope he will soon be very high in our establishment and in the city of London.’

At the name of Countess (I had a dozen times rectified the error about our relationship), Miss Belinda made a low curtsy, and stared at me very hard, and said she would try and make the Rookery pleasant to any friend of papa's. 'We have not much *monde* to-day,' continued Miss Brough, 'and are only in *petit comité*; but I hope before you leave us, you will see some *société* that will make your *séjour* agreeable.'

I saw at once that she was a fashionable girl, from her using the French language in this way.

'Isn't she a fine girl?' said Brough, whispering to me, and evidently as proud of her as a man could be. 'Isn't she a fine girl—eh, you dog? Do you see breeding like that in Somersetshire.'

'No, sir, upon my word!' answered I, rather slyly, for I was thinking all the while how 'Somebody' was a thousand times more beautiful, simple, and lady-like.

'And what has my dearest love been doing all day?' said her papa.

'Oh, pa! I have *pincéd* the harp a little to Captain Fizgig's flute. Didn't I, Captain Fizgig?'

Captain the Hon. Francis Fizgig said, 'Yes, Brough, your fair daughter *pincéd* the harp, and *touchéd* the piano, and *égratigné*d the guitar, and *écorché*d a song or two; and we had the pleasure of a *promenade à l'eau*,—of a walk upon the water.'

'Law, captain!' cries Mrs. Brough, 'walk on the water?'

'Hush, mamma, you don't understand French!' says Miss Belinda, with a sneer.

'It's a sad disadvantage, madam,' says Fizgig, gravely; 'and I recommend you and Brough here, who are coming out in the great world, to have some lessons; or at least get up a couple of dozen phrases, and introduce them into your conversation here and there. I suppose, sir, you speak it commonly at the office, or what you call it?' and Mr. Fizgig put his glass into his eye, and looked at me.

'We speak English, sir,' says I, 'knowing it better than French.'

'Everybody has not had your opportunities, Miss Brough,' continued the gentleman. 'Everybody has not *voyagé* like *nous autres*, hey? *Mais que voulez-vous*, my good sir, you must stick to your cursed ledgers and things. What's the French for ledger, Miss Belinda?'

'How can you ask! *Je n'en sçais rien*, I'm sure.'

'You should learn, Miss Brough,' said her father. 'The daughter of a British merchant need not be ashamed of the means

by which her father gets his bread. *I'm* not ashamed—I'm not proud. Those who know John Brough, know that ten years ago he was a poor clerk like my friend Titmarsh here, and is now worth half a million. Is there any man in the House better listened to than John Brough? Is there any duke in the land that can give a better dinner than John Brough; or a larger fortune to his daughter than John Brough? Why, sir, the humble person now speaking to you could buy out many a German duke! But I'm not proud—no, no, not proud. There's my daughter—look at her—when I die, she will be mistress of my fortune; but am I proud? No! Let him who can win her marry her, that's what I say. Be it you, Mr. Fizgig, son of a peer of the realm; or you, Bill Tidd. Be it a duke or a shoeblack, what do I care, hey?—what do I care?

'O-o-oh!' sighed the gent who went by the name of Bill Tidd, a very pale young man, with a black riband round his neck instead of a handkerchief, and his collars turned down like Lord Byron. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, and with a pair of great green eyes ogling Miss Brough with all his might.

'Oh, John—my dear John!' cried Mrs. Brough, seizing her husband's hand and kissing it, 'you are an angel, that you are!'

'Isabella, don't flatter me; I'm a *man*,—a plain, downright citizen of London, without a particle of pride, except in you and my daughter here—my two Bells, as I call them! This is the way that we live, Titmarsh, my boy: ours is a happy, humble, Christian home, and that's all. Isabella, leave go my hand!'

'Mamma, you mustn't do so before company; it's odious!' shrieked Miss B.; and mamma quietly let the hand fall, and heaved from her ample bosom a great large sigh. I felt a liking for that simple woman, and a respect for Brough too. He *couldn't* be a bad man, whose wife loved him so.

Dinner was soon announced, and I had the honour of leading in Miss B., who looked back rather angrily, I thought, at Captain Fizgig, because that gentleman had offered his arm to Mrs. Brough. He sat on the right of Mrs. Brough, and Miss flounced down on the seat next to him, leaving me and Mr. Tidd to take our places at the opposite side of the table.

At dinner there was turbot and soup first, and boiled turkey afterwards, of course. How is it that at all the great dinners they have this perpetual boiled turkey? It was real turtle-soup; the first time I had ever tasted it; and I remarked how Mrs. B., who insisted on helping it, gave all the green lumps of fat to her husband, and put several slices of the breast of the bird under the body, until it came to his turn to be helped.

'I'm a plain man,' says John, 'and eat a plain dinner. I hate your kickshaws, though I keep a French cook for those who are not of my way of thinking. I'm no egotist, look you; I've no prejudices; and Miss there has her *béchamel*s and fallals according to her taste. Captain, try the *volly vong*.'

We had plenty of champagne and old madeira with dinner, and great silver tankards of porter, which those might take who chose. Brough made especially a boast of drinking beer; and, when the ladies retired, said, 'Gentlemen, Tiggins will give you an unlimited supply of wine; there's no stinting here;' and then laid himself down in his easy-chair and fell asleep.

'He always does so,' whispered Mr. Tidd to me.

'Get some of that yellow-sealed wine, Tiggins,' says the captain. 'That other claret we had yesterday is loaded, and disagrees with me infernally!'

I must say I liked the yellow seal much better than aunt Hoggarty's Rosolio.

I soon found out what Mr. Tidd was, and what he was longing for.

'Isn't she a glorious creature?' says he to me.

'Who, sir?' says I.

'Miss Belinda, to be sure!' cried Tidd. 'Did mortal ever look upon eyes like hers, or view a more sylph-like figure?'

'She might have a little more flesh, Mr. Tidd,' says the captain, 'and a little less eyebrow. They look vicious, those scowling eyebrows, in a girl. *Qu'en dites-vous*, Mr. Titmarsh? as Miss Brough would say.'

'I think it remarkably good claret, sir,' says I.

'Egad, you're the right sort of fellow!' says the captain. '*Volto sciolto*, eh? You respect our sleeping host yonder?'

'That I do, sir, as the first man in the city of London, and my managing director.'

'And so do I,' says Tidd; 'and this day fortnight, when I'm of age, I'll prove my confidence too.'

'As how?' says I.

'Why, sir, you must know that I come into—ahem—a considerable property, sir, on the 14th of July, which my father made—in business.'

'Say at once he was a tailor, Tidd.'

'He *was* a tailor, sir,—but what of that? I've had a university education, and have the feelings of a gentleman; as much—ay, perhaps, and more, than some members of an effete aristocracy.'

'Tidd, don't be severe!' says the Captain, drinking a tenth glass.

‘Well, Mr. Titmarsh, when of age I come into a considerable property ; and Mr. Brough has been so good as to say he can get me twelve hundred a year for my twenty thousand pounds, and I have promised to invest them.’

‘In the West Diddlesex, sir ?’ says I—‘in our office ?’

‘No, in another company, of which Mr. Brough is director, and quite as good a thing. Mr. Brough is a very old friend of my family, sir, and he has taken a great liking to me ; and he says that with my talents I ought to get into parliament ; and then—and then ! after I have laid out my patrimony, I may look to *matrimony*, you see !’

‘Oh, you designing dog !’ said the captain. ‘When I used to lick you at school, who ever would have thought that I was thrashing a sucking statesman ?’

‘Talk away, boys !’ said Brough, waking out of his sleep ; ‘I only sleep with half an eye, and hear you all. Yes, you shall get into parliament, Tidd, my man, or my name’s not Brough ! You shall have six per cent for your money, or never believe me ! But as for my daughter—ask *her*, and not me. You, or the captain, or Titmarsh, may have her, if you can get her. All I ask in a son-in-law is, that he should be, as every one of you is, an honourable and high-minded man !’

Tidd at this looked very knowing ; and, as our host sank off to sleep again, pointed archly at his eyebrows, and wagged his head at the captain.

‘Bah !’ says the captain. ‘I say what I think ; and you may tell Miss Brough, if you like ;’ and so presently this conversation ended, and we were summoned in to coffee ; after which the captain sang songs with Miss Brough ; and Tidd looked at her and said nothing, and I looked at prints, and Mrs. Brough sat knitting stockings for the poor. The captain was sneering openly at Miss Brough, and her affected ways and talk ; but in spite of his bullying, contemptuous way, I thought she seemed to have a great regard for him, and to bear his scorn very meekly.

At twelve Captain Fizgig went off to his barracks at Knightsbridge, and Tidd and I to our rooms. Next day being Sunday, a great bell woke us at eight, and at nine we all assembled in the breakfast-room, where Mr. Brough read prayers, a chapter, and made an exhortation afterwards, to us and all the members of the household, except the French cook, Monsieur Nongtongpaw, whom I could see from my chair walking about in the shrubberies in his white nightcap, smoking a cigar.

Every morning, on week-days, punctually at eight, Mr. Brough went through the same ceremony, and had his family to prayers ;

but though this man was a hypocrite, as I found afterwards, I'm not going to laugh at the family prayers, or say he was a hypocrite *because* he had them. There are many bad and good men who don't go through the ceremony at all; but I am sure the good men would be the better for it, and am not called upon to settle the question with respect to the bad ones; and therefore I have passed over a great deal of the religious part of Mr. Brough's behaviour: suffice it, that religion was always on his lips; that he went to church thrice every Sunday, when he had not a party; and if he did not talk religion with us when we were alone, had a great deal to say upon the subject upon occasions, as I found one day when we had a Quaker and Dissenter party to dine, and when his talk was as grave as that of any minister present. Tidd was not there that day,—for nothing could make him forsake his Byron riband, or refrain from wearing his collars turned down; so Tidd was sent with the buggy to Astley's. 'And hark ye, Titmarsh, my boy,' said he, 'leave your diamond-pin upstairs; our friends to-day don't like such gewgaws; and though, for my part, I am no enemy to harmless ornaments, yet I would not shock the feelings of those who have sterner opinions. You will see that my wife and Miss Brough consult my wishes in this respect.' And so they did,—for they both came down to dinner in black gowns and tippets; whereas Miss B. had commonly her dress half off her shoulders.

The captain rode over several times to see us; and Miss Brough seemed always delighted to see *him*. One day I met him as I was walking out alone by the river, and we had a long talk together.

'Mr. Titmarsh,' says he, 'from what little I have seen of you, you seem to be an honest straight-minded young fellow; and I want some information that you can give. Tell me, in the first place, if you will—and upon my honour it shall go no farther—about this Insurance Company of yours? You are in the City, and see how affairs are going on. Is your concern a stable one?'

'Sir,' said I, 'frankly, then, and upon my honour too, I believe it is. It has been set up only four years, it is true; but Mr. Brough had a great name when it was established, and a vast connexion. Every clerk in the office has, to be sure, in a manner, paid for his place, either by taking shares himself, or by his relations taking them. I got mine because my mother, who is very poor, devoted a small sum of money that came to us to the purchase of an annuity for herself, and a provision for me. The matter was debated by the family and our attorneys, Messrs. Hodge and Smithers, who are very well known in our part of the

country ; and it was agreed on all hands that my mother could not do better with her money for all of us than invest it in this way. Brough alone is worth half a million of money, and his name is a host in itself. Nay, more ; I wrote the other day to an aunt of mine, who has a considerable sum of money in loose cash, and who had consulted me as to the disposal of it, to invest it in our office. Can I give you any better proof of my opinion of its solvency ?

‘Did Brough persuade you in any way ?’

‘Yes, he certainly spoke to me ; but he very honestly told me his motives, and tells them to us all as honestly. He says, “Gentlemen, it is my object to increase the connexion of the office as much as possible. I want to crush all the other offices in London. Our terms are lower than any office, and we can bear to have them lower, and a great business will come to us that way. But we must work ourselves as well. Every single shareholder and officer of the establishment must exert himself, and bring us customers,—no matter for how little they are engaged—engage them ; that is the great point.” And accordingly our director makes all his friends and servants shareholders ; his very lodge-porter yonder is a shareholder ; and he thus endeavours to fasten upon all whom he comes near. I, for instance, have just been appointed over the heads of our gents, to a much better place than I held. I am asked down here, and entertained royally ; and why ? Because my aunt has three thousand pounds which Mr. Brough wants her to invest with us.’

‘That looks awkward, Mr. Titmarsh.’

‘Not a whit, sir ; he makes no disguise of the matter. When the question is settled one way or the other, I don’t believe Mr. Brough will take any further notice of me. But he wants me now. This place happened to fall in just at the very moment when he had need of me ; and he hopes to gain over my family through me. He told me as much as we drove down. “You are a man of the world, Titmarsh,” said he ; “you know that I don’t give you this place because you are an honest fellow, and write a good hand. If I had had a lesser bribe to offer you at the moment, I should only have given you that ; but I had no choice, and gave you what was in my power.”’

‘That’s fair enough ; but what can make Brough so eager for such a small sum as three thousand pounds ?’

‘If it had been ten, sir, he would have been not a bit more eager. You don’t know the city of London, and the passion which our great men in the share-market have for increasing their connexion. Mr. Brough, sir, would canvass and wheedle a

chimney-sweep in the way of business. See, here is poor Tidd and his twenty thousand pounds. Our director has taken possession of him just in the same way. He wants all the capital he can lay his hands on.'

'Yes, and suppose he runs off with the capital?'

'Mr. Brough, of the firm of Brough and Hoff, sir? Suppose the Bank of England runs off! But here we are at the lodge-gate. Let's ask Gates, another of Mr. Brough's victims;' and we went in and spoke to old Gates.

'Well, Mr. Gates,' says I, beginning the matter cleverly, 'you are one of my masters, you know, at the West Diddlesex yonder?'

'Yees, sure,' says old Gates, grinning. He was a retired servant, with a large family come to him in his old age.

'May I ask you what your wages are, Mr. Gates, that you can lay by so much money, and purchase shares in our Company?'

Gates told us his wages; and when we inquired whether they were paid regularly, swore that his master was the kindest gentleman in the world; that he had put two of his daughters into service, two of his sons to charity-schools, made one apprentice, and narrated a hundred other benefits that he had received from the family. Mrs. Brough clothed half the children; master gave them blankets and coats in winter, and soup and meat all the year round. There never was such a generous family, sure, since the world began.

'Well, sir,' said I to the captain, 'does that satisfy you? Mr. Brough gives to these people fifty times as much as he gains from them; and yet he makes Mr. Gates take shares in our Company.'

'Mr. Titmarsh,' says the captain, 'you are an honest fellow; and I confess your argument sounds well. Now, tell me, do you know anything about Miss Brough and her fortune?'

'Brough will leave her everything,—or says so.' But I suppose the captain saw some particular expression in my countenance, for he laughed and said,—

'I suppose, my dear fellow, you think she's dear at the price. Well, I don't know that you are far wrong.'

'Why, then, if I may make so bold, Captain Fizgig, are you always at her heels?'

'Mr. Titmarsh,' says the captain, 'I owe twenty thousand pounds;' and he went back to the house directly, and proposed for her.

I thought this rather cruel and unprincipled conduct on the gentleman's part; for he had been introduced to the family by Mr. Tidd, with whom he had been at school, and had supplanted Tidd

entirely in the great heiress's affections. Brough stormed, and actually swore at his daughter (as the captain told me afterwards), when he heard that the latter had accepted Mr. Fizzig; and at last, seeing the captain, made him give his word that the engagement should be kept secret for a few months. And Captain F. only made a confidant of me, and the mess, as he said; but this was after Tidd had paid his twenty thousand pounds over to our governor, which he did punctually when he came of age. The same day, too, he proposed for the young lady, and I need not say was rejected. Presently the captain's engagement began to be whispered about; and all his great relations, the Duke of Doncaster, the Earl of Cinquars, the Earl of Crabs, etc., came and visited the Brough family; the Hon. Henry Ringwood became a shareholder in our Company, and the Earl of Crabs offered to be. Our shares rose to a premium; our director, his lady, and daughter were presented at court; and the great West Diddlesex Association bid fair to be the first assurance office in the kingdom.

A very short time after my visit to Fulham, my dear aunt wrote to me to say that she had consulted with her attorneys, Messrs. Hodge and Smithers, who strongly recommended that she should invest the sum as I advised. She had the sum invested, too, in my name, paying me many compliments upon my honesty and talent, of which, she said, Mr. Brough had given her the most flattering account. And at the same time my aunt informed me that at her death the shares should be my own. This gave me a great weight in the Company, as you may imagine. At our next annual meeting, I attended in my capacity as a shareholder, and had great pleasure in hearing Mr. Brough, in a magnificent speech, declare a dividend of six per cent, that we all received over the counter.

'You lucky young scoundrel!' said Brough to me; 'do you know what made me give you your place?'

'Why, my aunt's money, to be sure, sir,' said I.

'No such thing. Do you fancy I cared for those paltry three thousand pounds? I was told you were nephew of Lady Drum; and Lady Drum is grandmother of Lady Jane Preston; and Mr. Preston is a man who can do us a world of good. I knew that they had sent you venison, and the deuce knows what; and when I saw Lady Jane at my party shake you by the hand, and speak to you so kindly, I took all Abednego's tales for gospel. *That* was the reason you got the place, mark you, and not on account of your miserable three thousand pounds. Well, sir, a fortnight after you was with us at Fulham, I met Preston in the House, and made a merit of having given the place to his cousin. "Confound

the insolent scoundrel!" said he; "*he* my cousin! I suppose you take all old Drum's stories for true? Why, man, it's her mania; she never is introduced to a man but she finds out a cousinship, and would not fail, of course, with that cur of a Titmarsh!" "Well," said I, laughing, "that cur has got a good place in consequence, and the matter can't be mended." So you see,' continued our director, 'that you were indebted for your place not to your aunt's money, but——'

'But MY AUNT'S DIAMOND-PIN!'

'Lucky rascal!' said Brough, poking me in the side, and going out of the way. And lucky, in faith, I thought I was.

CHAPTER VIII

RELATES THE HAPPIEST DAY OF SAMUEL TITMARSH'S LIFE

I DON'T know how it was that in the course of the next six months Mr. Roundhand, the actuary, who had been such a profound admirer of Mr. Brough and the West Diddlesex Association, suddenly quarrelled with both, and taking his money out of the concern, he disposed of his £5000 worth of shares to a pretty good profit,—went away speaking everything that was evil both of the Company and the director.

Mr. Highmore now became secretary and actuary, Mr. Abednego was first clerk, and your humble servant was second in the office at a salary of £200 a year. How unfounded were Mr. Roundhand's aspersions of the West Diddlesex appeared quite clearly at our meeting in January 1823, when our chief director, in one of the most brilliant speeches ever heard, declared that the half-yearly dividend was £4 per cent, at the rate of £8 per cent per annum and I sent to my aunt £120 sterling as the amount of the interest of the stock in my name.

My excellent aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty, delighted beyond measure, sent me back £10 for my own pocket, and asked me if she had not better sell Slopperton and Squashtail, and invest all her money in this admirable concern.

On this point I could not surely do better than ask the opinion of Mr. Brough. Mr. B. told me that shares could not be had, but at a premium; but on my representing that I knew of £5000 worth in the market at par, he said—'Well, if so, he would take a fair price for his, and would not mind disposing of £5000 worth, as he had rather a glut of West Diddlesex shares, and his other

concerns wanted feeding with ready money.' At the end of our conversation, of which I promised to report the purport to Mrs. Hoggarty, the director was so kind as to say that he had determined on creating a place of private secretary to the managing director, and that I should hold that office with an additional salary of £150.

I had £250 a year, Miss Smith had £70 per annum to her fortune. What had I said should be my line of conduct whenever I could realise £300 a year?

Gus of course, and all the gents in our office through him, knew of my engagement with Mary Smith. Her father had been a commander in the navy and a very distinguished officer; and though Mary, as I have said, only brought me a fortune of £70 a year, and I, as everybody said, in my present position in the office and the city of London, might have reasonably looked out for a lady with much more money; yet my friends agreed that the connexion was very respectable, and I was content, as who would not have been with such a darling as Mary? I am sure, for my part, I would not have taken the lord mayor's own daughter in place of Mary with a plum to her fortune.

Mr. Brough, of course, was made aware of my approaching marriage, as of everything else relating to every clerk in the office; and I do believe Abednego told him what we had for dinner every day. Indeed, his knowledge of our affairs was wonderful.

He asked me how Mary's money was invested. It was in the three per cent consols—£2333 : 6 : 8.

'Remember,' says he, 'my lad, Mrs. Sam Titmarsh that is to be may have seven per cent for her money at the very least, and on better security than the Bank of England; for is not a company of which John Brough is the head better than any other company in England?' And to be sure I thought he was not far wrong, and promised to speak to Mary's guardians on the subject before our marriage. Lieutenant Smith, her grandfather, had been at the first very much averse to our union. (I must confess that one day finding me alone with her, and kissing, I believe, the tips of her little fingers, he had taken me by the collar and turned me out of doors.) But Sam Titmarsh, with a salary of £250, a promised fortune of £150 more, and the right-hand man of John Brough of London, was a very different man from Sam the poor clerk, and the poor clergyman's widow's son; and the old gentleman wrote me a kind letter enough, and begged me to get him six pairs of lamb's-wool stockings and four ditto waistcoats from Romanis', and accepted them too as a present from me when

I went down in June—in happy June of 1823—to fetch my dear Mary away.

Mr. Brough was likewise kindly anxious about my aunt's Slopperton and Squashtail property, which she had not as yet sold, as she talked of doing; and, as Mr. B. represented, it was a sin and a shame that any person in whom he took such interest, as he did in all the relatives of his dear young friend, should only have three per cent for her money, when she could have eight elsewhere. He always called me Sam now, praised me to the other young men (who brought the praises regularly to me), said there was a cover always laid for me at Fulham, and repeatedly took me thither. There was but little company when I went; and M'Whirter used to say he only asked me on days when he had his vulgar acquaintances. But I did not care for the great people, not being born in their sphere; and, indeed, did not much care for going to the house at all. Miss Belinda was not at all to my liking. After her engagement with Captain Fizgig, and after Mr. Tidd had paid his £20,000, and Fizgig's great relations had joined in some of our director's companies, Mr. Brough declared he believed that Captain Fizgig's views were mercenary, and put him to the proof at once, by saying that he must take Miss Brough without a farthing, or not have her at all. Whereupon Captain Fizgig got an appointment in the colonies, and Miss Brough became more ill-humoured than ever. But I could not help thinking she was rid of a bad bargain, and pitying poor Tidd, who came back to the charge again more love-sick than ever, and was rebuffed pitilessly by Miss Belinda. Her father plainly told Tidd, too, that his visits were disagreeable to Belinda, and though he must always love and value him, he begged him to discontinue his calls at the Rookery. Poor fellow! he had paid his £20,000 away for nothing! for what was six per cent to him compared to six per cent and the hand of Miss Belinda Brough?

Well, Mr. Brough pitied the poor love-sick swain, as he called me, so much, and felt such a warm sympathy in my well-being, that he insisted on my going down to Somersetshire with a couple of months' leave: and away I went, as happy as a lark, with a couple of brand-new suits from Von Stiltz's in my trunk (I had them made, looking forward to a certain event), and inside the trunk Lieutenant Smith's fleecy hosiery, wrapping up a parcel of our prospectuses and two letters from John Brough, Esq., to my mother, our worthy annuitant, and to Mrs. Hoggarty, our excellent shareholder. Mr. Brough said I was all that the fondest father could wish, that he considered me as his own boy, and that he earnestly begged Mrs. Hoggarty not to delay the sale

of her little landed property, as land was high now and *must fall*, as the West Diddlesex Association shares were (comparatively) low, and must inevitably, in the course of a year or two, double, treble, quadruple their present value.

In this way I was prepared, and in this way I took leave of my dear Gus. As we parted in the yard of the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, I felt that I never should go back to Salisbury Square again, and had made my little present to the landlady's family accordingly. She said I was the respectablest gentleman she had ever had in her house: nor was that saying much, for Bell Lane is in the rules of the Fleet, and her lodgers used commonly to be prisoners on rule from that place. As for Gus, the poor fellow cried and blubbered so that he could not eat a morsel of the muffins and grilled ham with which I treated him for breakfast in the Bolt-in-Tun coffee-house; and when I went away was waving his hat and his handkerchief so in the archway of the coach-office, that I do believe the wheels of the True Blue went over his toes, for I heard him roaring as we passed through the arch. Ah! how different were my feelings as I sat proudly there on the box by the side of Jim Ward, the coachman, to those I had the last time I mounted that coach, parting from my dear Mary and coming to London with my DIAMOND-PIN!

When arrived near home (at Grumpley, three miles from our village, where the True Blue generally stops to take a glass of ale at the Poppleton Arms) it was as if our member, Mr. Poppleton himself, was come into the country, so great was the concourse of people assembled round the inn. And there was the landlord of the inn and all the people of the village. Then there was Tom Wheeler, the post-boy from Mrs. Rincer's posting-hotel in our town, and he was riding on the old bay posters, and they, heaven bless us! were drawing my aunt's yellow chariot in which she never went out but thrice in a year, and in which she now sat in her splendid cashmere shawl and a new hat and feather. She waved a white handkerchief out of the window, and Tom Wheeler shouted out huzza, as did a number of the little blackguard boys of Grumpley, who, to be sure, would huzza for anything. What a change on Tom Wheeler's part, however! I remembered only a few years before how he had whipped me from the box of the chaise, as I was hanging on for a ride behind.

Next to my aunt's carriage came the four-wheeled chaise of Lieutenant Smith, R.N., who was driving his old fat pony with his lady by his side. I looked in the back seat of the chaise, and felt a little sad at seeing that *Somebody* was not there. But, O

silly fellow ! there was Somebody in the yellow chariot with my aunt, blushing like a peony, I declare, and looking so happy !—oh, so happy and pretty ! She had a white dress, and a light blue and yellow scarf, which my aunt said were the Hoggarty colours ; though what the Hoggartys had to do with light blue and yellow, I don't know to this day.

Well, the True Blue guard made a great bellowing on his horn as his four horses dashed away ; the boys shouted again ; I was placed bodkin between Mrs. Hoggarty and Mary ; Tom Wheeler cut into his bays ; the lieutenant (who had shaken me cordially by the hand, and whose big dog did not make the slightest attempt at biting me this time) beat his pony till its fat sides lathered again ; and thus in this, I may say, unexampled procession, I arrived in triumph at our village.

My dear mother and the girls,—Heaven bless them !—nine of them in their nankeen spencers (I had something pretty in my trunk for each of them)—could not afford a carriage, but had posted themselves on the road near the village ; and there was such a waving of hands and handkerchiefs ; and though my aunt did not much notice them, except by a majestic toss of the head, which is pardonable in a woman of her property, yet Mary Smith did even more than I, and waved her hands as much as the whole nine. Ah ! how my dear mother cried and blessed me when we met, and called me her soul's comfort and her darling boy, and looked at me as if I were a paragon of virtue and genius ; whereas I was only a very lucky young fellow, that by the aid of kind friends had stepped rapidly into a very pretty property.

I was not to stay with my mother,—that had been arranged beforehand ; for though she and Mrs. Hoggarty were not remarkably good friends, yet mother said it was for my benefit that I should stay with my aunt, and so gave up the pleasure of having me with her ; and though hers was much the humbler house of the two, I need not say I preferred it far to Mrs. Hoggarty's more splendid one, let alone the horrible Rosolio, of which I was obliged now to drink gallons.

It was to Mrs. H.'s then we were driven ; she had prepared a great dinner that evening, and hired an extra waiter ; and on getting out of the carriage, she gave a sixpence to Tom Wheeler, saying that was for himself, and that she would settle with Mrs. Rincer for the horses afterwards. At which Tom flung the sixpence upon the ground, swore most violently, and was very justly called by my aunt an 'impertinent fellow.'

She had taken such a liking to me that she would hardly bear me out of her sight. We used to sit for morning after morning

over her accounts, debating for hours together the propriety of selling the Slopperton property ; but no arrangement was come to yet about it, for Hodge and Smithers could not get the price she wanted. And, moreover, she vowed that at her decease she would leave every shilling to me.

Hodge and Smithers, too, gave a grand party, and treated me with marked consideration ; as did every single person of the village. Those who could not afford to give dinners gave teas, and all drank the health of the young couple ; and many a time after dinner or supper was my Mary made to blush by the allusions to the change in her condition.

The happy day for that ceremony was now fixed, and the 24th July, 1823, saw me the happiest husband of the prettiest girl in Somersetshire. We were married from my mother's house, who would insist upon that at any rate, and the nine girls acted as bridesmaids ; ay ! and Gus Hoskins came from town express to be my groomsmen, and had my old room at my mother's, and stayed with her for a week, and cast a sheep's-eye upon Miss Winny Titmarsh too, my dear fourth sister, as I afterwards learned.

My aunt was very kind upon the marriage ceremony, indeed. She had ordered me some weeks previous to order three magnificent dresses for Mary from the celebrated Madame Mantalini of London, and some elegant trinkets and embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs from Howell and James's. These were sent down to me, and were to be *my* present to the bride ; but Mrs. Hoggarty gave me to understand that I need never trouble myself about the payment of the bill, and I thought her conduct very generous. Also she lent us her chariot for the wedding journey, and made with her own hands a beautiful crimson satin reticule for Mrs. Samuel Titmarsh, her dear niece. It contained a huswife completely furnished with needles, etc., for she hoped Mrs. Titmarsh would never neglect her needle ; and a purse, containing some silver pennies ; and a very curious pocket-piece. 'As long as you keep these, my dear,' said Mrs. Hoggarty, 'you will never want ; and fervently—fervently do I pray that you will keep them.' In the carriage-pocket we found a paper of biscuits and a bottle of Rosolio. We laughed at this, and made it over to Tom Wheeler, who, however, did not seem to like it much better than we.

I need not say I was married in Mr. Von Stiltz's coat (the third and fourth coats, Heaven help us ! in a year) and that I wore sparkling in my bosom the GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND.

CHAPTER IX

BRINGS BACK SAM, HIS WIFE, AUNT, AND DIAMOND,
TO LONDON

WE pleased ourselves during the honeymoon with forming plans for our life in London, and a pretty paradise did we build for ourselves ! Well, we were but forty years old between us ; and, for my part, I never found any harm come of castle-building, and a great deal of pleasure.

Before I left London I had, to say the truth, looked round me for a proper place, befitting persons of our small income ; and Gus Hoskins and I, who hunted after office hours in couples, had fixed on a very snug little cottage in Camden Town, where there was a garden that certain *small people* might play in when they came ; a horse and gig-house, if ever we kept one,—and why not in a few years ?—and a fine healthy air, at a reasonable distance from 'Change ; all for £30 a year. I had described this little spot to Mary as enthusiastically as Sancho describes Lizias to Don Quixote ; and my dear wife was delighted with the prospect of housekeeping there, vowed she would cook all the best dishes herself (especially jam-pudding, of which I confess I am very fond), and promised Gus that he should dine with us at Clematis Bower every Sunday, only he must not smoke those horrid cigars. As for Gus, he vowed he would have a room in the neighbourhood too, for he could not bear to go back to Bell Lane, where we two had been so happy together ; and so good-natured Mary said she would ask my sister Winny to come and keep her company. At which Hoskins blushed, and said, 'Pooh ! nonsense now.'

But all our hopes of a happy, snug Clematis Lodge were dashed to the ground on our return from our little honeymoon excursion ; when Mrs. Hoggarty informed us that she was sick of the country, and was determined to go to London, with her dear nephew and niece, and keep house for them, and introduce them to her friends in the metropolis.

What could we do ? We wished her at—Bath, certainly not in London. But there was no help for it ; and we were obliged to bring her ; for, as my mother said, if we offended her, her fortune would go out of our family ; and were we two young people not likely to want it ?

So we came to town rather dismally in the carriage ; posting the whole way, for the carriage must be brought, and a person of

my aunt's rank in life could not travel by the stage. And I had to pay £14 for the posters, which pretty nearly exhausted all my little hoard of cash.

First we went into lodgings,—into three sets in three weeks. We quarrelled with the first landlady, because my aunt vowed that she cut a slice off the leg of mutton which was served for our dinner; from the second lodgings we went because aunt vowed the maid would steal the candles; from the third we went because aunt Hoggarty came down to breakfast the morning after our arrival with her face shockingly swelled and bitten by—never mind what. To cut a long tale short, I was half mad with the continual choppings and changings, and the long stories and scoldings of my aunt. As for her great acquaintances, none of them were in London; and she made it a matter of quarrel with me that I had not introduced her to John Brough, Esquire, M.P., and to Lord and Lady Tiptoff, her relatives.

Mr. Brough was at Brighton when we arrived in town; and on his return I did not care at first to tell our director that I had brought my aunt with me, or mention my embarrassments for money. He looked rather serious when perforce I spoke of the latter to him, and asked for an advance; but when he heard that my lack of money had been occasioned by the bringing of my aunt to London, his tone instantly changed. 'That, my dear boy, alters the question; Mrs. Hoggarty is of an age when all things must be yielded to her. Here are a hundred pounds; and I beg you to draw upon me whenever you are in the least in want of money.' This gave me breathing time until she should pay her share of the household expenses. And the very next day Mr. and Mrs. John Brough, in their splendid carriage-and-four, called upon Mrs. Hoggarty and my wife in our lodgings, in Lamb's Conduit Street.

It was on the very day when my poor aunt appeared with her face in that sad condition; and she did not fail to inform Mrs. Brough of the cause, and to state that at Castle Hoggarty, or at her country place in Somersetshire, she had never heard or thought of such vile odious things.

'Gracious Heavens!' shouted John Brough, Esquire, 'a lady of your rank to suffer in this way!—the excellent relative of my dear boy, Titmarsh! Never, madam—never let it be said that Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty should be subject to such horrible humiliation, while John Brough has a home to offer her,—a humble, happy, Christian home, madam, though unlike, perhaps, the splendour to which you have been accustomed in the course of your distinguished career. Isabella, my love!—Belinda!—speak to Mrs. Hoggarty. Tell her that John Brough's house is hers from garret to cellar—

I repeat it, madam, from garret to cellar. I desire—I insist—I order that Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty's trunks should be placed this instant in my carriage! Have the goodness to look to them yourself, Mrs. Titmarsh, and see that your dear aunt's comforts are better provided for than they have been.'

Mary went away rather wondering at this order. But, to be sure, Mr. Brough was a great man, and her Samuel's benefactor; and though the silly child absolutely began to cry as she packed and toiled at aunt's enormous valises, yet she performed the work, and came down with a smiling face to my aunt, who was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Brough with a long and particular account of the balls at the Castle, in Dublin, in Lord Charleville's time.

'I have packed the trunks, aunt, but I am not strong enough to bring them down,' said Mary.

'Certainly not, certainly not,' said John Brough, perhaps a little ashamed. 'Hallo! George, Frederic, Augustus, come upstairs this instant, and bring down the trunks of Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty, which this young lady will show you.'

Nay, so great was Mr. Brough's condescension, that when some of his fashionable servants refused to meddle with the trunks, he himself seized a pair of them with both hands, carried them to the carriage, and shouted loud enough for all Lamb's Conduit Street to hear, 'John Brough is not proud—no, no; and if his footmen are too high and mighty, he'll show them a lesson of humility.'

Mrs. Brough was for running downstairs too, and taking the trunks from her husband, but they were too heavy for her; so she contented herself with sitting on one, and asking all persons who passed her whether John Brough was not an angel of a man?

In this way it was that my aunt left us. I was not aware of her departure, for I was at the office at the time; and strolling back at five with Gus, saw my dear Mary smiling and bobbing from the window, and beckoning to us both to come up. This I thought was very strange, because Mrs. Hoggarty could not abide Hoskins, and indeed had told me repeatedly that either she or he must quit the house. Well, we went upstairs, and there was Mary, who had dried her tears, and received us with the most smiling of faces, and laughed and clapped her hands, and danced, and shook Gus's hand. And what do you think the little rogue proposed? I am blest if she did not say she would like to go to Vauxhall!

As dinner was laid for three persons only, Gus took his seat with fear and trembling; and then Mrs. Sam Titmarsh related the circumstances which had occurred, and how Mrs. Hoggarty had been whisked away to Fulham in Mr. Brough's splendid carriage-and-four. 'Let her go,' I am sorry to say, said I; and,

indeed, we relished our veal cutlets and jam-pudding a great deal more than Mrs. Hoggarty did her dinner off plate at the Rookery.

We had a very merry party to Vauxhall, Gus insisting on standing treat; and you may be certain that my aunt, whose absence was prolonged for three weeks, was heartily welcome to remain away, for we were much merrier and more comfortable without her. My little Mary used to make my breakfast before I went to office of mornings; and on Sundays we had a holiday, and saw the dear little children eat their boiled beef and potatoes at the Foundling, and heard the beautiful music; but, beautiful as it is, I think the children were a more beautiful sight still, and the look of their innocent happy faces was better than the best sermon. On week days Mrs. Titmarsh would take a walk about five o'clock in the evening, on the *left-hand* side of Lamb's Conduit Street (as you go to Holborn)—ay, and sometimes pursue her walk as far as Snow Hill, when two young gents from the I. W. D. Fire and Life were pretty sure to meet her; and then how happily we all trudged off to dinner! Once we came up as a monster of a man, with high heels and a gold-headed cane, and whiskers all over his face, was grinning under Mary's bonnet, and chattering to her close to Day and Martin's blacking manufactory (not near such a handsome thing then as it is now)—there was the man chattering and ogling his best, when who should come up but Gus and I? And in the twinkling of a pegpost, as Lord Duberley says, my gentleman was seized by the collar of his coat, and found himself sprawling under a stand of hackney-coaches, where all the watermen were grinning at him. The best of it was, he left his *head of hair and whiskers* in my hand; but Mary said, 'Don't be hard upon him, Samuel; it's only a Frenchman.' And so we gave him his wig back, which one of the grinning stable-boys put on and carried to him as he lay in the straw.

He shrieked out something about 'arrêtez,' and 'Français,' and 'champ-d'honneur;' but we walked on, Gus putting his thumb to his nose, and stretching out his finger at Master Frenchman. This made everybody laugh; and so the adventure ended.

About ten days after my aunt's departure came a letter from her, of which I give a copy:—

'MY DEAR NEPHEW,—It was my earnest wish e'er this to have returned to London, where I am sure you and my niece Titmarsh miss me very much, and where she, poor thing, quite inexperienced in the ways of "the great metropulus," in aconamy, and indeed in every qualaty requasit in a good wife and the mistress of a famaly, can hardly manidge, I am sure, without me.

‘Tell her *on no account* to pay more than 6½d. for the prime pieces, 4¾d. for soup-meat ; and that the very best of London butter is to be had for 8½d. ; of course, for pudns and the kitchin you’ll employ a commoner sort. My trunks were sadly packed by Mrs. Titmarsh, and the hasp of the portmantyou-lock has gone through my yellow satn. I have darned it, and wear it already twice, at two ellygant (though quiet) evening parties, given by my *hospatable* host ; and my pegreen velvet on Saturday at a grand dinner, when Lord Scaramouch handed me to table. Everything was in the most *sumptuous style*. Soup top and bottom (white and brown), removed by turbit and sammon, with *immence boles of lobster-sauce*. Lobsters alone cost 15s. Turbit, three guineas. The hole sammon, weighing I’m sure 15 lbs., and *never seen* at table again ; not a bitt of pickled sammon the hole weak afterwards. This kind of extravagance would *just suit* Mrs. Sam Titmarsh, who, as I always say, burns *the candle at both ends*. Well, young people, it is lucky for you you have an old aunt who knows better, and has a long purse, without witch, I dare say, *some* folks would be glad to see her out of doors. I don’t mean you, Samuel, who have, I must say, been a dutiful nephew to me. Well, I dare say I shan’t live long, and some folks won’t be sorry to have me in my grave.

‘Indeed, on Sunday I was taken in my stomick very ill, and thought it might have been the lobster-sauce ; but Doctor Blogg, who was called in, said it was, he very much feared, *cumsumptive* ; but gave me some pils and a draft, w^h made me better. Please call upon him—he lives at Pimlico, and you can walk out there after office hours—and present him with £1 : 1s., with my compliments. I have no money here but a £10 note, the rest being locked up in my box at Lamb’s Cundit Street.

‘Although the flesh is not neglected in Mr. B.’s sumptuous establishment, I can assure you the *sperrit* is likewise cared for. Mr. B. reads and igspounds every morning ; and o but his exorcises refresh the hungry sole before breakfast ! Everything is in the handsomest style,—silver and goold plate at breakfast, lunch, and dinner ; and his crest and motty, a beehive, with the Latn word *Industria*, meaning industry, on *everything*—even on the chany juggs and things in my bedd-room. On Sunday we were favored by a special outpouring from the Rev. Grimes Wapshot, of the Amabaptist Congrigation here, and who egshorted for 3 hours in the afternoon in Mr. B.’s private chapel. As the widow of a Hoggarty, I have always been a staunch supporter of the established Church of England and Ireland ; but I must say Mr. Wapshot’s stirring way was far superior to that of the Rev. Bland Blenkinsop

of the Establishment, who lifted up his voice after dinner for a short discourse of two hours.

‘Mrs. Brough is, between ourselves, a poor creature, and has no sperrit of her own. As for Miss B., she is so saucy that once I prommised to box her years ; and would have left the house, had not Mr. B. taken my part, and Miss made me a suitable apollogy.

‘I don’t know when I shall return to town, being made really so welcome here. Dr. Blogg says the air of Fulham is the best in the world for my simtums ; and as the ladies of the house do not choose to walk out with me, the Rev. Grimes Wapshot has often been kind enough to lend me his arm, and ’tis sweet with such a guide to wander both to Putney and Wandsworth, and igsamin the wonderful works of nature. I have spoke to him about the Slopperton property, and he is not of Mr. B.’s opinion that I should sell it ; but on this point I shall follow my own counsel.

‘Meantime you must gett into more comfortable lodgings, and lett my bedd be warmed every night, and of rainy days have a fire in the grate ; and let Mrs. Titmarsh look up my blew silk dress, and turn it against I come ; and there is my purple spencer she can have for herself ; and I hope she does not wear those three splendid gowns you gave her, but keep them until *better times*. I shall soon introduse her to my friend Mr. Brough, and others of my acquaintances ; and am always

Your loving AUNT.

‘I have ordered a-chest of the Rosolio to be sent from Somersetshire. When it comes, please to send half down here (paying the carriage, of course). ’Twill be an acceptable present to my kind entertainer, Mr. B.’

This letter was brought to me by Mr. Brough himself at the office ; who apologised to me for having broken the seal by inadvertence ; for the letter had been mingled with some more of his own, and he opened it without looking at the superscription. Of course he had not read it, and I was glad of that ; for I should not have liked him to see my aunt’s opinion of his daughter and lady.

The next day a gentleman at Tom’s Coffee-house, Cornhill, sent me word at the office that he wanted particularly to speak to me ; and I stepped thither, and found my old friend Smithers, of the house of Hodge and Smithers, just off the coach, with his carpet-bag between his legs.

‘Sam, my boy,’ said he, ‘you are your aunt’s heir, and I have a piece of news for you regarding her property which you ought to know. She wrote us down a letter for a chest of that home-made

wine of hers which she calls Rosolio, and which lies in our warehouse along with her furniture.'

'Well,' says I, smiling, 'she may part with as much Rosolio as she likes for me. I cede all my right.'

'Psha!' says Smithers, 'it's not that; though her furniture puts us to a deuced inconvenience, to be sure—it's not that; but, in the postscript of her letter, she orders us to advertise the Slopperton and Squashtail estates for immediate sale, as she purposes placing her capital elsewhere.'

I knew that the Slopperton and Squashtail property had been the source of a very pretty income to Messrs. Hodge and Smithers, for aunt was always at law with her tenants, and paid dearly for her litigious spirit; so that Mr. Smithers's concern regarding the sale of it did not seem to me to be quite disinterested.

'And did you come to London, Mr. Smithers, expressly to acquaint me with this fact? It seems to me you had much better have obeyed my aunt's instructions at once, or go to her at Fulham and consult with her on this subject.'

'Sdeath, Mr. Titmarsh! don't you see that if she makes a sale of her property, she will hand over the money to Brough; and if Brough gets the money, he——'

'Will give her seven per cent for it instead of three,—there's no harm in that.'

'But there's such a thing as security, look you. He is a warm man, certainly—very warm—quite respectable—most undoubtedly respectable. But who knows? A panic may take place; and then these five hundred companies in which he is engaged may bring him to ruin. There's the Ginger Beer Company, of which Brough is a director; awkward reports are abroad concerning it. The Consolidated Baffin's Bay Muff and Tippet Company—the shares are down very low, and Brough is a director there. The Patent Pump Company—shares at 65, and a fresh call, which nobody will pay.'

'Nonsense, Mr. Smithers! Has not Mr. Brough five hundred thousand pounds' worth of shares in the INDEPENDENT WEST DIDDLESEX, and is THAT at a discount? Who recommended my aunt to invest her money in that speculation, I should like to know?' I had him there.

'Well, well, it is a very good speculation, certainly, and has brought you three hundred a year, Sam, my boy; and you may thank us for the interest we took in you (indeed, we loved you as a son, and Miss Hodge has not recovered a certain marriage yet). You don't intend to rebuke us for making your fortune, do you?'

'No, hang it, no!' says I, and shook hands with him, and accepted a glass of sherry and biscuits, which he ordered forthwith.

Smithers returned, however, to the charge,—‘Sam,’ he said, ‘mark my words, and *take your aunt away from the Rookery*. She wrote to Mrs. S. a long account of a reverend gent with whom she walks out there,—the Rev. Grimes Wapshot. That man has an eye upon her. He was tried at Lancaster in the year ’14 for forgery, and narrowly escaped with his neck. Have a care of him—he has an eye to her money.’

‘Nay,’ said I, taking out Mrs. Hoggarty’s letter, ‘read for yourself.’

He read it over very carefully, seemed to be amused by it, and as he returned it to me, ‘Well, Sam,’ he said, ‘I have only two favours to ask of you,—one is not to mention that I am in town to any living soul, and the other is to give me a dinner in Lamb’s Conduit Street with your pretty wife.’

‘I promise you both gladly,’ I said, laughing. ‘But if you dine with us, your arrival in town must be known, for my friend Gus Hoskins dines with us likewise; and has done so nearly every day since my aunt went.’

He laughed too, and said, ‘We must swear Gus to secrecy over a bottle.’ And so we parted till dinner-time.

The indefatigable lawyer pursued his attack after dinner, and was supported by Gus and by my wife too, who certainly was disinterested in the matter—more than disinterested, for she would have given a great deal to be spared my aunt’s company. But she said she saw the force of Mr. Smithers’s arguments, and I admitted their justice with a sigh. However, I rode my high horse, and vowed that my aunt should do what she liked with her money; and that I was not the man who would influence her in any way in the disposal of it.

After tea, the two gents walked away together, and Gus told me that Smithers had asked him a thousand questions about the office, about Brough, about me and my wife, and everything concerning us. ‘You are a lucky fellow, Mr. Hoskins, and seem to be the friend of this charming young couple,’ said Smithers; and Gus confessed he was, and said he had dined with us fifteen times in six weeks, and that a better and more hospitable fellow than I did not exist. This I state not to trumpet my own praises,—no, no; but because these questions of Smithers’s had a good deal to do with the subsequent events narrated in this little history.

Being seated at dinner the next day off the cold leg of mutton that Smithers had admired so the day before, and Gus, as usual having his legs under our mahogany, a hackney-coach drove up to the door, which we did not much heed; a step was heard on the floor, which we hoped might be for the two-pair lodger, and

who should burst into the room but Mrs. Hoggarty herself! Gus, who was blowing the froth off a pot of porter preparatory to a delicious drink of the beverage, and had been making us die of laughing with his stories and jokes, laid down the pewter pot as Mrs. H. came in, and looked quite sick and pale. Indeed we all felt a little uneasy.

My aunt looked haughtily in Mary's face, then fiercely at Gus, and saying, 'It is too true—my poor boy—*already!*' flung herself hysterically into my arms, and swore, almost choking, that she would never, never leave me.

I could not understand the meaning of this extraordinary agitation on Mrs. Hoggarty's part, nor could any of us. She refused Mary's hand when the poor thing rather nervously offered it; and when Gus timidly said, 'I think, Sam, I'm rather in the way here, and perhaps—had better go,' Mrs. H. looked him full in the face, pointed to the door majestically with her forefinger, and said, 'I think, sir, you *had* better go.'

'I hope Mr. Hoskins will stay as long as he pleases,' said my wife with spirit.

'Of *course* you hope so, madam,' answered Mrs. Hoggarty very sarcastic. But Mary's speech and my aunt's were quite lost upon Gus; for he had instantly run to his hat, and I heard him tumbling downstairs.

The quarrel ended, as usual, by Mary's bursting into a fit of tears, and by my aunt's repeating the assertion that it was not too late, she trusted; and from that day forth she would never, never leave me.

'What could have made aunt return and be so angry?' said I to Mary, that night as we were in our own room; but my wife protested she did not know; and it was only some time after that I found out the reason of this quarrel, and of Mrs. H.'s sudden reappearance.

The horrible, fat, coarse little Smithers told me the matter as a very good joke, only the other year, when he showed me the letter of Hickson, Dixon, Paxon, and Jackson, which has before been quoted in my Memoirs.

'Sam, my boy,' said he, 'you were determined to leave Mrs. Hoggarty in Brough's clutches at the Rookery, and I was determined to have her away. I resolved to kill two of your mortal enemies with one stone, as it were. It was quite clear to me that the Rev. Grimes Wapshot had an eye to your aunt's fortune; and that Mr. Brough had similar predatory intentions regarding her. Predatory is a mild word, Sam; if I had said robbery at once, I should express my meaning clearer.'

‘Well, I took the Fulham stage, and, arriving, made straight for the lodgings of the reverend gentleman. “Sir,” said I, on finding that worthy gent,—he was drinking warm brandy-and-water, Sam, at two o’clock in the day, or at least the room smelt very strongly of that beverage—“Sir,” says I, “you were tried for forgery in the year ’14, at Lancaster assizes.”

“And acquitted, sir. My innocence was by Providence made clear,” said Wapshot.

“But you were not acquitted of embezzlement in ’16, sir,” says I, “and passed two years in York gaol in consequence.” I knew the fellow’s history, for I had a writ out against him when he was a preacher at Clifton. I followed up my blow. “Mr. Wapshot,” said I, “you are making love to an excellent lady now at the house of Mr. Brough; if you do not promise to give up all pursuit of her, I will expose you.”

“I *have* promised,” said Wapshot, rather surprised, and looking more easy. “I have given my solemn promise to Mr. Brough, who was with me this very morning, storming, and scolding, and swearing. O, sir, it would have frightened you to hear a Christian babe like him swear as he did.”

“Mr. Brough been here?” says I, rather astonished.

“Yes; I suppose you are both here on the same scent,” says Wapshot. “You want to marry the widow with the Slopperton and Squashtail estate, do you? Well, well, have your way. I’ve promised not to have anything more to do with the widow, and a Wapshot’s honour is sacred.”

“I suppose, sir,” says I, “Mr. Brough has threatened to kick you out of doors if you call again.”

“You *have* been with him, I see,” says the reverend gent, with a shrug; and then I remembered what you had told me of the broken seal of your letter, and have not the slightest doubt that Brough opened and read every word of it.

‘Well, the first bird was bagged: both I and Brough had had a shot at him. Now I had to fire at the whole Rookery; and off I went, primed and loaded, sir—primed and loaded.

‘It was past eight when I arrived, and I saw, after I passed the lodge-gates, a figure that I knew walking in the shrubbery—that of your respected aunt, sir; but I wished to meet the amiable ladies of the house before I saw her, because, look, friend Titmarsh, I saw by Mrs. Hoggarty’s letter, that she and they were at daggers drawn, and hoped to get her out of the house at once by means of a quarrel with them.’

I laughed, and owned that Mr. Smithers was a very cunning fellow.

‘As luck would have it,’ continued he, ‘Miss Brough was in the drawing-room twangling on a guitar, and singing most atrociously out of tune; but as I entered at the door, I cried “Hush!” to the footman, as loud as possible, and then stood stock-still, and then walked forward on tiptoe lightly. Miss B. could see in the glass every movement that I made; she pretended not to see, however, and finished the song with a regular roulade.

“Gracious Heaven!” said I, “do, madam, pardon me for interrupting that delicious harmony,—for coming unaware upon it, for daring uninvited to listen to it.”

“Do you come for mamma, sir?” said Miss Brough, with as much graciousness as her physiognomy could command. “I am Miss Brough, sir.”

“I wish, madam, you would let me not breathe a word regarding my business until you have sung another charming strain.”

‘She did not sing, but looked pleased, and said, “La sir, what is your business?”

“My business is with a lady, your respected father’s guest in this house.”

“Oh, Mrs. Hoggarty!” says Miss Brough, flouncing towards the bell, and ringing it. “John, send to Mrs. Hoggarty, in the shrubbery; here is a gentleman who wants to see her.”

“I know,” continued I, “Mrs. Hoggarty’s peculiarities as well as any one, madam; and aware that those and her education are not such as to make her a fit companion for you: I know you do not like her: she has written to us in Somersetshire that you do not like her.”

“What! she has been abusing us to her friends, has she?” cried Miss Brough (it was the very point I wished to insinuate). “If she does not like us, why does she not leave us?”

“She *has* made rather a long visit,” said I; “and I am sure that her nephew and niece are longing for her return. Pray, madam, do not move, for you may aid me in the object for which I come.”

‘The object for which I came, sir, was to establish a regular battle-royal between the two ladies, at the end of which I intended to appeal to Mrs. Hoggarty, and say that she ought really no longer to stay in a house with the members of which she had such unhappy differences. Well, sir, the battle-royal was fought,—Miss Belinda opening the fire, by saying, she understood Mrs. Hoggarty had been calumniating her to her friends. But though at the end of it Miss rushed out of the room in a rage, and vowed she would leave her home unless that odious woman

left it, your dear aunt said, "Ha, ha! I know the minx's vile stratagems; but thank Heaven, I have a good heart, and my religion enables me to forgive her. I shall not leave her excellent papa's house, or vex by my departure that worthy, admirable man."

'I then tried Mrs. H. on the score of compassion. "Your niece," said I, "Mrs. Titmarsh, madam, has been of late, Sam says, rather poorly,—qualmish of mornings, madam,—a little nervous, and low in spirits,—symptoms, madam, that are scarcely to be mistaken in a young married person."

'Mrs. Hoggarty said she had an admirable cordial that she would send Mrs. Samuel Titmarsh, and she was perfectly certain it would do her good.

'With very great unwillingness, I was obliged now to bring my last reserve into the field, and may tell you what that was, Sam, my boy, now that the matter is so long passed. "Madam," said I, "there's a matter about which I must speak, though indeed I scarcely dare. I dined with your nephew yesterday, and met at his table a young man—a young man of low manners, but evidently one who has blinded your nephew, and I too much fear has succeeded in making an impression upon your niece. His name is Hoskins, madam; and when I state that he who was never in the house during your presence there, has dined with your too-confiding nephew sixteen times in three weeks, I may leave you to imagine what I dare not—dare not imagine myself."

'The shot told. Your aunt bounced up at once, and in ten minutes more was in my carriage, on our way back to London. There, sir, was not *that* generalship?'

'And you played this pretty trick off at my wife's expense, Mr. Smithers,' said I.

'At your wife's expense, certainly, but for the benefit of both of you.'

'It's lucky, sir, that you are an old man,' I replied, 'and that the affair happened ten years ago; or, by the Lord, Mr. Smithers, I would have given you such a horsewhipping as you never heard of!'

But this was the way in which Mrs. Hoggarty was brought back to her relatives; and this was the reason why we took that house in Bernard Street, the doings at which must now be described.

CHAPTER X

OF SAM'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS, AND OF THE FIRM OF
BROUGH AND HOFF

WE took a genteel house in Bernard Street, Russell Square ; and my aunt sent for all her furniture from the country, which would have filled two such houses, but which came pretty cheap to us young housekeepers, as we had only to pay the carriage of the goods from Bristol.

When I brought Mrs. H. her third half-year's dividend, having not for four months touched a shilling of her money, I must say she gave me £50 of the £80, and told me that was ample pay for the board and lodging of a poor old woman like her, who did not eat more than a sparrow.

I have myself, in the country, seen her eat nine sparrows in a pudding ; but she was rich, and I could not complain. If she saved £600 a year, at the least, by living with us, why all the savings would one day come to me ; and so Mary and I consoled ourselves, and tried to manage matters as well as we might. It was no easy task to keep a mansion in Bernard Street, and save money out of £470 a year, which was my income. But what a lucky fellow I was to have such an income !

As Mrs. Hoggarty left the Rookery in Smithers's carriage, Mr. Brough, with his four greys, was entering the lodge gate ; and I should like to have seen the looks of these two gentlemen, as the one was carrying the other's prey off, out of his own very den, under his very nose.

He came to see her the next day, and protested that he would not leave the house until she left it with him : that he had heard of his daughter's infamous conduct, and had seen her in tears—'in tears, madam, and on her knees, imploring Heaven to pardon her !' But Mr. B. was obliged to leave the house without my aunt, who had a *causa major* for staying, and hardly allowed poor Mary out of her sight,—opening every one of the letters that came into the house directed to my wife, and suspecting hers to everybody. Mary never told me of all this pain for many, many years afterwards ; but had always a smiling face for her husband when he came home from his work. As for poor Gus, my aunt had so frightened him, that he never once showed his nose in the place all the time we lived there ; but used to be content with news of Mary, of whom he was as fond as he was of me.

Mr. Brough, when my aunt left him, was in a furious ill-humour with me. He found fault with me ten times a day, and openly, before the gents of the office ; but I let him one day know pretty smartly that I was not only a servant, but a considerable shareholder in the Company ; that I defied him to find fault with my work or my regularity, and that I was not minded to receive any insolent language from him or any man. He said it was always so ; that he had never cherished a young man in his bosom but the ingrate had turned on him ; that he was accustomed to wrong and undutifulness from his children, and that he would pray that the sin might be forgiven me. A moment before he had been cursing and swearing at me, and speaking to me as if I had been his shoe-black. But, look you, I was not going to put up with any more of Madam Brough's airs, or of his. With *me* they might act as they thought fit ; but I did not choose that my wife should be passed over by them as she had been in the matter of the visit to Fulham.

Brough ended by warning me of Hodge and Smithers. 'Beware of these men,' said he ; 'but for my honesty, your aunt's landed property would have been sacrificed by these cormorants ; and when, for her benefit—which you, obstinate young man, will not perceive—I wished to dispose of her land, her attorneys actually had the audacity—the un-Christian avarice I may say—to ask 10 per cent commission on the sale.'

There might be some truth in this, I thought ; at any rate, when rogues fall out, honest men come by their own : and now I began to suspect, I am sorry to say, that both the attorney and the director had a little of the rogue in their composition. It was especially about my wife's fortune that Mr. B. showed *his* cloven foot ; for proposing, as usual, that I should purchase shares with it in our Company, I told him that my wife was a minor, and as such her little fortune was vested out of my control altogether. He flung away in a rage at this ; and I soon saw that he did not care for me any more, by Abednego's manner to me. No more holidays, no more advances of money, had I ; on the contrary, the private clerkship at £150 was abolished, and I found myself on my £250 a year again. Well ; what then ? it was always a good income, and I did my duty, and laughed at the director.

About this time, in the beginning of 1824, the Jamaica Ginger Beer Company shut up shop—exploded, as Gus said, with a bang ! The Patent Pump shares were down to £15 upon a paid-up capital of £65. Still ours were at a high premium ; and the Independent West Diddlesex held its head up as proudly as any

office in London. Roundhand's abuse had had some influence against the director, certainly, for he hinted at malversation of shares; but the company still stood as united as the Hand-in-Hand, and as firm as the Rock.

To return to the state of affairs in Bernard Street, Russell Square. My aunt's old furniture crammed our little rooms; and my aunt's enormous old jingling grand piano, with crooked legs, and half the strings broken, occupied three-fourths of the little drawing-room. Here used Mrs. H. to sit, and play us, for hours, sonatas that were in fashion in Lord Charleville's time; and sung with a cracked voice, till it was all that we could do to refrain from laughing.

And it was queer to remark the change that had taken place in Mrs. Hoggarty's character now: for whereas she was in the country among the topping persons of the village, and quite content with a tea-party at six, and a game of twopenny whist afterwards; in London she would never dine till seven; would have a fly from the mews, to drive in the park twice a week; cut and uncut, and ripped up, and twisted over and over all her old gowns, flounces, caps, and fallals, and kept my poor Mary from morning till night altering them to the present mode. Mrs. Hoggarty, moreover, appeared in a new wig; and, I am sorry to say, turned out with such a pair of red cheeks as Nature never gave her, and as made all the people in Bernard Street stare, where they are not as yet used to such fashions.

Moreover, she insisted upon our establishing a servant in livery,—a boy, that is, of about sixteen,—who was dressed in one of the old liveries that she had brought with her from Somersetshire, decorated with new cuffs and collars, and new buttons; on the latter were represented the united crests of the Titmarshes and Hoggartys, viz. a tomtit rampant and a hog in armour. I thought this livery and crest-button rather absurd, I must confess, though my family *is* very ancient. And Heavens! what a roar of laughter was raised in the office one day, when the little servant in the big livery, with the immense cane, walked in, and brought me a message from Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty! Furthermore, all letters were delivered on a silver tray. If we had had a baby, I believe aunt would have had it down on the tray; but there was as yet no foundation for Mr. Smithers's insinuation upon that score, any more than for his other cowardly fabrication before narrated. Aunt and Mary used to walk gravely up and down the New Road, with the boy following with a great gold-headed stick; but though there was all this ceremony and parade, and aunt still talked of her

acquaintances, we did not see a single person from week's end to week's end ; and a more dismal house than ours could hardly be found in London town.

On Sundays, Mrs. Hoggarty used to go to Saint Pancras Church, then just built, and as handsome as Covent Garden Theatre ; and of evenings to a meeting-house of the Anabaptists ; and *that* day, at least, Mary and I had to ourselves,—for we chose to have seats at the Foundling, and heard the charming music there, and my wife used to look wistfully in the pretty children's faces,—and so, for the matter of that, did I. It was not, however, till a year after our marriage that she spoke in a way which shall be here passed over, but which filled both her and me with inexpressible joy.

I remember she had the news to give me on the very day when the Muff and Tippet Company shut up, after swallowing a capital of £300,000, as some said, and nothing to show for it except a treaty with some Indians, who had afterwards tomahawked the agent of the Company. Some people said there were no Indians, and no agent to be tomahawked at all ; but that the whole had been invented in a house in Crutched Friars. Well, I pitied poor Tidd, whose £20,000 were thus gone in a year, and whom I met in the City that day with a most ghastly face. He had £1000 of debts, he said, and talked of shooting himself ; but he was only arrested, and passed a long time in the Fleet. Mary's delightful news, however, soon put Tidd and the Muff and Tippet Company out of my head, as you may fancy.

Other circumstances now occurred in the city of London which seemed to show that our director was—what is not to be found in Johnson's *Dictionary*—rather shaky. Three of his companies had broken ; four more were in a notoriously insolvent state ; and even at the meetings of the directors of the West Diddlesex, some stormy words passed, which ended in the retirement of several of the board. Friends of Mr. B.'s filled up their places : Mr. Puppet, Mr. Straw, Mr. Query, and other respectable gents, coming forward and joining the concern. Brough and Hoff dissolved partnership ; and Mr. B. said he had quite enough to do to manage the I. W. D., and intended gradually to retire from the other affairs. Indeed, such an association as ours was enough work for any man, let alone the parliamentary duties which Brough was called on to perform, and the seventy-two law-suits which burst upon him as principal director of the late companies.

Perhaps I should here describe the desperate attempts made by Mrs. Hoggarty to introduce herself into genteel life. Strange to say, although we had my Lord Tiptoff's word to the contrary,

she insisted upon it that she and Lady Drum were intimately related ; and no sooner did she read in the *Morning Post* of the arrival of her ladyship and her granddaughters in London, than she ordered the fly, before mentioned, and left cards at their respective houses. Her card—that is, ‘Mrs. HOGGARTY OF CASTLE HOGGARTY,’ magnificently engraved in Gothic letters and flourishes ; and ours—viz. ‘Mr. and Mrs. S. Titmarsh,’ which she had printed for the purpose.

She would have stormed Lady Jane Preston’s door, and forced her way upstairs in spite of Mary’s entreaties to the contrary, had the footman, who received her card, given her the least encouragement ; but that functionary, no doubt struck by the oddity of her appearance, placed himself in the front of the door, and declared that he had positive orders not to admit any strangers to his lady. On which Mrs. Hoggarty clenched her fist out of the coach-window, and promised that she would have him turned away.

Yellowplush only burst out laughing at this ; and though aunt wrote a most indignant letter to Mr. Edmund Preston, complaining of the insolence of the servants of that right honourable gent, Mr. Preston did not take any notice of her letter, further than to return it, with a desire that he might not be troubled with such impertinent visits for the future. A pretty day we had of it when this letter arrived, owing to my aunt’s disappointment and rage in reading the contents ; for when Solomon brought up the note on the silver tea-tray as usual, my aunt seeing Mr. Preston’s seal and name at the corner of the letter (which is the common way of writing adopted by those official gents)—my aunt, I say, seeing his name and seal, cried, ‘Now, Mary, who is right?’ and betted my wife a sixpence that the envelope contained an invitation to dinner. She never paid the sixpence though she lost, but contented herself by abusing Mary all day, and said I was a poor-spirited sneak for not instantly horsewhipping Mr. P. A pretty joke, indeed ! They would have hanged me in those days, as they did the man who shot Mr. Perceval.

And now I should be glad to enlarge upon that experience in genteel life which I obtained through the perseverance of Mrs. Hoggarty ; but it must be owned that my opportunities were but few, lasting only for the brief period of six months ; and, also, genteel society has been fully described already by various authors of novels, whose names need not here be set down, but who, being themselves connected with the aristocracy—viz. as members of noble families, or as footmen or hangers-on thereof, naturally understand their subject a great deal better than a poor young fellow from a fire-office can.

There was our celebrated adventure in the Opera House, whither Mrs. H. would insist upon conducting us; and where, in a room of the establishment called the crush-room, where the ladies and gents after the music and dancing await the arrival of their carriages (a pretty figure did our little Solomon cut by the way, with his big cane, among the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot assembled in the lobby!)—when, I say, in the crush-room, Mrs. H. rushed up to old Lady Drum, whom I pointed out to her, and insisted upon claiming relationship with her ladyship. But my Lady Drum had only a memory when she chose, as I may say, and had entirely on this occasion thought fit to forget her connexion with the Titmarshes and the Hoggartys. Far from recognising us, indeed, she called Mrs. Hoggarty an ‘ojus ’oman,’ and screamed out as loud as possible for a police-officer.

This and other rebuffs made my aunt perceive the vanities of this wicked world, as she said, and threw her more and more into really serious society. She formed several very valuable acquaintances, she said, at the Independent Chapel; and among others, lighted upon her friend of the Rookery, Mr. Grimes Wapshot. We did not know then the interview which he had with Mr. Smithers, nor did Grimes think proper to acquaint us with the particulars of it; but though I did acquaint Mrs. H. with the fact, that her favourite preacher had been tried for forgery, *she* replied that she considered the story an atrocious calumny; and *he* answered by saying that Mary and I were in lamentable darkness, and that we should infallibly find the way to a certain bottomless pit, of which he seemed to know a great deal. Under the reverend gentleman’s guidance and advice, she, after a time, separated from Saint Pancras altogether—‘*sat under him,*’ as the phrase is, regularly thrice a week—began to labour in the conversion of the poor of Bloomsbury and St. Giles’s, and made a deal of baby-linen for distribution among those benighted people. She did not make any, however, for Mrs. Sam Titmarsh, who now showed signs that such would be speedily necessary, but let Mary (and my mother and sisters in Somersetshire) provide what was requisite for the coming event. I am not, indeed, sure that she did not say it was wrong on our parts to make any such provision, and that we ought to let the morrow provide for itself. At any rate, the Rev. Grimes Wapshot drank a deal of brandy-and-water at our house, and dined there even oftener than poor Gus used to do.

But I had little leisure to attend to him and his doings, for I must confess at this time I was growing very embarrassed in my

circumstances, and was much harassed both as a private and public character.

As regards the former, Mrs. Hoggarty had given me £50 ; but out of that £50 I had to pay a journey post from Somersetshire, all the carriage of her goods from the country, the painting, papering, and carpeting of my house, the brandy and strong liquors drunk by the Rev. Grimes and his friends (for the reverend gent said that Rosolio did not agree with him); and, finally, a thousand small bills and expenses incident to all housekeepers in the town of London.

Add to this, I received just at the time when I was most in want of cash, Madame Mantalini's bill, Messrs. Howell and James's ditto, the account of Baron Von Stiltz, and the bill of Mr. Polonius for the setting of the diamond-pin. All these bills arrived in a week, as they have a knack of doing ; and fancy my astonishment in presenting them to Mrs. Hoggarty, when she said, ' Well, my dear, you are in the receipt of a very fine income. If you choose to order dresses and jewels from first-rate shops, you must pay for them ; and don't expect that *I* am to abet your extravagance, or give you a shilling more than the munificent sum I pay you for board and lodging ! '

How could I tell Mary of this behaviour of Mrs. Hoggarty, and Mary in such a delicate condition ? And bad as matters were at home, I am sorry to say at the office they began to look still worse.

Not only did Roundhand leave, but Highmore went away. Abednego became head clerk : and one day old Abednego came to the place, and was shewn into the director's private room ; when he left it, he came trembling, chattering, and cursing downstairs ; and had begun, ' Shentlemen——' a speech to the very clerks in the office ; when Mr. Brough, with an imploring look, and crying out, ' Stop till Saturday ! ' at length got him into the street.

On Saturday Abednego, junior, left the office for ever, and I became head clerk with £400 a year salary. It was a fatal week for the office, too. On Monday when I arrived and took my seat at the head desk, and my first read of the newspaper, as was my right, the first thing I read was, ' Frightful fire in Houndsditch ! Total destruction of Mr. Meshach's sealing-wax manufactory ; and of Mr. Shadrach's, adjoining, clothing depôt. In the former was £20,000 worth of the finest Dutch wax, which the voracious element attacked and devoured in a twinkling. The latter estimable gentleman had just completed 40,000 suits of clothes for the cavalry of H.H. the Cacique of Poyais.'

Both of these Jewish gents, who were connexions of Mr.

Abednego, were insured in our office to the full amount of their loss. The calamity was attributed to the drunkenness of a scoundrelly Irish watchman, who was employed on the premises, and who upset a bottle of whisky in the warehouse of Messrs. Shadrach, and incautiously looked for the liquor with a lighted candle. The man was brought to our office by his employers; and certainly, as we all could testify, was *even then* in a state of frightful intoxication.

As if this were not sufficient, in the obituary was announced the demise of Alderman Pash—Alderman Cally-Pash, we used to call him in our lighter hours, knowing his propensity to green fat; but such a moment as this was no time for joking! He was insured by our house for £5000. And now I saw very well the truth of a remark of Gus's—viz. that life-insurance companies go on excellently for a year or two after their establishment, but that it is much more difficult to make them profitable when the assured parties begin to die.

The Jewish fires were the heaviest blows we had had; for though the Waddingley Cotton-mills had been burnt in 1822, at a loss to the Company of £80,000, and though the Patent Erostratus Match Manufactory had exploded in the same year at a charge of £14,000, there were those who said that the loss had not been near so heavy as was supposed—nay, that the Company had burnt the above-named establishments as advertisements for themselves. Of these facts I can't be positive, having never seen the early accounts of the concern.

Contrary to the expectation of all us gents, who were ourselves as dismal as mutes, Mr. Brough came to the office in his coach-and-four, laughing and joking with a friend as he stepped out at the door.

'Gentlemen!' said he, 'you have read the papers; they announce an event which I most deeply deplore. I mean the demise of the excellent Alderman Pash, one of our constituents. But if anything can console me for the loss of that worthy man, it is to think that his children and widow will receive, at eleven o'clock next Saturday, £5000 from my friend Mr. Titmarsh, who is now head clerk here. As for the accident which has happened to Messrs. Shadrach and Meshach, —in *that*, at least, there is nothing that can occasion any person sorrow. On Saturday next, or as soon as the particulars of their loss can be satisfactorily ascertained, my friend Mr. Titmarsh will pay to them across the counter a sum of forty, fifty, eighty, one hundred thousand pounds—according to the amount of their loss. *They*, at least, will be remunerated; and though to our proprietors the outlay will no

doubt be considerable, yet we can afford it, gentlemen. John Brough can afford it himself, for the matter of that, and not be very much embarrassed; and we must learn to bear ill fortune as we have hitherto borne good, and shew ourselves to be men always!’

Mr. B. concluded with some allusions, which I confess I don’t like to give here; for to speak of Heaven in connexion with common worldly matters, has always appeared to me irreverent; and to bring it to bear witness to the lie in his mouth, as a religious hypocrite does, is such a frightful crime, that one should be careful even in alluding to it.

Mr. Brough’s speech somehow found its way into the newspapers of that very evening; nor can I think who gave a report of it, for none of our gents left the office that day until the evening papers had appeared. But there was the speech—ay, and at the week’s end, although Roundhand was heard on ‘Change that day declaring he would bet five to one that Alderman Pash’s money would never be paid,—at the week’s end, the money was paid by me to Mrs. Pash’s solicitor across the counter, and no doubt Roundhand lost his money.

Shall I tell how the money was procured? There can be no harm in mentioning the matter now after twenty years’ lapse of time; and, moreover, it is greatly to the credit of two individuals now dead.

As I was head clerk, I had occasion to be frequently in Brough’s room, and he now seemed once more disposed to take me into his confidence.

‘Titmarsh, my boy,’ said he one day to me, after looking me hard in the face, ‘did you ever hear of the fate of the great Mr. Silberschmidt of London?’ Of course I had. Mr. Silberschmidt, the Rothschild of his day (indeed I have heard the latter famous gent was originally a clerk in Silberschmidt’s house)—Silberschmidt, fancying he could not meet his engagements, committed suicide; and had he lived till four o’clock that day, would have known that he was worth £400,000. ‘To tell you frankly the truth,’ says Mr. B., ‘I am in Silberschmidt’s case. My late partner, Hoff, has given bills in the name of the firm to an enormous amount, and I have been obliged to meet them. I have been cast in fourteen actions, brought by creditors of that infernal Ginger-beer Company; and all the debts are put upon my shoulders, on account of my known wealth. Now, unless I have time, I cannot pay; and the long and short of the matter is, that if I cannot procure £5000 before Saturday, *our concern is ruined!*’

‘What! the West Diddlesex ruined?’ says I, thinking of my poor mother’s annuity. ‘Impossible! our business is splendid!’

‘We must have £5000 on Saturday, and we are saved; and if you will, as you can, get it for me, I will give you £10,000 for the money!’

B. then showed me to a fraction the accounts of the concern, and his own private account; proving beyond the possibility of a doubt, that with the £5000 our office must be set a-going; and without it, that the concern must stop. No matter how he proved the thing; but there is, you know, a dictum of a statesman, that give him but leave to use figures, and he will prove anything.

I promised to ask Mrs. Hoggarty once more for the money, and she seemed not to be disinclined. I told him so; and that day he called upon her, his wife called upon her, his daughter called upon her, and once more the Brough carriage-and-four was seen at our house.

But Mrs. Brough was a bad manager; and instead of carrying matters with a high hand, fairly burst into tears before Mrs. Hoggarty, and went down on her knees and besought her to save dear John. This at once aroused my aunt’s suspicions; and instead of lending the money, she wrote off to Mr. Smithers instantly to come up to her, desired me to give her up the £3000 scrip shares that I possessed, called me an atrocious cheat and heartless swindler, and vowed I had been the cause of her ruin.

How was Mr. Brough to get the money? I will tell you. Being in his room one day, old Gates, the Fulham porter, came and brought him from Mr. Balls, the pawnbroker, a sum of £1200. Missus told him, he said, to carry the plate to Mr. Balls; and having paid the money, old Gates fumbled a great deal in his pockets, and at last pulled out a £5 note, which he said his daughter Jane had just sent him from service, and begged Mr. B. would let him have another share in the Company. ‘He was mortal sure it would go right yet. And when he heard master crying and cursing as he and missus were walking in the shrubbery, and saying that for the want of a few pounds—a few shillings—the finest fortune in Europe was to be overthrown, why Gates and his woman thought that they should come for’ard, to be sure, with all they could, to help the kindest master and missus ever was.’

This was the substance of Gates’s speech; and Mr. Brough shook his hand and—took the £5. ‘Gates,’ said he, ‘that £5 note shall be the best outlay you ever made in your life!’ and I have no doubt it was,—but it was in Heaven that poor old Gates was to get the interest of his little mite.

Nor was this the only instance. Mrs. Brough’s sister, Miss

Dough, who had been on bad terms with the director almost ever since he had risen to be a great man, came to the office with a power of attorney, and said, 'John, Isabella has been with me this morning, and says you want money, and I have brought you my £4000; it is all I have, John, and pray God it may do you good—you and my dear sister, who was the best sister in the world to me—till—till a little time ago.'

And she laid down the paper, and I was called up to witness it; and Brough, with tears in his eyes, told me her words; for he could trust me, he said. And thus it was that I came to be present at Gates's interview with his master, which took place only an hour afterwards. Brave Mrs. Brough! how she was working for her husband! Good woman, and kind! but *you* had a true heart, and merited a better fate! Though wherefore say so? The woman, to this day, thinks her husband an angel, and loves him a thousand times better for his misfortunes.

On Saturday Alderman Pash's solicitor was paid by me across the counter, as I said. 'Never mind your aunt's money, Titmarsh, my boy,—never mind her having resumed her shares; you are a true, honest fellow; you have never abused me like that pack of curs downstairs, and I'll make your fortune yet!'

The next week as I was sitting with my wife, with Mr. Smithers, and with Mrs. Hoggarty, taking our tea comfortably, a knock was heard at the door, and a gentleman desired to speak to me in the parlour. It was Mr. Aminadab of Chancery Lane, who arrested me as a shareholder of the Independent West Diddlesex Association, at the suit of Von Stiltz of Conduit Street, Tailor and Draper.

I called down Smithers, and told him for Heaven's sake not to tell Mary.

'Where is Brough?' says Mr. Smithers.

'Why,' says Mr. Aminadab, 'he's once more of the firm of Brough and Off, sir—he breakfasted at Calais this morning!'

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT A MAN MAY POSSESS A DIAMOND
AND YET BE VERY HARD PRESSED FOR A DINNER

ON that fatal Saturday evening, in a hackney-coach, fetched from the Foundling, was I taken from my comfortable house and my

dear little wife, whom Mr. Smithers was left to console as he might. He said that I was compelled to take a journey upon business connected with the office: and my poor Mary made up a little portmanteau of clothes, and tied a comforter round my neck, and bade my companion particularly to keep the coach-windows shut, which injunction the grinning wretch promised to obey. Our journey was not long; it was only a shilling fare to Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and there I was set down.

The house before which the coach stopped seemed to be only one of half-a-dozen in that street, which were used for the same purpose. No man, be he ever so rich, can pass by those dismal houses, I think, without a shudder. The front windows are barred, and on the dingy pillar of the door was a shining brass plate, setting forth that 'Aminadab, Officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex,' lived therein. A little red-haired Israelite opened the first door as our coach drove up, and received me and my baggage.

As soon as we entered the door, he barred it, and I found myself in the face of another huge door, which was strongly locked; and, at last, passing through that, we entered the lobby of the house.

There is no need to describe it. It is very like ten thousand other houses in our dark city of London. There was a dirty passage and a dirty stair, and from the passage two dirty doors let into two filthy rooms, which had strong bars at the windows, and yet withal an air of horrible finery that makes me uncomfortable to think of even yet. On the walls hung all sorts of trumpery pictures in tawdry frames (how different from those capital performances of my cousin Michael Angelo!); on the mantelpiece, huge French clocks, vases, and candlesticks; on the sideboards, enormous trays of Birmingham plated-ware; for Mr. Aminadab not only arrested those who could not pay money, but lent it to those who could; and had already, in the way of trade, sold and bought these articles many times over.

I agreed to take the back parlour for the night, and while a Hebrew damsel was arranging a little dusky sofa-bedstead (woe betide him who has to sleep on it!) I was invited into the front parlour, where Mr. Aminadab, bidding me take heart, told me I should have a dinner for nothing, with a party who had just arrived. I did not want for dinner, but I was glad not to be alone—not alone, even till Gus came, for whom I dispatched a messenger to his lodgings hard by.

I found there, in the front parlour, at eight o'clock in the evening, four gentlemen, just about to sit down to dinner. Surprising! there was Mr. B., a gentleman of fashion, who had only within half-an-hour arrived in a post-chaise, with his companion

Mr. Lock, an officer of Horsham gaol. Mr. B. was arrested in this wise :—He was a careless, good-humoured gentleman, and had indorsed bills to a large amount for a friend, who, a man of high family and unquestionable honour, had pledged the latter, along with a number of the most solemn oaths, for the payment of the bills in question. Having indorsed the notes, young Mr. B., with a proper thoughtlessness, forgot all about them, and so, by some chance, did the friend whom he obliged ; for, instead of being in London with the money for the payment of his obligations, this latter gentleman was travelling abroad, and never hinted one word to Mr. B. that the notes would fall upon him. The young gentleman was at Brighton lying sick of a fever ; was taken from his bed by a bailiff, and carried, on a rainy day, to Horsham gaol ; had a relapse of his complaint, and when sufficiently recovered, was brought up to London to the house of Mr. Aminadab, where I found him—a pale, thin, good-humoured, *lost* young man ; he was lying on a sofa, and had given orders for the dinner, to which I was invited. The lad's face gave one pain to look at ; it was impossible not to see that his hours were numbered.

Now Mr. B. has not anything to do with my humble story ; but I can't help mentioning him as I saw him. He sent for his lawyer and his doctor ; the former settled speedily his accounts with the bailiff, and the latter arranged all his earthly accounts ; for after he went from the spunging-house he never recovered from the shock of the arrest, and in a few weeks he *died*. And though this circumstance took place many years ago, I can't forget it to my dying day, and often see the author of Mr. B.'s death,—a prosperous gentleman, riding a fine horse in the Park, lounging at the window of a club with many friends no doubt, and a good reputation. I wonder whether the man sleeps easily and eats with a good appetite ? I wonder whether he has paid Mr. B.'s heirs the sum which that gentleman paid and *died for* ?

If Mr. B.'s history has nothing to do with mine, and is only inserted here for the sake of a moral, what business have I to mention particulars of the dinner to which I was treated by that gentleman, in the spunging-house in Cursitor Street ? Why, for the moral too ; and therefore the public must be told of what really and truly that dinner consisted.

There were five guests, and three silver tureens of soup : viz. mock-turtle soup, ox-tail soup, and giblet soup. Next came a great piece of salmon, likewise on a silver dish, a roast goose, a roast saddle of mutton, roast game, and all sorts of adjuncts. In this way can a gentleman live in a spunging-house if he be inclined ; and over this repast (which, in truth, I could not touch, for, let

alone having dined, my heart was full of care)—over this meal my friend Gus Hoskins found me, when he received the letter that I had dispatched to him.

Gus, who had never been in a prison before, and whose heart failed him as the red-headed young Moses opened and shut for him the numerous iron outer doors, was struck dumb to see me behind a bottle of claret, in a room blazing with gilt lamps; the curtains were down too, and you could not see the bars at the windows; and Mr. B., Mr. Lock the Brighton officer, Mr. Aminadab, and another rich gentleman of his trade and religious persuasion, were chirping as merrily and looked as respectably as any noblemen in the land.

‘Have him in,’ said Mr. B., ‘if he’s a friend of Mr. Titmarsh’s; for, cuss me, I like to see a rogue: and run me through, Titmarsh, but I think you are one of the best in London. You beat Brough; you do, by Jove! for he looks like a rogue—anybody would swear to him: but you! by Jove, you look the very picture of honesty!’

‘A deep file,’ said Aminadab, winking and pointing me out to his friend Mr. Jehoshaphat.

‘A good one,’ says Jehoshaphat.

‘In for three hundred thousand pound,’ says Aminadab; ‘Brough’s right-hand man, and only three-and-twenty.’

‘Mr. Titmarsh, sir, your ‘ealth, sir,’ says Mr. Lock, in an ecstasy of admiration. ‘Your very good ‘ealth, sir, and better luck to you next time.’

‘Pooh, pooh! *he’s* all right,’ says Aminadab; ‘let *him* alone.’

‘In for *what*?’ shouted I, quite amazed. ‘Why, sir, you arrested me for £90.’

‘Yes, but you are in for half a million,—you know you are. *Them* debts I don’t count—them paltry tradesmen’s accounts. I mean Brough’s business. It’s an ugly one; but you’ll get through it. We all know you; and I lay my life that when you come through the court, Mrs. Titmarsh has got a handsome thing laid by.’

‘Mrs. Titmarsh has a small property, sir,’ says I. ‘What then?’

The three gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, said I was a ‘rum chap’—a ‘downy cove,’ and made other remarks which I could not understand then; but the meaning of which I have since comprehended, for they took me to be a great rascal, I am sorry to say, and supposed that I had robbed the I. W. D. Association, and, in order to make my money secure, settled it on my wife.

It was in the midst of this conversation that, as I said, Gus

came in ; and whew ! when he saw what was going on, he gave *such* a whistle !

‘Herr von Joel by Jove!’ says Aminadab. At which all laughed.

‘Sit down,’ says Mr. B.,—‘sit down, and wet your whistle, my piper ! I say, egad ! you’re the piper that played before Moses ! Had you there, Dab. Dab, get a fresh bottle of Burgundy for Mr. Hoskins.’ And before he knew where he was, there was Gus for the first time in his life drinking Clos-Vougeot. Gus said he had never tasted Bergamy before, at which the bailiff sneered, and told him the name of the wine.

‘*Old-clo !* What ?’ says Gus ; and we laughed, but the Hebrew gents did not this time.

‘Come, come, sir !’ says Mr. Aminadab’s friend, ‘ve’re all shentlemen here, and shentlemen never makish reflexunsh upon other shentlemensh pershuashunsh.’

After this feast was concluded, Gus and I retired to my room to consult about my affairs. With regard to the responsibility incurred as a shareholder in the West Diddlesex, I was not uneasy ; for though the matter might cause me a little trouble at first, I knew I was not a shareholder ; that the shares were scrip shares, making the dividend payable to the bearer ; and my aunt had called back her shares, and consequently I was free. But it was very unpleasant to me to consider that I was in debt nearly a hundred pounds to tradesmen, chiefly of Mrs. Hoggarty’s recommendation ; and as she had promised to be answerable for their bills, I determined to send her a letter, reminding her of her promise, and begging her at the same time to relieve me from Mr. Von Stiltz’s debt, for which I was arrested, and which was incurred not certainly at her desire, but at Mr. Brough’s ; and would never have been incurred by me but at the absolute demand of that gentleman.

I wrote to her, therefore, begging her to pay all these debts, and promised myself on Monday morning again to be with my dear wife. Gus carried off the letter, and promised to deliver it in Bernard Street after church-time, taking care that Mary should know nothing at all of the painful situation in which I was placed. It was near midnight when we parted, and I tried to sleep as well as I could in the dirty little sofa-bedstead of Mr. Aminadab’s back parlour.

That morning was fine and sunshiny, and I heard all the bells ringing cheerfully for church, and longed to be walking to the Foundling with my wife ; but there were the three iron doors between me and liberty, and I had nothing for it but to read my

prayers in my own room, and walk up and down afterwards in the court at the back of the house. Would you believe it? This very court was like a cage! Great iron bars covered it in from one end to another; and here it was that Mr. Aminadab's gaol-birds took the air.

They had seen me reading out of the prayer-book at the back-parlour window, and all burst into a yell of laughter when I came to walk in the cage. One of them shouted out 'Amen!' when I appeared; another called me a muff (which means, in the slang language, a very silly fellow); a third wondered that I took to my prayer-book *yet*.

'When do you mean, sir?' says I to the fellow—a rough man, a horse-dealer.

'Why, when you are going to *be hanged*, you young hypocrite!' says the man. 'But that is always the way with Brough's people,' continued he. 'I had four greys once for him—a great bargain, but he would not go to look at them at Tattersall's, nor speak a word of business about them, because it was a Sunday.'

'Because there are hypocrites, sir,' says I, 'religion is not to be considered a bad thing; and if Mr. Brough would not deal with you on a Sunday, he certainly did his duty.'

The men only laughed the more at this rebuke, and evidently considered me a great criminal. I was glad to be released from their society, by the appearance of Gus and Mr. Smithers. Both wore very long faces. They were ushered into my room, and, without any orders of mine, a bottle of wine and biscuits were brought in by Mr. Aminadab, which I really thought was very kind of him.

'Drink a glass of wine, Mr. Titmarsh,' says Smithers, 'and read this letter. A pretty note was that which you sent to your aunt this morning, and here you have an answer to it.'

I drank the wine, and trembled rather as I read as follows:—

'SIR,—If, because you knew I had desined to leave you my property, you wished to murdar me, and so stepp into it, you are dissapointed. Your *villiany* and *ingratatude* would have murdard me, had I not, by Heaven's grace, been inabled to look for consolation *elsewhere*.

'For nearly a year I have been a *martar* to you. I gave up everything,—my happy home in the country, where all respected the name of Hoggarty; my valuble furnitur and wines; my plate, glass, and crockry; I brought all—all to make your home happy and respectable. I put up with the *airs and impertanencies* of Mrs. Titmarsh; I loaded her and you with presents and beunnafits. I sacrafised myself; I gave up the best sociaty in the

land, to witch I have been accustomed, in order to be a gardian and companion to you, and prevent, if possable, that *waist and ixtravygance* which I *prophycied* would be your ruin. Such waist and ixtravygance never, never, never did I see. Buttar waisted as if it had been dirt, coles flung away, candles burnt at *both ends*, tea and meat the same. The butcher's bill in this house was enough to support six famalies.

'And now you have the audassaty, being placed in prison justly for your crimes,—for cheating me of £3000, for robbing your mother of an insignificant summ, which to her, poor thing, was everything (though she will not feel her loss as I do, being all her life next door to a beggar), for incurring detts which you cannot pay, wherein you knew that your miserable income was quite unable to support your ixtravygance—you come upon me to pay your detts! No, sir, it is quite enough that your mother should go on the parish, and that your wife should sweep the streets, to which you have indeed brought them; *I*, at least, though cheated by you of a large summ, and obliged to pass my days in comparative ruin, can retire, and have some of the comforts to which my rank entitles me. The furnitur in this house is mine; and as I presume you intend *your lady* to sleep in the streets, I give you warning that I shall remove it all to-morrow.

'Mr. Smithers will tell you that I had intended to leave you my intire fortune. I have this morning, in his presents, solamly toar up my will; and hereby renounce all connection with you and your beggarly family.

SUSAN HOGGARTY.

'*P.S.—I took a viper into my bosom, and it stung me.*'

I confess that, on the first reading of this letter, I was in such a fury, that I forgot almost the painful situation in which it plunged me, and the ruin hanging over me.

'What a fool you were, Titmarsh, to write that letter!' said Mr. Smithers. 'You have cut your own throat, sir,—lost a fine property,—written yourself out of five hundred a year. Mrs. Hoggarty, my client, brought the will, as she says, downstairs, and flung it into the fire before our faces.'

'It's a blessing that your wife was from home,' added Gus. 'She went to church this morning with Dr. Salts' family, and sent word that she would spend the day with them. She was always glad to be away from Mrs. H., you know.'

'She never knew on which side her bread was buttered,' said Mr. Smithers. 'You should have taken the lady when she was in the humour, sir, and have borrowed the money elsewhere. Why, sir, I had almost reconciled her to her loss in that cursed

Company. I shewed her how I had saved out of Brough's claws the whole of her remaining fortune, which he would have devoured in a day, the scoundrel! And if you would have left the matter to me, Mr. Titmarsh, I would have had you reconciled completely to Mrs. Hoggarty; I would have removed all your difficulties; I would have lent you the pitiful sum of money myself.'

'Will you?' says Gus; 'that's a trump!' and he seized Smithers's hand, and squeezed it so that the tears came into the attorney's eyes.

'Generous fellow!' said I; 'lend me money, when you know in what a situation I am in, and not able to pay!'

'Ay, my good sir, there's the rub!' says Mr. Smithers. 'I said I *would* have lent the money; and so to the acknowledged heir of Mrs. Hoggarty I would—would at this moment; for nothing delights the heart of Bob Smithers more than to do a kindness. I would have rejoiced in doing it; and a mere acknowledgment from that respected lady would have amply sufficed. But now, sir, the case is altered,—you have no security to offer, as you justly observe.'

'Not a whit, certainly.'

'And without security, sir, of course can expect no money—of course not. You are a man of the world, Mr. Titmarsh, and I see our notions exactly agree.'

'There's his wife's property,' says Gus.

'Wife's property? Bah! Mrs. Sam Titmarsh is a minor, and can't touch a shilling of it. No, no, no meddling with minors for me! But stop!—your mother has a house and shop in our village. Get me a mortgage of that——'

'I'll do no such thing, sir,' says I. 'My mother has suffered quite enough on my score already, and has my sisters to provide for; and I will thank you, Mr. Smithers, not to breathe a syllable to her regarding my present situation.'

'You speak like a man of honour, sir,' says Mr. Smithers, 'and I will obey your injunctions to the letter. I will do more, sir. I will introduce you to a respectable firm here, my worthy friends, Messrs. Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, who will do everything in their power to serve you. And so, sir, I wish you a very good morning.'

And with this Mr. Smithers took his hat and left the room; and after a further consultation with my aunt, as I heard afterwards, quitted London that evening by the mail.

I sent my faithful Gus off once more to break the matter gently to my wife, fearing lest Mrs. Hoggarty should speak of it abruptly to her, as I knew in her anger she would do. But he came in an

hour panting back, to say that Mrs. H. had packed and locked her trunks and had gone off in a hackney-coach. So knowing that my poor Mary was not to return till night, Hoskins remained with me till then; and, after a dismal day, left me once more at nine, to carry the dismal tidings to her.

At ten o'clock on that night there was a great rattling and ringing at the outer door, and presently my poor girl fell into my arms; and Gus Hoskins sat blubbering in a corner, as I tried my best to console her.

The next morning I was favoured with a visit from Mr. Blatherwick, who, hearing from me that I had only three guineas in my pocket, told me very plainly that lawyers only lived by fees. He recommended me to quit Cursitor Street, as living there was very expensive. And as I was sitting very sad, my wife made her appearance (it was with great difficulty that she could be brought to leave me the night previous),—

‘The horrible men came at four this morning,’ said she, ‘four hours before light.’

‘What horrible men?’ says I.

‘Your aunt’s men,’ said she, ‘to remove the furniture; they had it all packed before I came away. And I let them carry all,’ said she: ‘I was too sad to look what was ours and what was not. That odious Mr. Wapshot was with them; and I left him seeing the last waggon-load from the door. I have only brought away your clothes,’ added she, ‘and a few of mine: and some of the books you used to like to read, and some—some things I have been getting for the—for the baby. The servants’ wages were paid up to Christmas; and I paid them the rest. And see! just as I was going away, the post came, and brought to me my half-year’s income—£35, dear Sam. Isn’t it a blessing?’

‘Will you pay my bill, Mr. What-dye-call-’im?’ here cried Mr. Aminadab, flinging open the door (he had been consulting with Mr. Blatherwick, I suppose)—‘I want the room for a *gentleman*. I guess it’s too dear for the like of you.’ And here—will you believe it!—the man handed me a bill of three guineas for two days’ board and lodging in his odious house.

There was a crowd of idlers round the door as I passed out of it; and had I been alone I should have been ashamed of seeing them; but, as it was, I was only thinking of my dear, dear wife, who was leaning trustfully on my arm, and smiling like heaven into my face—ay, and *took* heaven, too, into the Fleet prison with me—or an angel out of heaven. Ah! I had loved her before, and happy

it is to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine ; but be *unhappy*, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman ! I declare before Heaven, that of all the joys and happy moments it has given me, that was the crowning one—that little ride, with my wife's cheek on my shoulder, down Holborn to the prison ! Do you think I cared for the bailiff that sat opposite ? No, by the Lord ! I kissed her, and hugged her—yes, and cried with her likewise. But before our ride was over her eyes dried up, and she stepped blushing and happy out of the coach at the prison-door, as if she were a princess going to the Queen's drawing-room.

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH THE HERO'S AUNT'S DIAMOND MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE HERO'S UNCLE

THE failure of the great Diddlesex Association speedily became the theme of all the newspapers, and every person concerned in it was soon held up to public abhorrence as a rascal and a swindler. It was said that Brough had gone off with a million of money. Even it was hinted that poor I had sent a hundred thousand pounds to America, and only waited to pass through the court in order to be a rich man for the rest of my days. This opinion had some supporters in the prison, where, strange to say, it procured me consideration—of which, as may be supposed, I was little inclined to avail myself. Mr. Aminadab, however, in his frequent visits to the Fleet, persisted in saying that I was a poor-spirited creature, a mere tool in Brough's hands, and had not saved a shilling. Opinions, however, differed ; and I believe it was considered by the turnkeys that I was a fellow of exquisite dissimulation, who had put on the appearance of poverty in order more effectually to mislead the public.

Messrs. Abednego and Son were similarly held up to public odium ; and, in fact, what were the exact dealings of these gentlemen with Mr. Brough I have never been able to learn. It was proved by the books that large sums of money had been paid to Mr. Abednego by the Company ; but he produced documents signed by Mr. Brough, which made the latter and the West Diddlesex Association his debtors to a still further amount. On the day I went to the Bankruptcy Court to be examined, Mr. Abednego and the two gentlemen from Houndsditch were present

to swear to their debts, and made a sad noise, and uttered a vast number of oaths in attestation of their claim. But Messrs. Jackson and Paxon produced against them that very Irish porter who was said to have been the cause of the fire, and I am told hinted that they had matter for hanging the Jewish gents if they persisted in their demand. On this they disappeared altogether, and no more was ever heard of their losses. I am inclined to believe that our director had had money from Abednego—had given him shares as bonus and security—had been suddenly obliged to redeem these shares with ready money; and so had precipitated the ruin of himself and the concern. It is needless to say here in what a multiplicity of companies Brough was engaged. That in which poor Mr. Tidd invested his money did not pay 2d. in the pound; and that was the largest dividend paid by any of them.

As for ours—ah! there was a pretty scene as I was brought from the Fleet to the Bankruptcy Court, to give my testimony as late head clerk and accountant of the West Diddlesex Association.

My poor wife, then very near her time, insisted upon accompanying me to Basinghall Street; and so did my dear friend Gus Hoskins, that true and honest fellow. If you had seen the crowd that was assembled, and the hubbub that was made as I was brought up!

‘Mr Titmarsh,’ says the commissioner as I came to the table, with a peculiar sarcastic accent on the Tit—‘Mr. Titmarsh, you were the confidant of Mr. Brough, the principal clerk of Mr. Brough, and a considerable shareholder in the Company?’

‘Only a nominal one, sir,’ said I.

‘Of course, only nominal,’ continued the commissioner, turning to his colleague with a sneer; ‘and a great comfort it must be to you, sir, to think that you had a share in all the plun—the profits of the speculation, and now can free yourself from the losses by saying you are only a nominal shareholder.’

‘The infernal villain!’ shouted out a voice from the crowd. It was that of the furious half-pay captain and late shareholder, Captain Sparr.

‘Silence in the court there!’ the commissioner continued: and all this while Mary was anxiously looking in his face, and then in mine, as pale as death; while Gus, on the contrary, was as red as vermilion. ‘Mr. Titmarsh, I have had the good fortune to see a list of your debts from the Insolvent Court, and find that you are indebted to Mr. Stiltz, the great tailor, in a handsome sum; to Mr. Polonius, the celebrated jeweller, likewise; to fashionable milliners and dressmakers, moreover;—and all this upon a salary of £200 per annum. For so young a gentleman, it must be confessed you have employed your time well.’

‘Has this anything to do with the question, sir?’ says I. ‘Am I here to give an account of my private debts, or to speak as to what I know regarding the affairs of the Company? As for my share in it, I have a mother, sir, and many sisters——’

‘The d—d scoundrel!’ shouts the captain.

‘Silence that there fellow!’ shouts Gus, as bold as brass; at which the court burst out laughing, and this gave me courage to proceed.

‘My mother, sir, four years since, having a legacy of £400 left to her, advised with her solicitor, Mr. Smithers, how she should dispose of this sum; and as the Independent West Diddlesex was just then established, the money was placed in an annuity in that office, where I procured a clerkship. You may suppose me a very hardened criminal because I have ordered clothes of Mr. Von Stiltz; but you will hardly fancy that I, a lad of nineteen, knew anything of the concerns of the Company into whose service I entered as twentieth clerk, my own mother’s money paying, as it were, for my place. Well, sir, the interest offered by the Company was so tempting, that a rich relative of mine was induced to purchase a number of shares.’

‘*Who* induced your relative, if I may make so bold as to inquire?’

‘I can’t help owning, sir,’ says I, blushing, ‘that I wrote a letter myself. But consider, my relative was sixty years old, and I was twenty-one. My relative took several months to consider, and had the advice of her lawyers before she acceded to my request. And I made it at the instigation of Mr. Brough, who dictated the letter which I wrote, and who I really thought then was as rich as Mr. Rothschild himself.’

‘Your friend placed her money in your name; and you, if I mistake not, Mr. Titmarsh, were suddenly placed over the heads of twelve of your fellow-clerks as a reward for your service in obtaining it?’

‘It is very true, sir,’—and, as I confessed it, poor Mary began to wipe her eyes, and Gus’s ears (I could not see his face) looked like two red-hot muffins—‘it’s quite true, sir; and, as matters have turned out, I am heartily sorry for what I did. But at the time I thought I could serve my aunt as well as myself; and you must remember, then, how high our shares were.’

‘Well, sir, having procured this sum of money, you were straightway taken into Mr. Brough’s confidence. You were received into his house, and from third clerk speedily became head clerk; in which post you were found at the disappearance of your worthy patron?’

‘Sir, you have no right to question me, to be sure ; but here are a hundred of our shareholders, and I’m not unwilling to make a clean breast of it,’ said I, pressing Mary’s hand. ‘I certainly *was* the head clerk. And why? Because the other gents left the office. I certainly was received into Mr. Brough’s house. And why? Because, sir, *my aunt had more money to lay out*. I see it all clearly now, though I could not understand it then ; and the proof that Mr. Brough wanted my aunt’s money, and not me, is that when she came to town our director carried her by force out of my house to Fulham, and never so much as thought of asking me or my wife thither. Ay, sir, and he would have had her remaining money, had not her lawyer from the country prevented her disposing of it. Before the concern finally broke, and as soon as she heard there was doubt concerning it, she took back her shares—scrip shares they were, sir, as you know—and has disposed of them as she thought fit. Here, sir, and gents,’ says I, ‘you have the whole of the history as far as regards me. In order to get her only son a means of livelihood, my mother placed her little money with the Company—it is lost. My aunt invested larger sums with it, which were to have been mine one day, and they are lost too ; and here am I, at the end of four years, a disgraced and ruined man. Is there any one present, however much he has suffered by the failure of the Company, that has had worse fortune through it than I?’

‘Mr. Titmarsh,’ says Mr. Commissioner, in a much more friendly way, and at the same time casting a glance at a newspaper reporter that was sitting hard by, ‘your story is not likely to get into the newspapers, for, as you say, it is a private affair, which you had no need to speak of unless you thought proper, and may be considered as a confidential conversation between us and the other gentlemen here. But if it *could* be made public, it might do some good, and warn people, if they *will* be warned, against the folly of such enterprises as that in which you have been engaged. It is quite clear from your story that you have been deceived, as grossly as any one of the persons present. But look you, sir, if you had not been so eager after gain, I think you would not have allowed yourself to be deceived, and would have kept your relative’s money, and inherited it, according to your story, one day or other. Directly people expect to make a large interest, their judgment seems to desert them ; and because they wish for profit, they think they are sure of it, and disregard all warnings and all prudence. Besides the hundreds of honest families who have been ruined by merely placing confidence in this Association of yours, and who deserve the heartiest pity, there are

hundreds more who have embarked in it, like yourself, not for investment, but for speculation ; and these, upon my word, deserve the fate they have met with. As long as dividends are paid, no questions are asked ; and Mr. Brough might have taken the money for his shareholders on the high-road, and they would have pocketed it, and not been too curious. But what's the use of talking,' says Mr. Commissioner, in a passion : 'here is one rogue detected, and a thousand dupes made ; and if another swindler starts to-morrow, there will be a thousand more of his victims round this table a year hence ; and so, I suppose, to the end. And now let's go to business, gentlemen, and excuse this sermon.'

After giving an account of all I knew, which was very little, other gents who were employed in the concern were examined ; and I went back to prison, with my poor little wife on my arm. We had to pass through the crowd in the rooms, and my heart bled as I saw, amongst a score of others, poor Gates, Brough's porter, who had advanced every shilling to his master, and was now, with ten children, houseless and penniless in his old age. Captain Sparr was in this neighbourhood, but by no means so friendly disposed ; for while Gates touched his hat as if I had been a lord, the little captain came forward threatening with his bamboo-cane, and swearing with great oaths that I was an accomplice of Brough. 'Curse you for a smooth-faced scoundrel !' says he. 'What business have you to ruin an English gentleman, as you have me ?' And again he advanced with his stick. But this time, officer as he was, Gus took him by the collar, and shoved him back, and said, 'Look at the lady, you brute, and hold your tongue !' And when he looked at my wife's situation, Captain Sparr became redder for shame than he had before been for anger. 'I'm sorry she's married to such a good-for-nothing,' muttered he, and fell back ; and my poor wife and I walked out of the court, and back to our dismal room in the prison.

It was a hard place for a gentle creature like her to be confined in ; and I longed to have some of my relatives with her when her time should come. But her grandmother could not leave the old lieutenant ; and my mother had written to say that, as Mrs. Hoggarty was with us, she was quite as well at home with her children. 'What a blessing it is for you, under your misfortunes,' continued the good soul, 'to have the generous purse of your aunt for succour !' Generous purse of my aunt, indeed ! Where could Mrs. Hoggarty be ? It was evident that she had not written to any of her friends in the country, nor gone thither, as she threatened.

But as my mother had already lost so much money through my unfortunate luck, and as she had enough to do with her little

pittance to keep my sisters at home, and as, on hearing of my condition, she would infallibly have sold her last gown to bring me aid, Mary and I agreed that we would not let her know what our real condition was—bad enough! Heaven knows, and sad and cheerless. Old Lieutenant Smith had likewise nothing but his half-pay and his rheumatism; so we were, in fact, quite friendless.

That period of my life, and that horrible prison, seem to me like recollections of some fever. What an awful place!—not for the sadness, strangely enough, as I thought, but for the gaiety of it; for the long prison galleries were, I remember, full of life and a sort of grave bustle. All day and all night doors were clapping to and fro; and you heard loud voices, oaths, footsteps, and laughter. Next door to our room was one where a man sold gin, under the name of *tape*; and here, from morning till night, the people kept up a horrible revelry; and sang—sad songs some of them,—but my dear little girl was, thank God, unable to understand the most part of their ribaldry. She never used to go out till nightfall; and all day she sat working at a little store of caps and dresses for the expected stranger—and not, she says to this day, unhappy. But the confinement sickened her who had been used to happy country air, and she grew daily paler and paler.

The Fives Court was opposite our window; and here I used, very unwillingly at first, but afterwards I do confess with much eagerness, to take a couple of hours' daily sport. Ah! it was a strange place. There was an aristocracy there as elsewhere,—amongst other gents, a son of my Lord Deuceace; and many of the men in the prison were as eager to walk with him, and talked of his family as knowingly, as if they were Bond Street bucks. Poor Tidd, especially, was one of these. Of all his fortune he had nothing left but a dressing-case and a flowered dressing-gown; and to these possessions he added a fine pair of moustachios, with which the poor creature strutted about; and though cursing his ill fortune, was, I do believe, as happy, whenever his friends brought him a guinea, as he had been during his brief career as a gentleman on town. I have seen sauntering dandies in watering-places ogling the women, watching eagerly for steam-boats and stage-coaches as if their lives depended upon them, and strutting all day in jackets up and down the public walks. Well, there are such fellows in prisons, quite as dandified and foolish, only a little more shabby—dandies with dirty beards and holes at their elbows.

I did not go near what is called the poor side of the prison—I *dared* not, that was the fact. But our little stock of money was running low; and my heart sickened to think what might be my

dear wife's fate, and on what sort of a couch our child might be born. But Heaven spared me that pang,—Heaven, and my dear, good friend, Gus Hoskins.

The attorneys to whom Mr. Smithers recommended me told me that I could get leave to live in the rules of the Fleet, could I procure sureties to the marshal of the prison for the amount of the detainer lodged against me ; but though I looked Mr. Blatherwick hard in the face, he never offered to give the bail for me, and I knew no housekeeper in London who would procure it. There was, however, one whom I did not know,—and that was old Mr. Hoskins, the leather-seller of Skinner Street, a kind fat gentleman, who brought his fat wife to see Mrs. Titmarsh ; and though the lady gave herself rather patronising airs (her husband being free of the Skinners' Company, and bidding fair to be alderman, nay, lord mayor of the first city of the world) she seemed heartily to sympathise with us ; and her husband stirred and bustled about until the requisite leave was obtained, and I was allowed comparative liberty.

As for lodgings, they were soon had. My old landlady, Mrs. Stokes, sent her *Jemima* to say, that her first floor was at our service ; and when we had taken possession of it, and I offered at the end of the week to pay her bill, the good soul, with tears in her eyes, told me that she did not want for money now, and that she knew I had enough to do with what I had. I did not refuse her kindness ; for, indeed, I had but five guineas left, and ought not by rights to have thought of such expensive apartments as hers : but my wife's time was very near, and I could not bear to think that she should want for any comfort in her lying-in.

That admirable woman, with whom the Miss Hoskineses came every day to keep company—and very nice, kind ladies they are—recovered her health a good deal, now she was out of the odious prison, and was enabled to take exercise. How gaily did we pace up and down Bridge Street and Chatham Place, to be sure ! and yet, in truth, I was a beggar, and felt sometimes ashamed of being so happy.

With regard to the liabilities of the Company, my mind was now made quite easy ; for the creditors could only come upon our directors, and these it was rather difficult to find. Mr. Brough was across the water ; and I must say, to the credit of that gentleman, that while everybody thought he had run away with hundreds of thousands of pounds, he was in a garret at Boulogne, with scarce a shilling in his pocket, and his fortune to make afresh. Mrs. Brough, like a good, brave woman, remained faithful to him, and only left Fulham with the gown on her back ; and Miss Belinda,

though grumbling and sadly out of temper, was no better off. For the other directors,—when they came to inquire at Edinburgh for Mr. Mull, W.S., it appeared there *was* a gentleman of that name, who had practised in Edinburgh with good reputation until 1800, since when he had retired to the Isle of Skye; and, on being applied to, knew no more of the West Diddlesex Association than Queen Anne did. General Sir Dionysius O'Halloran had abruptly quitted Dublin, and returned to the republic of Guatemala. Mr. Shirk went into the *Gazette*. Mr. Macraw, M.P. and king's counsel, had not a single guinea in the world but what he received for attending our board; and the only man seizable was Mr. Manstraw, a wealthy navy contractor, as we had understood, at Chatham. He turned out to be a small dealer in marine stores, and his whole stock in trade was not worth £10. Mr. Abednego was the other director, and we have already seen what became of *him*.

'Why, as there is no danger from the West Diddlesex,' suggested Mr. Hoskins, senior, 'should you not now endeavour to make an arrangement with your creditors; and who can make a better bargain with them than pretty Mrs. Titmarsh here, whose sweet eyes would soften the hardest-hearted tailor or milliner that ever lived?'

Accordingly, my dear girl, one bright day in February, shook me by the hand, and, bidding me be of good cheer, set off with Gus in a coach, to pay a visit to those persons. Little did I think a year before, that the daughter of the gallant Smith should ever be compelled to be a suppliant to tailors and haberdashers; but, *she*, Heaven bless her, felt none of the shame which oppressed me, or *said* she felt none, and went away, nothing doubting, on her errand.

In the evening, she came back, and my heart thumped to know the news. I saw it was bad, by her face. For some time, she did not speak, but looked as pale as death, and wept as she kissed me. 'You speak, Mr. Augustus,' at last said she, sobbing; and so Gus told me the circumstances of that dismal day.

'What do you think, Sam?' says he; 'that infernal aunt of yours, at whose command you had the things, has written to the tradesmen to say that you are a swindler and impostor; that you gave out that *she* ordered the goods; that she is ready to drop down dead, and to take her bible-oath she never did any such thing, and that they must look to you alone for payment. Not one of them would hear of letting you out; and as for Mantalini, the scoundrel was so insolent, that I gave him a box on the ear, and would have half-killed him, only poor Mary—Mrs. Titmarsh, I mean—screamed

and fainted ; and I brought her away, and here she is, as ill as can be.'

That night, the indefatigable Gus was obliged to run post-haste for Doctor Salts, and next morning a little boy was born. I did not know whether to be sad or happy, as they shewed me the little weakly thing ; but Mary was the happiest woman, she declared, in the world, and forgot all her sorrows in nursing the poor baby ; and went bravely through her time, and vowed that it was the loveliest child in the world ; and that though Lady Tiptoff, whose confinement we read of as having taken place the same day, might have a silk bed and a fine house in Grosvenor Square, she never, never, could have such a beautiful child as our dear little Gus ; for after whom should we have named the boy, if not after our good, kind friend ? We had a little party at the christening, and, I assure you, were very merry over our tea.

The mother, thank Heaven, was very well, and it did one's heart good to see her in that attitude in which I think every woman, be she ever so plain, looks beautiful—with her baby at her bosom. The child was sickly, but she did not see it : we were very poor, but what cared she ? She had no leisure to be sorrowful as I was ; and I had my last guinea now in my pocket ; and when *that* was gone—ah ! my heart sickened to think of what was to come, and I prayed for strength and guidance, and in the midst of my perplexities felt yet thankful that the danger of the confinement was over ; and that for the worst fortune which was to befall us, my dear wife was at least prepared, and strong in health.

I told Mrs. Stokes that she must let us have a cheaper room—a garret, that should cost but a few shillings ; and though the good woman bade me remain in the apartments we occupied, yet, now that my wife was well, I felt it would be a crime to deprive my kind landlady of her chief means of livelihood ; and at length she promised to get me a garret, as I wanted, and to make it as comfortable as might be ; and little Jemima declared that she would be glad beyond measure to wait on the mother and the child.

The room, then, was made ready ; and though I took some pains not to speak of the arrangement too suddenly to Mary, yet there was no need of disguise or hesitation ; for when at last I told her—'Is that all ?' said she, and took my hand with one of her blessed smiles, and vowed that she and Jemima would keep the room as pretty and neat as possible. 'And I will cook your dinners,' added she ; 'for you know you said I make the best roly-poly puddings in the world.' God bless her ! I do think

some women almost love poverty ; but I did not tell Mary how poor I was, nor had she any idea how lawyers', and prisons', and doctors' fees had diminished the sum of money which she brought me when we came to the Fleet.

It was not, however, destined that she and her child should inhabit that little garret. We were to leave our lodgings on Monday morning ; but on Saturday evening the child was seized with convulsions, and all Sunday the mother watched and prayed for it ; but it pleased God to take the innocent infant from us, and on Sunday, at midnight, it lay a corpse in its mother's bosom. Amen. We have other children, happy and well, now round about us ; and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded ; but I do believe, that every day of her life, the mother thinks of the firstborn that was with her for so short a while ; and many and many a time has she taken her daughters to the grave, in Saint Bride's, where he lies buried, and wears still at her neck a little, little lock of gold hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birthday, but to her never ; and often, in the midst of common talk, comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still,—some simple allusion that is to me inexpressibly affecting.

I shall not try to describe her grief, for such things are sacred and secret ; and a man has no business to place them on paper for all the world to read. Nor should I have mentioned the child's loss at all, but that even that loss was the means of a great worldly blessing to us, as my wife has often with tears and thanks acknowledged.

While my wife was weeping over her child, I am ashamed to say I was distracted with other feelings besides those of grief for its loss ; and I have often since thought what a master—nay, destroyer—of the affections want is, and have learned from experience to be thankful for *daily bread*. That acknowledgment of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger and from temptation is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it you who are rich, and take heed how you turn a beggar away.

The child lay there in its wicker cradle, with its sweet fixed smile in its face (I think the angels in heaven must have been glad to welcome that pretty innocent smile) ; and it was only the next day, after my wife had gone to lie down, and I sat keeping watch by it, that I remembered the condition of its parents, and thought, I can't tell with what a pang, that I had not money left to bury the little thing, and wept bitter tears of despair. Now, at last,

I thought I must apply to my poor mother, for this was a sacred necessity ; and I took paper, and wrote her a letter at the baby's side, and told her of our condition. But, thank Heaven, I never sent the letter ; for as I went to the desk to get sealing-wax, and



The Common Lot.

seal that dismal letter, my eyes fell upon the diamond-pin, that I had quite forgotten, and that was lying in the drawer of the desk.

I looked into the bedroom,—my poor wife was asleep ; she had been watching for three nights and days, and had fallen asleep from

sheer fatigue ; and I ran out to a pawnbroker's with the diamond, and received seven guineas for it, and coming back put the money into the landlady's hand, and told her to get what was needful. My wife was still asleep when I came back ; and when she woke, we persuaded her to go downstairs to the landlady's parlour, and meanwhile the necessary preparations were made, and the poor child consigned to its coffin.

The next day, after all was over, Mrs. Stokes gave me back three out of the seven guineas ; and then I could not help sobbing out to her my doubts and wretchedness, telling her that this was the last money I had ; and when that was gone, I knew not what was to become of the best wife that ever a man was blest with.

My wife was downstairs with the woman. Poor Gus, who was with me, and quite as much affected as any of the party, took me by the arm, and led me downstairs ; and we quite forgot all about the prison and the rules, and walked a long, long way across Blackfriars Bridge, the kind fellow striving as much as possible to console me.

When we came back, it was in the evening. The first person who met me in the house was my kind mother, who fell into my arms, with many tears, and who rebuked me tenderly for not having told her of my necessities. She never should have known of them, she said ; but she had not heard from me since I wrote announcing the birth of the child, and she felt uneasy about my silence ; and meeting Mr. Smithers in the street, asked from him news concerning me : whereupon, that gentleman, with some little show of alarm, told her that he thought her daughter-in-law was confined in an uncomfortable place ; that Mrs. Hoggarty had left us ; finally, that I was in prison. This news at once dispatched my poor mother on her travels, and she had only just come from the prison, where she learned my address.

I asked her whether she had seen my wife, and how she found her. Rather to my amaze, she said that Mary was out with the landlady when she arrived ; and eight—nine o'clock came, and she was absent still.

At ten o'clock returned—not my wife, but Mrs. Stokes, and with her a gentleman, who shook hands with me on coming into the room, and said, ' Mr. Titmarsh, I don't know whether you will remember me ; my name is Tiptoff. I have brought you a note from Mrs. Titmarsh, and a message from my wife, who sincerely commiserates your loss, and begs you will not be uneasy at Mrs. Titmarsh's absence. She has been good enough to promise to pass the night with Lady Tiptoff ; and I am sure you will not object to her being away from you, while she is giving happiness to a

sick mother and a sick child.' After a few more words, my lord left us. My wife's note only said that Mrs. Stokes would tell me all.

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT A GOOD WIFE IS THE BEST
DIAMOND A MAN CAN WEAR IN HIS BOSOM

'MRS. TITMARSH, ma'am,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'before I gratify your curiosity, ma'am, permit me to observe that angels is scarce ; and it's rare to have one, much more two, in a family. Both your son and your daughter-in-law, ma'am, are of that uncommon sort ; they are, now, reely, ma'am.'

My mother said she thanked God for both of us ; and Mrs. Stokes proceeded :—

'When the fu— when the seminary, ma'am, was concluded this morning, your poor daughter-in-law was glad to take shelter in my humble parlour, ma'am, where she wept, and told a thousand stories of the little cherub that's gone. Heaven bless us ! it was here but a month, and no one could have thought it could have done such a many things in that time. But a mother's eyes are clear, ma'am ; and I had just such another angel, my dear little Antony, that was born before Jemima, and would have been twenty-three now were he in this wicked world, ma'am. However, I won't speak of him, ma'am, but of what took place.

'You must know, ma'am, that Mrs. Titmarsh remained downstairs while Mr. Samuel was talking with his friend, Mr. Hoskins ; and the poor thing would not touch a bit of dinner, though we had it made comfortable ; and after dinner, it was with difficulty I could get her to sup a little drop of wine-and-water, and dip a toast in it. . It was the first morsel that had passed her lips for many a long hour, ma'am.

'Well, she would not speak, and I thought it best not to interrupt her ; but she sat and looked at my two youngest, that were playing on the rug ; and just as Mr. Titmarsh and his friend Gus went out, the boy brought the newspaper, ma'am,—it always comes from three to four, and I began a-reading of it. But I couldn't read much, for thinking of poor Mr. Sam's sad face, as he went out, and the sad story he told me about his money being so low, and every now and then I stopped reading, and bade Mrs. T. not to take on so ; and told her some stories about my dear little Antony.

“Ah!” says she, sobbing, and looking at the young ones, “you have other children, Mrs. Stokes; but that—that was my only one;” and she flung back in her chair, and cried fit to break her heart; and I knew that the cry would do her good, and so went back to my paper—the *Morning Post*, ma’am; I always read it, for I like to know what’s a-going on in the West End.

“The very first thing that my eyes lighted upon was this: “Wanted immediately, a respectable person as wet-nurse. Apply at No. — Grosvenor Square.” “Bless us and save us!” says I, “here’s poor Lady Tiptoff ill;” for I knew her ladyship’s address, and how she was confined in the very same day with Mrs. T.; and, for the matter of that, her ladyship knows *my* address, having visited here.

“A sudden thought came over me. “My dear Mrs. Titmarsh,” said I, “you know how poor and how good your husband is.”

“Yes,” says she, rather suprised.

“Well, my dear,” says I, looking her hard in the face, “Lady Tiptoff, who knows him, wants a nurse for her son, Lord Poynings. Will you be a brave woman, and look for the place, and mayhap replace the little one that God has taken from you?”

“She began to tremble and blush; and then I told her what you, Mr. Sam, had told me the other day about your money matters; and no sooner did she hear it, than she sprung to her bonnet, and said, “Come, come;” and in five minutes she had me by the arm, and we walked together to Grosvenor Square. The air did her no harm, Mr. Sam, and during the whole of the walk she never cried but once, and then it was at seeing a nursery-maid in the Square.

“A great fellow in livery opens the door, and says, “You’re the forty-fifth as come about this ’ere place; but, fust, let me ask you a prelimnary question. Are you a Hirishwoman?”

“No, sir,” says Mrs. T.

“That suffishnt, mem,” says the gentleman in plush; “I see you’re not by your axnt. Step this way, ladies, if you please. You’ll find some more candidix for the place upstairs; but I sent away forty-four happlicants, because they *was* Hirish.”

“We were taken upstairs over very soft carpets, and brought into a room, and told by an old lady who was there to speak very softly, for my lady was only two rooms off. And when I asked how the baby and her ladyship were, the old lady told me both were pretty well; only the doctor said Lady Tiptoff was too delicate to nurse any longer; and so it was considered necessary to have a wet-nurse.

“There was another young woman in the room—a tall, fine

woman as ever you saw—that looked very angry and contemptuous at Mrs. T. and me, and said, “I’ve brought a letter from the duchess whose daughter I nust; and I think, Mrs. Blenkinsop, mem, my Lady Tiptoff may look far before she finds such another nuss as me. Five feet six high, had the small-pox, married to a corporal in the Lifeguards, perfectly healthy, best of charactiers, only drink water; and as for the child, ma’am, if her ladyship had six, I’ve a plenty for them all.”

‘As the woman was making this speech, a little gentleman in black came in from the next room, treading as if on velvet. The woman got up, and made him a low curtsy, and folding her arms on her great broad chest, repeated the speech she had made before. Mrs. T. did not get up from her chair, but only made a sort of a bow; which, to be sure, I thought was ill manners, as this gentleman was evidently the apothecary. He looked hard at her, and said, “Well, my good woman, and are you come about the place, too?”

“Yes, sir,” says she, blushing.

“You seem very delicate. How old is your child? How many have you had? What character have you?”

‘Your wife didn’t answer a word; so I stepped up, and said, ‘Sir,” says I, “this lady has just lost her first child, and isn’t used to look for places, being the daughter of a captain in the navy; so you’ll excuse her want of manners in not getting up when you came in.”

‘The doctor at this sat down and began talking very kindly to her; he said he was afraid that her application would be unsuccessful, as Mrs. Horner came very strongly recommended from the Duchess of Doncaster, whose relative Lady Tiptoff was; and presently my lady appeared, looking very pretty, ma’am, in an elegant lace-cap, and a sweet muslin *robe-de-sham*.

‘A nurse came out of her ladyship’s room with her; and while my lady was talking to us, walked up and down in the next room with something in her arms.

‘First my lady spoke to Mrs. Horner, and then to Mrs. T.; but all the while she was talking, Mrs. Titmarsh, rather rudely as I thought, ma’am, was looking into the next room; looking—looking at the baby there with all her might. My lady asked her her name, and if she had any character; and as she did not speak, I spoke up for her, and said she was the wife of one of the best men in the world; that her ladyship knew the gentleman, too, and had brought him a haunch of venison. Then Lady Tiptoff looked up quite astonished, and I told the whole story, how you had been head clerk, and that rascal, Brough, had

brought you to ruin. "Poor thing!" said my lady; Mrs. Titmarsh did not speak, but still kept looking at the baby; and the great big grenadier of a Mrs. Horner looked angrily at her.

"Poor thing!" says my lady, taking Mrs. T.'s hand very kind, "she seems very young. How old are you, my dear?"

"Five weeks and two days!" says your wife, sobbing.

"Mrs. Horner burst into a laugh; but there was a tear in my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was a-thinking of.

"Silence, woman!" says she angrily to the great grenadier-woman, and at this moment the child in the next room began crying.

"As soon as your wife heard the noise, she sprung from her chair and made a step forward, and put both her hands to her breast and said, "The child—the child—give it me!" and then began to cry again.

"My lady looked at her for a moment, and then ran into the next room and brought her the baby, and the baby clung to her as if he knew her; and a pretty sight it was to see that dear woman with the child at her bosom.

"When my lady saw it, what do you think she did? After looking on for a bit, she put her arms round your wife's neck and kissed her.

"My dear," said she, "I am sure you are as good as you are pretty, and you shall keep the child: and I thank God for sending you to me!"

"These were her very words; and Dr. Bland, who was standing by, says, "It's a second judgment of Solomon!"

"I suppose, my lady, you don't want *me*?" says the big woman, with another curtesy.

"Not in the least!" answers my lady, haughtily, and the grenadier left the room; and then I told all your story at full length, and Mrs. Blenkinsop kept me to tea, and I saw the beautiful room that Mrs. Titmarsh is to have next to Lady Tiptoff's; and when my lord came home, what does he do but insist upon coming back with me here in a hackney-coach, as he said he must apologise to you for keeping your wife away.'

I could not help, in my own mind, connecting this strange event which, in the midst of our sorrow, came to console us, and in our poverty to give us bread,—I could not help connecting it with the *diamond-pin*, and fancying that the disappearance of that ornament had somehow brought a different and a better sort of luck into my family. And though some gents who read this may call me a poor-spirited fellow for allowing my wife to go out to service who was bred a lady, and ought to have servants herself, yet, for my part,

I confess I did not feel one minute's scruple or mortification on the subject. If you love a person, is it not a pleasure to feel obliged to him? And this, in consequence, I felt. I was proud and happy at



The Judgment of Solomon.

being able to think that my dear wife should be able to labour and earn bread for me, now misfortune had put it out of my power to support me and her. And now, instead of making any reflections

of my own upon prison discipline, I will recommend the reader to consult that admirable chapter in the life of Mr. Pickwick, in which the same theme is handled, and which shews how silly it is to deprive honest men of the means of labour just at the moment when they most want it. What could I do? There were one or two gents in the prison who could work (literary gents,—one wrote his *Travels in Mesopotamia*, and the other his *Sketches at Almack's*, in the place); but all the occupation I could find was walking down Bridge Street, and then up Bridge Street; and staring at Alderman Waithman's windows, and then at the black man who swept the crossing. I never gave him anything; but I envied him his trade and his broom, and the money that continually fell into his old hat. But I was not allowed even to carry a broom.

Twice or thrice—for Lady Tiptoff did not wish her little boy often to breathe the air of such a close place as Salisbury Square—my dear Mary came in the thundering carriage to see me. They were merry meetings; and—if the truth must be told—twice, when nobody was by, I jumped into the carriage and had a drive with her; and when I had seen her home, jumped into another hackney-coach and drove back. But this was only twice, for the system was dangerous, and it might bring me into trouble, and it cost three shillings from Grosvenor Square to Ludgate Hill.

Here, meanwhile, my good mother kept me company; and what should we read of one day but the marriage of Mrs. Hoggarty and the Rev. Grimes Wapshot! My mother, who never loved Mrs. H., now said that she should repent all her life having allowed me to spend so much of my time with that odious, ungrateful woman; and added, that she and I too were justly punished for worshipping the Mammon of unrighteousness, and forgetting our natural feelings for the sake of my aunt's paltry lucre. Well, 'Amen!' said I, 'this is the end of all our fine schemes! My aunt's money and my aunt's diamond were the causes of my ruin, and now they are clear gone, thank Heaven! and I hope the old lady will be happy, and I must say I don't envy the Rev. Grimes Wapshot.' So we put Mrs. Hoggarty out of our thoughts, and made ourselves as comfortable as might be.

Rich and great people are slower in making Christians of their children than we poor ones, and little Lord Poynings was not christened until the month of June. A duke was one godfather, and Mr. Edmund Preston, the state secretary, another; and that kind Lady Jane Preston, whom I have before spoken of, was the godmother to her nephew. She had long been made acquainted with my wife's history; and both she and her sister loved her heartily, and were very kind to her. Indeed, there was not a

single soul in the house, high or low, but was fond of that good sweet creature ; and the very footmen were as ready to serve her as they were their own mistress.

‘I tell you what, sir,’ says one of them, ‘you see, Tit, my boy, I’m a connyshure, and up to snough ; and if ever I see a lady in my life, Mrs. Titmarsh is one. I can’t be familiar with her—I’ve tried——’

‘Have you, sir ?’ says I.

‘Don’t look so indignant ! I can’t, I say, be familiar with her as I am with you. There’s a somethink in her, a jennysquaw, that haws me, sir ! and even my lord’s own man, that ‘as ‘ad as much success as any gentleman in Europe—he says, that cuss him——’

‘Mr. Charles,’ says I, ‘tell my lord’s own man that if he wants to keep his place and his whole skin, he will never address a single word to that lady but such as a servant should utter in the presence of his mistress ; and take notice that I am a gentleman, though a poor one, and will murder the first man who does her wrong !’

Mr. Charles only said ‘Gammin !’ to this ; but pshaw ! in bragging about my own spirit, I forgot to say what great good fortune my dear wife’s conduct procured for me.

On the christening day, Mr. Preston offered her first a five and then a twenty-pound note, but she declined either ; but she did not decline a present that the two ladies made her together, and this was no other than *my release from the Fleet*. Lord Tiptoff’s lawyer paid every one of the bills against me, and that happy christening day made me a free man. Ah ! who shall tell the pleasure of that day, or the merry dinner we had in Mary’s room at Lord Tiptoff’s house, when my lord and my lady came upstairs to shake hands with me ?

‘I have been speaking to Mr. Preston,’ says my lord, ‘the gentleman with whom you had the memorable quarrel, and he has forgiven it, although he was in the wrong, and promises to do something for you. We are going down, meanwhile, to his house at Richmond ; and be sure, Mr. Titmarsh, I will not fail to keep you in his mind.’

‘Mrs. Titmarsh will do that,’ says my lady, ‘for Edmund is woefully smitten with her !’ and Mary blushed and I laughed, and we were all very happy ; and sure enough there came from Richmond a letter to me, stating that I was appointed fourth clerk in the Tape and Sealing-wax Office, with a salary of £80 per annum.

Here, perhaps, my story ought to stop, for I was happy at last,

and have never since, thank Heaven! known want; but Gus insists that I should add how I gave up the place in the Tape and Sealing-wax Office, and for what reason. That excellent Lady Jane Preston is long gone, and so is Mr. P—— off in an apoplexy, and there is no harm now in telling the story.

The fact was, that Mr. Preston had fallen in love with Mary in a much more serious way than any of us imagined; for I do believe he invited his brother-in-law to Richmond for no other purpose than to pay court to his son's nurse. And one day, as I was coming post-haste to thank him for the place he had procured for me, being directed by Mr. Charles to the scrubbery, as he called it, which led down to the river,—there, sure enough, I found Mr. Preston, on his knees too, on the gravel-walk, and before him Mary, holding the little lord.

'Dearest creature!' says Mr. Preston, 'do but listen to me, and I'll make your husband consul at Timbuctoo! He shall *never* know of it, I tell you; he *can* never know of it. I pledge you my word as a cabinet minister! Oh, don't look at me in that arch way! by heavens, your eyes kill me!'

Mary, when she saw me, burst out laughing, and ran down the lawn; my lord making a huge crowing, too, and holding out his little fat hands. Mr. Preston, who was a heavy man, was slowly getting up, when, catching a sight of me, looking as fierce as the crater of Mount Etna,—he gave a start back and lost his footing, and rolled over and over, walloping into the water at the garden's edge. It was not deep, and he came bubbling and snorting out again in as much fright as fury.

'You d—d ungrateful villain!' says he, 'what do you stand laughing there for?'

'I'm waiting your orders for Timbuctoo, sir,' says I, and laughed fit to die; and so did my Lord Tiptoff and his party, who joined us on the lawn; and Jeames the footman came forward and helped Mr. Preston out of the water.

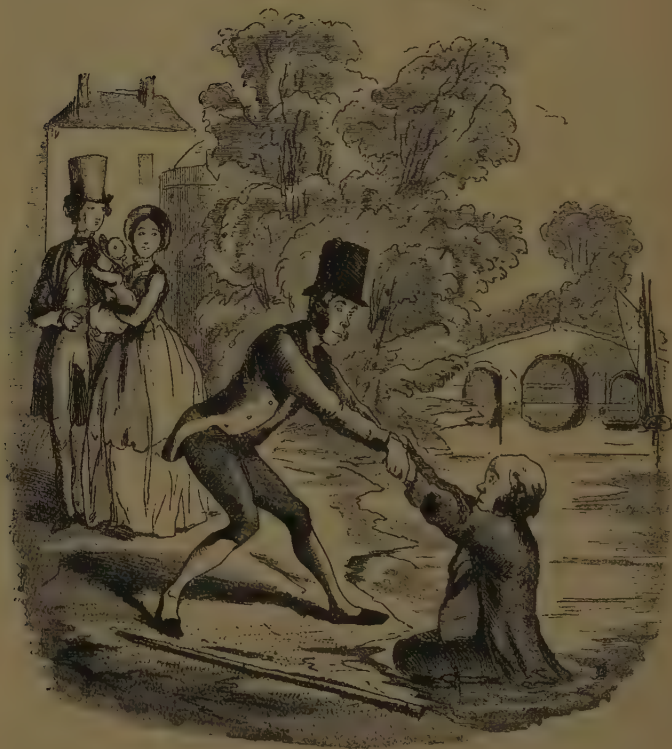
'Oh, you old sinner!' says my lord, as his brother-in-law came up the slope. 'Will that heart of yours be always so susceptible, you romantic, apoplectic, immoral man?'

Mr. Preston went away looking blue with rage, and ill-treated his wife for a whole month afterwards.

'At any rate,' says my lord, 'Titmarsh here has got a place through our friend's unhappy attachment; and Mrs. Titmarsh has only laughed at him, so there is no harm there. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, you know.'

'Such a wind as that, my lord, with due respect to you, shall never do good to me. I have learned in the past few years what

it is to make friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness; and that out of such friendship no good comes in the end to honest men. It shall never be said that Sam Titmarsh got a place



Over head and ears in love.

because a great man was in love with his wife; and were the situation ten times as valuable, I should blush every day I entered the office-doors in thinking of the base means by which my fortune was made. You have made me free, my lord, and thank God! I am willing to work. I can easily get a clerkship with the

assistance of my friends ; and with that and my wife's income, we can manage honestly to face the world.'

This rather long speech I made with some animation ; for, look you, I was not over well pleased that his lordship should think me capable of speculating in any way on my wife's beauty.

My lord at first turned red, and looked rather angry ; but at last he held out his hand and said, ' You are right, Titmarsh, and I am wrong ; and let me tell you in confidence, that I think you are a very honest fellow. You shan't lose by your honesty, I promise you.'

Nor did I ; for am I not at this present moment Lord Tiptoff's steward and right-hand man ; and am I not a happy father ; and is not my wife loved and respected by all the country ; and is not Gus Hoskins my brother-in-law, partner with his excellent father in the leather way, and the delight of all his nephews and nieces for his tricks and fun ?

As for Mr. Brough, that gentleman's history would fill a volume of itself. Since he vanished from the London world, he has become celebrated on the Continent, where he has acted a thousand parts, and met all sorts of changes of high and low fortune. One thing we may at least admire in the man, and that is, his undaunted courage ; and I can't help thinking, as I have said before, that there must be some good in him, seeing the way in which his family are faithful to him. With respect to Roundhand, I had best also speak tenderly. The case of Roundhand *v.* Tidd is still in the memory of the public ; nor can I ever understand how Bill Tidd, so poetic as he was, could ever take on with such a fat, odious, vulgar woman as Mrs. R., who was old enough to be his mother.

As soon as we were in prosperity, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes Wapshot made overtures to be reconciled to us ; and Mr. Wapshot laid bare to me all the baseness of Mr. Smithers's conduct in the Brough transaction. Smithers had also endeavoured to pay his court to me, once when I went down to Somersetshire ; but I cut his pretensions short, as I have shown. ' He it was,' said Mr. Wapshot, ' who induced Mrs. Grimes (Mrs. Hoggarty she was then) to purchase the West Diddlesex shares ; receiving, of course, a large bonus for himself. But directly he found that Mrs. Hoggarty had fallen into the hands of Mr. Brough, and that he should lose the income he made from the law-suits with her tenants and from the management of her landed property, he determined to rescue her from that villain Brough, and came to town for the purpose. He, also,' added Mr. Wapshot, ' vented his malignant slander against me ; but Heaven was pleased to frustrate his base schemes. In

the proceedings consequent on Brough's bankruptcy, Mr. Smithers could not appear, for his own share in the transactions of the Company would have been most certainly shown up. During his absence from London, I became the husband—the happy husband of your aunt. But though, my dear sir, I have been the means of bringing her to grace, I cannot disguise from you that Mrs. W. has faults which all my pastoral care has not enabled me to eradicate. She is close of her money, sir—very close; nor can I make that charitable use of her property which, as a clergyman, I ought to do; for she has tied up every shilling of it, and only allows me half-a-crown a week for pocket money. In temper, too, she is very violent. During the first years of our union, I strove with her; yea, I chastised her; but her perseverance, I must confess, got the better of me. I make no more remonstrances, but am as a lamb in her hands, and she leads me whithersoever she pleases.'

Mr. Wapshot concluded his tale by borrowing half-a-crown from me (it was at the Somerset Coffee-house in the Strand, where he came, in the year 1832, to wait upon me), and I saw him go from thence into the gin-shop opposite, and come out of the gin-shop half an hour afterwards, reeling across the streets, and perfectly intoxicated.

He died next year: when his widow, who called herself Mrs. Hoggarty-Grimes-Wapshot, of Castle Hoggarty, said that over the grave of her saint all earthly resentments were forgotten, and proposed to come and live with us: paying us, of course, a handsome remuneration. But this offer my wife and I respectfully declined; and once more she altered her will, which once more she had made in our favour; called us ungrateful wretches, and pampered menials, and left all her property to the Irish Hoggartys. But seeing my wife one day in a carriage with Lady Tiptoff, and hearing that we had been at the great ball at Tiptoff Castle, and that I had grown to be a rich man, she changed her mind again, sent for me on her death-bed, and left me the farms of Slopperton and Squashtail, with all her savings for fifteen years. Peace be to her soul, for certainly she left me a very pretty property.

Though I am no literary man myself, my cousin Michael (who generally, when he is short of coin, comes down and passes a few months with us) says that my memoirs may be of some use to the public (meaning, I suspect, to himself); and if so, I am glad to serve him and them, and hereby take farewell, bidding all gents who peruse this, to be cautious of their money, if they have it; to be still more cautious of their friends' money; to remember that great profits imply great risks; and that the great shrewd capitalists

of this country would not be content with four per cent for their money, if they could securely get more ; above all, I entreat them never to embark in any speculation, of which the conduct is not perfectly clear to them, and of which the agents are not perfectly open and loyal.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL
(AND PUBLIC LEDGER)

THE CONSTITUTIONAL (AND PUBLIC LEDGER).

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

1.

FROM A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENT.

September 19.

PARIS, *September 17*.—In the absence of any matter of interest to-day, I send you a long extract from the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which contains a curious passage in the history of two worthy men, who are set to preside over affairs here, and of the amiable and disinterested monarch of these realms.

Guizot's political career commenced in 1814, when he was secretary under the Abbé Montesquieu, at that time Minister of the Interior. He then published a work in which he set forth that the right of censure was directly proved by the *Charte*, and in various articles inserted in the *Moniteur* he enlarged upon the theme, and showed that the 8th article of the charter (which guarantees the freedom of the press) positively established the censure. You know how he followed the Bourbons to Ghent, and with what a noble patriotic sentiment he hailed the progress of the allies in France, and thanked God for every victory which they won.

M. Molé's début dates from 1806, when he published a work in which he proved that an absolute monarchy is the only reasonable system of government.

When, after the disasters of Russia, several members of Napoleon's council hinted at the propriety of a constitution as well as an Emperor in France, M. Molé was consulted as to the punishment which should fall on them for venturing upon such an audacious proposition. '*Qu'on leur coupe la tete,*' replied he, quoting Shakspeare, 'Off with their heads.'

Since this period Messrs. Molé and Guizot have filled half-a-dozen different political employments, and in 1830 especially they were members of the Government of July, then it may be remembered 'the best of all possible republics.'

It was at this period that M. Frederic Des Georges, the writer in the *Review*, made their acquaintance, and he thus narrates the transactions in which he and they were concerned.

‘At the first rumour of the victory of the three days, the Spanish Liberals flocked from all parts of Europe to Paris, in hopes that France would at length be disposed to return to Spain the liberty of which she had deprived that country.

‘A kind of junta, formed of the most celebrated of the Spanish refugees, was then constituted; among them may be mentioned the Count de Toreno, Mendizabal Isturiz, Angel Saavedra (the Duke de Rivas), Calatrava, Torres, San Miguel, Seoane, and others. This committee had two ends in view—to re-establish communication with their party in Spain, and to enter into an alliance with the new French government.

‘I was charged with the execution of the latter part of their plan; and entered into negotiations with the cabinet of the Palais Royal. The party demanded that Ferdinand and his family should be banished from Spain, and offered in exchange the Spanish crown to the Duke de Nemours. It was further proposed that the Duke should marry Donna Maria, then at Paris, and that the union of Spain and Portugal should be thus effected.

‘The proposition was received with enthusiasm, the Spanish refugees were encouraged, and were allowed every freedom to act. 100,000 francs were drawn from the Royal treasury to aid them in their first movements. *M. Molé (then Foreign Minister) paid this sum into the hands of Gen. Lafayette*, who, in accordance with Molé, determined its employment. 70,000 francs were sent to Bayonne, to be distributed among the refugees collected on the frontier; and 30,000 to Marseilles, to be transmitted to General Torrijos, then preparing at Gibraltar an expedition upon Andalusia.

‘The second part of my mission was addressed to the Ministers, official agents of the government. I presented myself to Guizot, then taking possession of the Ministry of the Interior; and, explaining to him the purpose of my visit, received instantly from him an answer. M. Guizot said: “Tell those who sent you that France committed a political crime against Spain in 1823; that she owes her a complete and public reparation; and that this reparation shall be made.”

‘The society “*aide-toi*” formed among its members a Spanish committee, whose duty it was to employ all the means in their power to revolutionise Spain. Its principal object was to form at the frontier a small army of volunteers, who were to penetrate into Spain, under the guidance of the several refugee generals, and to give to the patriots the signal for rising. Subscriptions were

poured in ; among the subscribers were M. Sebastiani, Bertin de Vaux, and others ; and the emigrants, relying upon their help, and entirely trusting to Guizot's explicit declaration, engaged upon their enterprise.

'Casimir Périer authorised his son to form part of the committee, and thus gave an almost official colour to our proceedings ; but Guizot, more than any other, gave us the means of action. Arms and equipments were despatched to the frontiers ; places in the public coaches were kept for the sharers in the new expedition, and troops of 50, 100, and 200 men, their officers at their head, marched through France, with drums beating and flags flying, received with the same honours in their way as our own army.

'But this revolutionary fever did not long continue ; the foreign diplomatists appeared at the Palais Royal with propositions of peace and alliance, and the beautiful dream disappeared ; Spain, Italy, and Poland, who had been, if not openly assisted, at least covertly excited to revolution, were left to their fate.

'Mina arrived meanwhile at Paris to take the command of the expedition, but he was received in secret by Marshal Gerard ; he was dismissed likewise in secret, and was prayed earnestly to delay for a few weeks the proposed movement, to disguise his project, and even to conceal his name, until France found herself in an assured position before Europe, and free to act for herself.

'Mina promised, and fatally kept his word ; the most precious time was lost, and the reserve of the General caused a distrust on the part of his French partisans, and compromised him deeply with his own countrymen. It was said that he was weak, and even treacherous, that he was sold to England, and averse to aid France in the movement which would have made her supreme in the Peninsula.

'In the meantime, French politics changed, the government, desirous to be acknowledged by the Spanish as by other nations, sacrificed altogether the liberal cause. The succours were withdrawn, departures from France were forbidden, and rigorous measures were taken against the refugees. Severe orders were addressed to the local authorities, and the miserable men who had sold their very clothes to purchase arms, were deprived of these their last and only property. When after the desperate resolution of Valdes, who passed to Bidassoa rather than disarm, Mina found himself compelled to join him ; he determined on a plan of campaign, bold, skilful, decisive perhaps.

'On the 20th of October, having entered Spain with a small troop of men, he intended for some days to confine his operations

to the Navarrese frontier, being quite sure that all the disposable Royal forces in Aragon, Navarre, and the Basque provinces would be drawn thither by the sole power of his name. General Placencia, who was in the meantime collecting the refugees scattered on the borders of the Adour, was to penetrate, on the 28th, into Aragon, in which province no troops would be left, and march forward to Saragossa, where the Liberals of the province were waiting for him. As Mina expected, Llander collected the Royalist troops of Aragon and Pampeluna, in order to attack the liberals at Vera. But while Mina, resigned to the defeat which he knew must befall him, after incredible danger, escaped the royalist pursuit, and returned, as by miracle, into France, where he expected to learn the success of his lieutenant, a sub-prefect had seized the arms destined to Placencia's troop, and had rendered the attempt impossible—the failure of a gallant and skilful enterprize. The death of a hundred brave soldiers, and the ruin of the cause of freedom in Spain, were the fruits of this man's conduct.'

T. T.

2.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

September 27.

PARIS, *September 25*.—I transmitted to you yesterday the announcement in the *Moniteur*, 'that anarchy reigned in Madrid, that insubordination daily increased in the army, and that Mina, in a dying state, was transported from Barcelona to Gracia for change of air.'

This is one among many cowardly blows which the French Government has levelled at the Constitutional cause in Spain; and you will take the news with the reservation, with which we must receive all news from such a source.

There are no accounts which would lead us to suppose that Mina was in so precarious a condition; there are no accounts that anarchy reigns at Madrid, where, on the contrary, money is much more plentiful, and confidence greatly restored.

The troops have in some instances been insubordinate, and it is lucky they were so; their insubordination only led them to dismiss the leaders, whose incapacity was known, and whose good faith was doubtful.

More anarchy reigned in Paris when Louis Philippe's 'august relative,' Charles X., was pulled from his throne; and more insubordination existed in the French army when they dismissed their officers, appointed them from their own body, and won the

battles of Valmy and Jemappes. It is hard that a revolutionary government should be ashamed of its parentage, and speak so slightly of its own blood relations.

I have purposely refrained from sending you the absurd reports propagated by the Carlists, and by the government here, and so eagerly seized and magnified by my poetical contemporaries of the *Herald* and the *Post*; or I should have informed you that Valencia had been taken at least half a dozen times, and that the poor Queens had been repeatedly expelled from Madrid.

But, in spite of the success of Gomez and other Carlist leaders, and the multiplied rumours of the confusion and disorganisation of the Constitutional army, there is a great obstacle to the triumph of Carlos, which the journals who support him, and the governments who patronise him, take into very little account. The Carlists in their incursions have obtained successes and booty, but no sympathy. The great cities of Spain and the countries which the Carlists have so mercilessly plundered, are animated with a hatred to the Pretender's cause, which no force of arms can possibly quell, and which the few troops which he can collect can never hope to master. If the government of the Queen has been hitherto unhappily found incapable, the nation in revenge is stirring and active; the people round Madrid will afford numerous and energetic defenders to the menaced capital, and it will be the glory of the patriotic societies, which are forming themselves so rapidly, to supply the deficiencies and the weakness of the government.

Thus, out of the very evil which has been oppressing the country, has arisen a great national good—a conviction that, to redress their wrongs, to procure the benefits of peace and liberty, the people must look only to the people; it is not the Queen's fault that the dispute between the contending parties has not been long since amicably arranged; it is not the Queen's act that the Constitution has been established, and her favourite ministry banished and disgraced. The people who have had strength enough to right themselves so far will doubtless be able to carry through their efforts for freedom.

In the meantime Don Carlos could not injure his own cause more effectually than at present he seems disposed to do; he grants no hopes of mercy to the nation which he would govern, and lays boldly before their eyes a dreadful prospect of oppression should they yield. The King of the French pays a high compliment to his nation in selecting, at such a moment, such an ally.

T. T.

3.

September 29.

PARIS, *September 27*.—A provincial government newspaper, the *Memorial Bordelais*, has just reached us here, and contains a sad blunder concerning the Viardot affair, for it absolutely admits the truth of the whole story.

‘Why,’ says the paper, rallying M. Viardot,—‘why rake up old stories of facts which occurred six years ago, *and with which every one is perfectly acquainted?* The repugnance of the ministry for the present order of things in Spain is as justifiable as the *aid which they gave* in 1830 to the victims of brutal despotism, with the hope of creating for the country a very different condition.’

The aid which Ministers gave in 1830 to the Constitutional cause you know already; the king advanced money—the government supplied arms and conveyance, as far as the frontier; but repenting of a sudden, the arms were seized, the men who were to use them were marched back like bands of galley-slaves, and the ‘brutal despot’ of Spain was left in peace. ‘A plague of all cowards,’ says I; ‘if the French call this backing of their friends, there is no virtue extant.’

But the first admission of the *Memorial Bordelais* is even more serious. How is a supporter of the Government to decide? The *Memorial* declares that all the world is acquainted with a fact, which the *Débats* proclaims to be a mere invention of the enemy, an attempt to throw discredit on the Doctrinaire party.

The only plan left for the Bordeaux Journalist is to yield, and thus follow the example of a Paris print, *La Paix*, which after making the same admission, gaily recanted the next morning, and declared that its preceding article was a mere piece of fun!

Being upon the subject of jokes, here is another excellent waggy which is taken from the *Gazette de France*.

‘At the time that we announced that Charles the Fifth, Catholic King of Spain, was about proclaiming an amnesty, we had almost the lie given us. At the time this Prince was speaking in the language of a father, calling on all the enemies of anarchy around him to respect the laws of humanity, to maintain order by the laws, he was accused of hiding his latent thoughts.

‘But all these doubts are just removed in a manner the most striking.

‘Gomez, he who has thrown Madrid into confusion, and conquered the first soldiers of the Constitution, has just, after forming a junction with other corps who advanced to meet him, entered by capitulation into a town containing 12,000 souls. His first act

has been to proclaim an AMNESTY IN THE NAME OF CHARLES V. The entire town saw him defile, carrying with him the Constitutionalist prisoners, and leading by the hand Topez, whom he had preserved from the fury of the populace; and fearing that his soldiers would not be sufficiently zealous in protecting the lives of the soldiers of the revolution, he charged the *liberal* National Guards with this duty.

‘What becomes in the face of these facts of the declamations against *the implacable faction, thirsting for vengeance?*

‘The clemency of Charles V. is his greatest victory over the revolutionists.’

The great point of this joke lies in the fact that Gomez has never taken the town alluded to, Requena, and that in consequence, his Catholic Majesty’s proclamations of pardon are rather premature.

I have now to give you a report of a more serious nature, and among the many causes of perplexity which press on the government here, these latter news, should they be true, will add not slightly to their embarrassment.

It is said that a telegraphic despatch from Strasburg has brought the news of the serious illness of the King of Prussia, who was seized with a fit, after a morning review at Potsdam.

On his partial recovery from the attack the King’s memory was found to be gone, his extremities were perfectly cold, and it was dreaded that the chill might spread to the rest of his body. He has united the Crown Prince of Prussia with himself in the kingly authority, or rather has made an abdication on his own part.

Should the news be correct, the known hostility of the Prince to France, his close alliance with Russia, and his eager desire for military reputation, may cause a change in the march of all European governments, and may produce perhaps a general war. Another rumour is that the Emperor of Russia was wounded by a shot, and not by a fall from his carriage, and that there exists in the army a wide-spread conspiracy against him. On these points, however, you will have earlier information than we can hope for in Paris.

T. T.

4.

October 5.

PARIS, October 2.—I send you the following summary of an article by M. Viardot which appeared this morning in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. You recollect his terrible revelations concerning the share which the French government took in the last abortive

attempt to proclaim the Constitution in Spain. The present article relates to the Basque provinces, and contains much information concerning them, which has hitherto been little known to the English reader.

M. Viardot commences by stating that the Spanish Carlists, unwilling, from a feeling of pride, to lay down their arms to their own countrymen, would have done so immediately at the appearance of a foreign force ; just as in Portugal, when the Miguelites, who would not yield to the Constitutional troops of Don Pedro, instantly yielded to a single Spanish division under Rodil.

After giving a history of the Basque provinces, and of the ancient laws and privileges, M. Viardot goes on to say—

The Basque provinces, from their national institutions and their language, strangers to the metropolis, are equally removed from it by their political customs, and by their interior administration. While Spain, under Charles V., became an absolute monarchy, the three provinces retained their republican forms of government. That of Biscay was a democracy, of Giupuzcoa an oligarchy, and that of Alava between the two. Their little national congresses assembled twice a year in the first province, once in the second, and once in two years in the third. The congress of Alava was held at Vittoria, the Giupuzcoan congress assembled at each of the towns and bourgs of the province by turns, and in Biscay it assembled in the open air, after the Patriarch's fashion, *under the oak of Guarnica*. Here the deputations of the different communes presented themselves, bearing on their banners the name of *Republic*. The Congresses regulated the taxes, and determined the employment of the public money of the province, which paid its own officers, kept up its own militia, and had its own credit. So high was this, that in 1833, at the epoch of the rise of the provinces, the Three per Cent debt of Alava was quoted at 83. The provinces further elect a chief officer, called a Deputy General, in whom the executive power is vested, and who treated with the Spanish government in some sort as equal with equal. There is one Deputy General for Alava and Giupuzcoa, and three for Biscay, when they form a kind of Directory. The King of Spain in nowise interferes with them, he only has in each province a commissary, called a *corregidor*.¹

Navarre, however, has not a similar form of government, its

¹ The system of government mentioned by M. Viardot, as existing in the Basque provinces, still continues in force ; four men of the insurgent provinces have, for the last three years, composed the directory—Valdespina for Biscay, Verasteguy for Alava, Lardizabal for Giupuzcoa, and Echeverra for Navarre. They provoked the insurrection, have conducted the war, and have given

independence is not so complete, nor are its privileges so great. It was a kingdom and not a republic, when it was joined to the Crown of Spain; but as its junction was voluntary, and the conditions of the union were stipulated at the time, Navarre has always preserved its *fueros*, has retained its provincial Cortes, and is exempted, like the Basque provinces, from the conscriptions, and possesses several commercial privileges.

In proof of this, when Godoy, in 1805, was desirous of establishing a free port at the village of Albia, opposite Bilbao, and sent 15,000 men, with a royal commissary, in order to execute his plan; the *general deputation* made an appeal to arms, the provinces rose, and the Court was obliged to give up its scheme.

In 1820, at the establishment of the Constitution, the four provinces lost their privileges, and were merged in the Spanish kingdom; but they recovered their independence upon the French invasion. These two facts explain the cause of the rising of those provinces, the character of the war which they have so obstinately maintained, and the reason why the name of Don Carlos, the absolute King, is inscribed upon the republican banner. When the Constitution of 1812 was re-proclaimed, the Constitutional army, without generals and officers, and Gomez at the very gates of Madrid, all the world believed that Don Carlos, perhaps, without striking a blow, would instantly march to the capital. But, in spite of the general expectation, and of the desire of the Carlist leaders to act Monk's part, and carry Don Carlos onward to Madrid, he still remains in Navarre, moving, like a Bedouin chief, from one to another of the encampments, which he calls *the royal quarters*—and why? The bands of Gomez, Cabrera, and Basilio, are composed of Valencians, Castillians, or Aragonese. The Biscayans and Navarrese will not budge from their own provinces; their war is a war of defence and not of attack, and they will not allow their king to see so much as the banks of the Ebro.

These are the reasons, and they cannot be too often repeated, of all that passes in Spain at the present day.

M. Viardot then goes on to prove his argument, that the provinces are fighting only for their own independence, and produces various facts from history to prove his point.—In 1794, General Moncey and the French republican troops invaded Spain. Aldamar, Deputy General of Giupuzcoa, gave them a free pass through that province, *which he considered as a neutral territory*

orders to the chiefs. Zumalacarreguy himself was entirely subservient to them; they have named his successors, have restricted the plans of the campaign, and, preserving the supreme authority over the insurrection, only leave to Don Carlos the empty title of King.

in no way compromised by the war between France and Spain; Aldamar, in reply to Charles IV., who wished to qualify his act as treasonable, said that Giupuzcoa was not a Spanish province, but a free country, for the interests of which, he, as chief magistrate, was bound to act.

M. Viardot concludes by the rather startling proposition, that those provinces should at once be disunited from Spain; they have never considered themselves as forming a part of that country, they have preserved their nationality, and have fought for three years in order to retain it and the privileges connected with it. It would, therefore, disarm them once for all, were they to be restored to their ancient independence, and was this independence to be recognised by Spain, and guaranteed by France. If after this the provinces, constituted according to their wish into a neuter and separate state, should hesitate to give up the cause of Don Carlos, it would be said—You no longer belong to Spain, you uphold the Pretender, and meddle with the affairs of a country which is foreign to you—the case contemplated by the quadruple alliance is now clearly brought to bear, France, England, and Portugal are bound to intervene, and compel you to desist. The provinces would scarcely venture to resist such an intervention. Spain, the only one of the contracting parties which could seem to lose by such an arrangement, would really benefit; she receives from those provinces neither men nor money, for they are exempt from both taxes and conscription; the provinces would continue to regulate their finances, to choose their magistrates, and to maintain their army.

Spain would be freed from the enormous cost, which the submission of the provinces will cause her, from the maintenance of the immense force which is required to keep the provinces in subjection, and the Carlist cause would be ruined for ever, for it has only existed by the aid and protection of the provinces.

England can have no objection to the change; and as for France, who prides herself upon the establishment of the neutral kingdom of Belgium, more than upon any act of her internal policy, who is wooed from aggression on one side by the neutral Swiss republic, why should she not guard her eastern frontier by the Biscayan confederation?

T. T.

5.

October 8.

PARIS, *October 6.*—The ministerial journals at last confess that the griefs of M. de Montebello are not the reasons of the quarrel with

Switzerland, but only the pretext for commencing it. The Swiss Radicals are the criminals whom France is desirous to punish, and, unhappily, it appears that Switzerland is altogether given up to the Radical sway.

The venerable *Journal des Débats* cries horror at the name of Radical, and the *Charte*, the last and strongest ministerial fighter who has stepped into the political ring, is furious against the anti-national spirit of some liberal journalists, who hold the Swiss quarrel as a disgrace, and have no stomach for the battle, which the *Doctrinaires* are prepared to give. As for *La Paix*, it belies altogether its gentle appellation, and calls loudly for war.

But such a vulgar appeal to national vanity is no longer likely to meet with success, and the body of the people look with aversion to the prospect of this quarrel, as they do with disgust at the cause of it.

Three years ago the French government only extended its hatred to Republicans; here it has gone a step further, and shows such a horror against Radicals as to be willing to undertake a war to exterminate the odious breed. The ministry seems determined not only to exclude freedom from France, but to deny her even the privilege of seeing it in other countries. The Constitution of Spain becomes with them a reason for breaking their faith, and the Radicalism of Switzerland a pretext for contemplating invasion.

We are luckily too strong to dread much from open hostility, or to be bullied back into Toryism by our neighbour; but if Radicalism be a sin (in their eyes), it exists, thank God, not merely across the Alps, but across the Channel; and who knows, when the junction between France and the Northern Powers of Europe is formally and publicly ratified—who knows whether the French missionaries may not be disposed to come hither and teach us better politics?

In the meantime my Lord Palmerston, in the next King's Speech, will, doubtless, inform us that our relations with France are still most cordial and satisfactory; and so they will remain until one or other party thinks fit to shake off the shallow humbug of an Alliance which leads or deceives no one. T. T.

6.

October 11.

PARIS, October 7.—I hope there is some foundation for a report which is very prevalent here, that a general Amnesty is to be speedily proclaimed. It is said that an *ordonnance* is to appear

in the *Moniteur*, bearing date the 6th October (the King's birthday) which is to grant pardon to all persons confined for political offences.

The ministers of Charles X. were to have been freed some time since, and the Thiers ministry had prepared the plan for their liberation. The change of government delayed the measure; but the actual cabinet will, it is said, not only confirm the act of its predecessor, but will furthermore extend the amnesty to the republican prisoners. All of them who choose to ask for freedom will be set free; those who refuse to demand it will, nevertheless, benefit by a considerable change in the severity and duration of their captivity.

Perhaps the government considers itself so high placed, and so firmly established, as no longer to dread the hostility of these men; perhaps it is desirous by this act of generosity to cloak the measures which they meditate, and to acquire the popularity which they lack; but we will not stop to ask for their motives, we must only be thankful for the good which they are disposed to do. In one of the early numbers of your journal appeared a letter from a brother of one of the gentlemen, whom this proposed amnesty might benefit (Mr. Beaumont), in which he repudiated strongly the idea of asking the boon of liberty from the French government. I hope that should an occasion present itself, this opinion will be modified, and that our countryman will no longer remain a prisoner.

I cannot see why a man should refuse to accept freedom at the hands of an enemy, because the necessary ceremonies (for this demand for liberation is a mere point of punctilio) were not duly fulfilled; I cannot see that his remaining in prison can do any good to the cause of the republic, or that his issuing from it can in the slightest degree affect his own character. If Mr. O'Connell, instead of being an agitator, had been only a martyr, freedom in Ireland and Radicalism in England would never have advanced as they have; if they were beset by too great odds, not Bayard or Duguesclin would hesitate about running away, and I hope that our noble-hearted and unfortunate fellow-countryman will take advantage of this proposed measure to return to a world which he may benefit much more by his exertions than by his sufferings, and where he may be much more usefully employed than in a prison.

October 8.—The *Moniteur* has appeared, but alas, brings no confirmation of the hopes of general pardon which I mentioned to you yesterday. It publishes only an official report, addressed by the Minister of Justice to the King on the 6th inst. (his Majesty's birthday) recommending the extension of the royal clemency to

62 political prisoners, whose names are given in the report. In the case of the whole of the above, the report recommends that the remainder of the term of imprisonment, solitary confinement, hard labour, etc., pronounced against each person, shall be remitted. (The original sentence of one named O'Reilly, from transportation, had subsequently been commuted to detention for ten years.) In this report the Minister sets forth that the general tranquillity of the country, its moral strength, and the loyal dispositions of a great portion of the state prisoners themselves, at present permit an extensive and impartial application of the King's prerogative of pardon; but not the grant of a general Amnesty, which would destroy the effect of judicial sentences already pronounced, and would place on the same footing the unfortunate objects who solicit pardon, and the hardened culprits, who brave and insult the justice of their country. The King has been pleased to approve of the recommendation of the Minister of Justice, with whose name the report is signed.

Many of the persons whose sentences are remitted are Chouans, none of the names are among those of the Republican party. However, we must take the measure as it is, and be thankful that sixty poor fellows are restored to freedom to-day, who were in useless captivity yesterday: and I am sure you will agree with me in wishing the King many more such birthdays—his signature to such a decree as this looks better than at the bottom of an *ordonnance* for restricting the press, and will gain him better friends than he will find in all the Holy Alliance. As if to make his Majesty a little compliment on the occasion, you will remark that the funds have risen half per cent this evening.

With regard to the Swiss dispute, there are no further particulars to give you; but I am glad to see that all the Swiss journals express themselves indignantly against any notion of an apology; and that the French are equally angry at the folly and disgrace of the quarrel. Only a few of the papers venture to say a word in favour of the arrogant note of M. Lannes—the *Charte*, which is the paid government organ, and the *Débats*, which will advocate anything—for a consideration.

Radicalism is still the constant theme of those journals, the eternal bugbear with which they frighten the *épiciers* and the *juste milieu*.

A few Radical agitators have perverted the Swiss Republicans—a few Radical bayonets have overturned Legitimacy in Spain. This is the eternal burden of the song, shouted as loud as ever by the *Débats* only two days ago.

Let us see how the case stands, and whether the establishment

of the Constitution is to be considered as a mere freak of some riotous soldiery—an attempt of a trifling party in Spain.

Malaga rose on the 5th July, Cadiz on the 29th, Seville on the 30th; Cordova, Jaen, Granada declared themselves upon the 2nd of August.

At the other extremity of the kingdom, Saragossa proclaimed its independence on the 1st of August, and all Aragon followed the example of the capital.

Badajoz and Estremadura pronounced themselves on the 3rd of August; Murcia, Carthagena, and Valencia, on the 11th and 12th; Barcelona, on the 13th—all the provinces some days after; the Balearic Isles, on the 21st; and, finally, the Army of the North on the 23rd.

Madrid was the last place in Spain which received the Constitution: the Queen and her favourite ministry were hostile to it, and the army obeying them for a while compelled the obedience of the capital.

At length the soldiers joined the citizens, and the Queen, on the 13th of September, publicly swore to the Constitution. Is this the mere act of a few mutineers, the sudden and successful outbreak of a faction? What a change has the proclamation of the Constitution wrought in a few weeks in Spain; and the energy of the ministry has replenished the empty treasury, and has enabled it to meet the national obligations to the foreign creditor; the energy of the army has driven Gomez from the gates of the capital; except in one fatal affair, in which the enthusiasm of the people was the cause of their defeat, *on every occasion the Carlist attacks have been repulsed*; they have been defeated by Alaix, defeated by Evans, defeated by Lebeau; it seems as if the name of the Constitution (and surely *The Constitutional* may be proud of it) has awakened the spirit, and restored the courage of the country; it triumphs over the defection of false allies, the forces of the Pretender, and the long imbecility and inaction of the late ministry and general.

The last affair, in which the Carlists were beaten back from the British lines at St. Sebastian, has been the most sanguinary action of the war. Your correspondent, who had just arrived at Bayonne, has sent you his version of the story; and the accounts received here fully bear out the accuracy of his report.

The loss of the Carlists exceeds 1000 men. Giubellaldi in his despatch says that he has lost 'the flower of Giupuzcoa,' and accuses the Colonels Ituriza and Ibero of rashness and folly, in proposing a scheme which could only lead to discomfiture. The people of Irun are in consternation. The women of that place, and the

neighbourhood, were flocking to the field of battle the day after the action, to recognize the dead. The Carlist commandant, Arana, was killed, and Oroa returned to Irun with an escort of only 40 men.

Don Carlos has been compelled to leave Estella. All accounts agree in representing the men of these unhappy provinces as weary of the war, and of the dreadful exactions of the Pretender and his forces. In spite of the French defection, and of the difficulties under which the Madrid government is labouring, there is every reason to hope that the contest must speedily end. It is impossible for the province to support it; and the incursions of Gomez and other Carlist chiefs may create annoyance to the Constitutional cause, but can never establish the sovereignty of the Pretender.

T. T.

7.

October 13.

PARIS, October 11.—The warlike propensities manifested by the writer of a late article in the *Morning Chronicle* have occasioned an extraordinary sensation here. I had myself the honour of writing a letter to you last week, conceived in a similar sanguinary strain.

It may seem absurd at a moment when outward appearances are so peaceable, and when there exists between the two nations the strongest feeling of good-will, to speak of a speedy rupture of the alliance, and to prophecy a coming quarrel.

But the war, should it take place, will be not a war of nation and nation, so much as of one government against another; or rather it will be a quarrel of the French Government with the English people; for while with us Government, to a certain extent, represents the public feeling, in France, unfortunately, it is independent of it. The actual French Cabinet being only an expression of the King's opinion, and being, as far as I can judge, strongly opposed to the sentiments of the great body of the nation.

During the existence of the late ministry, such a quarrel was impossible. M. Thiers, if his principles were not very pure, or very liberal, was at least prudent enough to maintain the English friendship. An alliance with Russia and Austria, and a consequent adoption of the principles of those courts, was with him a thing too monstrous and impracticable for a revolutionary government and minister to allow. His old sympathies and connection with the liberal party, his origin as a man of the people, prevented him from giving up so entirely the popular cause, which the King, by changing his ministry, has forsworn.

He never could have attempted the withdrawal of the auxiliaries from Spain, *which the King alone effected* ; he might, from a desire to please the Sovereign, or from a laudable wish to retain his place, have cajoled, and deceived, and delayed ; but as long as the promised succours were not absolutely withdrawn, as long as no positive retrograde measure was adopted, the English alliance held good, and the form, or rather the fiction, of a popular government existed still.

But the King dismissed his ministry, quashed at once all hope of co-operation, and declared that the revolutionary spirit then raging in Spain was the reason for withdrawing his aid ; in other words, the proclamation of the Constitution was an offence sufficient, in the King's opinion, to cause the sacrifice of his active alliance with Spain. The principles of the Constitution are scarcely more democratical than those of the Charter. The constitutional King of Spain is not more restricted in his authority than the King of England is, or the King of France should be. The alliance between these countries and Portugal was grounded on the wish, or the supposition, that the great Constitutional principle recognized equally by the four countries, should be defended from foreign attack by mutual union ; it was intended to act as a counterpoise to a similar union founded upon an opposite principle. Does not the defection of the King of the French from Spain imply that his friendship with England is likewise at an end, that he withdraws from the alliance which he had joined, and forswears the principles which he formerly held ?

In fact, we ought not to count upon the continued friendship of the Doctrinaires, as I hope we do not need it or desire it ; our institutions become daily more liberal, and those of the French Government more absolute ; it had the power to menace Switzerland with an invasion, on account of the Swiss radicalism—has it not the will equally to attack the English democracy ? It will have just as good a pretext for threatening us should we reform the House of Lords, or curtail the salaries of the bishops, as it had for deserting the Spanish Constitutionals ; and I think it requires no great wisdom to see that the progress of British reform *will* be attacked—that the same spirit of dictation will be exercised towards us, now that the Holy Alliance is backed by France, and is strong enough to threaten or command us.

T. T.

8.

October 14.

PARIS, *October 12.*—I send you a history of the Swiss dispute, which at present occupies so much attention here. I have gathered it from the journals for two months past, and chiefly from a long and excellent article in the *Temps* of this morning.

You will see that it is only the ordinary story of injustice and aggression on the stronger side—of honourable resistance shown by the weaker party.

The French Government acted in this instance only as the representative of its faithful allies, Prussia and Austria. The threats which it uttered, and in which it still thinks fit to persist, were doubtless induced by the prior suggestions of those countries, and were backed by their open adhesion. When you couple this with the avowal of the government papers, that Swiss Radicalism is the cause of these threats, and M. de Montebello only the pretext, you will have a proof, stronger than all the protestations which the government can make, of the real tendency of the present Cabinet; you will see who are the people whom it considers enemies, who are those it would have for allies.

The actual ministry had an opportunity of allaying the quarrel by attributing the blame of it to the late government. It has preferred, however, to continue the system of its predecessor, and sanction the insolence and the treachery of M. de Montebello. The Swiss, as the weaker party, will doubtless willingly accept the mediation of England; but will the French government receive it likewise? Our government can only decide in favour of the weaker party; they cannot refuse the proofs of the incendiary system which the French have adopted in Switzerland; they cannot authorise the aggression of the French ministry, which desires to dictate the forms and the measures of government of a free country, and demands that a French ambassador (and such an ambassador!) should have a seat and a voice in a Swiss council; for if they admitted the right, the Emperor of Russia might demand the expulsion of all the Poles from England, or General Sebastiani might require to take a seat in the House of Lords.

I hope if our government should be called upon to decide, they will not hesitate to speak the truth; it may not be very palatable to the French ministry, but it will echo the feelings of the French nation, who are sick and ashamed of the infamous transaction.

In the month of June, the Swiss Directory addressed a note to the French government, demanding an assurance that the refugees

who had been plotting in Switzerland, and whom it was deemed necessary to dismiss, should receive a safe-conduct through the French territory.

A short time after the despatch of this first note, in the opening of the Diet on the 4th July, the Canton of Zurich proposed an act which should regulate and establish the forms to be gone through by those who demanded the right of asylum, the manner in which they were to be naturalized, and the means of expulsion which were to be employed, should they be found unworthy of this right.

In the meantime the note was despatched, and the French Government replied to it by their famous note of the 18th July, in which they were supported by Austria, Prussia, the Grand Duchy of Baden, and Sardinia.

The French, in this document, promised to give the required safe-conduct to the refugees, and congratulated the Swiss in having, of their own accord, adopted measures which were necessary for the repose of several of the European states.

Here it was that the griefs of the Confederation commenced, for the note proceeded to point out to the Vorort the measures which he ought to employ against the refugees; it threatened the Swiss government that, should these measures be not sufficiently rigorous, the other European governments would not hesitate to adopt their own means, and that France would likewise be obliged to take those measures which her own security demanded.

She thus made herself the mouthpiece of the other powers, and menaced the Swiss government at the very moment when it was of its own will concerting measures for the general satisfaction and safety.

The note thus conceived, arrived at the moment when the Diet was debating upon the proposition of the Canton of Zurich, and it would seem, from the period at which the note was sent, that the French government intended to influence by it the deliberations then carried on by the Diet. It was immediately resolved that the debate concerning the French note should be public.

On the next day (the 20th July), when the Diet was about to commence its examination of the proposals of the Canton of Zurich, six and a half of the states which compose the Diet demanded that the note of the French government should previously be discussed. This minority consisted of the absolutist states, the retrograde party, which, in the course of the dispute, have given their aid to the French Ministry, whilst the reformed and liberal cantons have uniformly opposed it.

The Diet determined that the proposition of Zurich and the French note should be discussed by the same commission. This commission assembled on the 25th of July, and made its first report (upon the Zurich proposition) on the 9th of August.

But three days before (on the 5th) the French ambassador, two hours after receiving despatches from his government, waited on the President of the Directory, and informed him that, 'if the conclusions adopted by the commission should appear insufficient, if they were not so modified by the Diet, as to render probable a result as important for Switzerland as for the rest of Europe, Switzerland would instantly be placed in a state of blockade.'

This threat was followed up by a joint declaration of the Ambassadors of Prussia, Baden, and Austria, who added that, should it be necessary to adopt coercive measures, the Confederation should be compelled to defray the expenses of the blockade, and to recompense the individuals who should be injured by it.

Besides this menace—which caused such a universal indignation in Switzerland—which proved that the debates of the secret commission had been made known to a foreign ambassador, which showed that the foreign powers ventured to judge a decree of the Diet, before the decree was made public, to threaten the Swiss independence, and to assume the right of dictating to the Diet—besides this, M. de Montebello further thought fit to demand that he should be joined with the commission then occupied in preparing the 'conclusum.'

These things were going on during the time when the police of the French embassy denounced to the federal Government the spy Conseil, who had been sent by another French police to Switzerland.

On the 11th August the 'conclusum' on the expulsion of the refugees was adopted according to the wish of the majority of the commission. It has since passed into a law by a vote of the Diet, and by the ratification of the cantons.

After the adoption of the 'conclusum,' the commission next proceeded to consider the note of M. de Montebello of the 18th of July, and agreed unanimously to a project of reply presented by M. Mounard. It alluded to the aid which Switzerland had already afforded, and the aid which it was still willing to give; but it added, that no government had a right to dictate to it, and concluded by saying, 'that Switzerland would never allow any government but her own to arrogate to itself the right of judging the refugees who conspired in Switzerland, and that the Diet rejected, in the strongest manner, such a violation of their federal sovereignty,

they carried with them the right of an independent and sovereign state, and the approval of the nation at large.'

Then came the affair of Conseil, this man was denounced and arrested on the 10th August, and was found provided with papers which proved,

1. That he had been denounced by the police of the French embassy, as a person who should be placed under the surveillance of the cantons, and at the same time had been sent into Switzerland by another French police.

2. That after he had been expelled from the Swiss territories, by the authorities of Berne, on the 22nd July, the Prefect of Besançon furnished him with a second passport, under the false name of Corelli, with which he re-entered Switzerland on the 5th August.

3. That as this precaution did not seem sufficient to guarantee him from the suspicion of the refugees, *the secretary of embassy, at Berne, delivered to him on the 7th August, a second false passport, under the name of Hermann, ante-dated a year, with which he was to continue his mission in the other cantons.*

A new commission was formed to examine the facts denounced, and to determine the measures to be taken in consequence.

It was agreed *unanimously* that the facts were proved, and it was agreed by a majority, 'that the Vorort should be charged to inform the King of the French and his government of the real state of the affair, and to add to this communication a certified copy of all the documents relating to it.'

This was replied to by the insolent note of M. Molé, of the 27th September, which is already before the readers, demanding an apology, and a disavowal of the statement made in the Swiss note.

T. T.

9.

October 18.

PARIS, *October 16.* — I was once unfortunately the instrument of conveying to the British public a false rumour concerning an attempt on Louis Philippe's life at Compiègne, which was brought me by a pale and panting messenger from the Bourse; since that unlucky period I have refrained altogether from giving you an account of the thousand absurdities which are daily circulated here. Then there was a report, duly chronicled by an English journal, that the French government would intervene in Spain should a demand for aid be officially made by the Cortes; there is another, that Isturiz, Toreno, and Cordova, now gathered together in Paris, are meditating deep plots against the Constitution, and

Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst engaging with the French ministers in horrid conspiracies for the restoration of the Tories to power. I was informed of a conversation between these two worthies which took place at a dinner-table, and must have either had its origin in a fable or a footman ; and likewise received a complete account of a conference between M. Molé and the King, which was held in the gardens of Fontainebleau, *when not a soul was within hearing.*

This careful gathering of small-talk, this chronicling of political small-beer, is not however so dangerous as the system of scandal on a much larger scale which the French government adopts. I hope all your readers will receive with reservation the daily despatches concerning Spanish affairs which appear in the ministerial prints.

According to these, the career of Gomez has had a particular end in view ; he has proposed to march into Portugal, and then to proclaim Don Miguel. It appears to me that the intentions of the Carlist chief are by no means so mysterious ; he marches forward simply because he cannot go back ; his whole end just now is not attack, but escape, and of this there is but little probability.

The *Siècle*, in speaking of Gomez and his situation, says very well that all the telegraphic despatches in the world will not be able to save him ; a little sooner or later his corps will be destroyed, or obliged to render themselves prisoners at discretion.

We hardly need go so far as our French contemporaries in attributing these blundering manifestoes of the French government to absolute falsehood or bad faith ; but, certainly, one cannot place much credence for the future in their despatches, which only influence the gamblers in the funds, or the eager credulities of the *Herald* and the *Post*.

On the 13th, the French telegraph brought the news that Sanz was, on the 6th, at six leagues from Oviedo. On the 14th, 'Sanz, on the 2nd, entered Oviedo ;' and on the 10th, it appeared that Sanz attacked Oviedo on the 4th, but met with resistance, and marched to Elgrado.

It may be an interested lie, perhaps it is only a blunder, but the last telegraph romance is of somewhat more serious a nature. Gomez, according to the *Charte* of the 14th, was on the road to Seville, after having passed through Cordova ; the *Moniteur* contradicts this on the 15th, stating that the Carlist general had been compelled to march to Baena, where he had been met by the troops of Escalante.

This despatch was received time enough on the evening before to have been inserted in the *Charte* of Friday night ; but the

Government allowed the bad impression created by the news of the Carlist entry into Cordova to remain uncorrected until next day.

Gomez, it is true, appeared before Cordova, but it is by no means certain that he entered the town, at all events he has been compelled to retreat from it; and most likely at the time we write (if one can apply any ordinary rules to this extraordinary warfare) has been met by forces of four times its number. Baena is about five leagues from Cordova, only seven from Andufar, where Alaix had arrived with his troops.

It is not improbable, however, that the skirmish spoken of by the Government journals as having taken place between Gomez and Escalante, has turned to the advantage of the latter; had Gomez been successful in the slightest degree, we may be sure that the *Charte* would have made it known ere this.

The *Siècle* supposes Gomez to be at Baeza, about 25 leagues from Cordova, and near Ubeda, which neighbourhood Gomez occupied before his march upon Cordova.

At any rate it is easy to see that when the news is unfavourable to the Queen, the French telegraph most readily transmits it, when favourable to her, it comes accompanied with doubts and modifications. Thus Giubellaldi's late defeat, at St. Sebastian, was simply characterized as an attack without result; Gomez's entry into a suburb of Cordova was construed into an actual possession of the town. I hope that those persons in England, who wish well to the Spanish cause, or those less disinterested patriots who only care for the Spanish funds, will receive these telegraphic rumours only with the credit which is due to them—the credit which is due to a clumsy French correspondent at Bayonne, who seizes every occasion to injure the present Government of Spain. T. T.

10.

October 21.

PARIS, *October 19*.—I think we may congratulate ourselves that the Whig Government, in following its present course regarding Spain, is injuring England, in a manner which our bitterest enemies would scarcely desire to alter.

However, they exist only as a ministry of sufferance; a barrier which feebly separates the two great parties in England; a few more months, if I mistake not, will see the bar removed, and the two parties openly battling together.

If the Radicals conquer, the foreign system must undergo a total change; if the Tories beat us, they must likewise regulate their

diplomatic relations in altogether a different manner. In the latter case, if we may credit my Lord Londonderry, and Mr. M'Lean, the succours from the Queen will be withdrawn once for all, and Don Carlos if not openly aided, at least readily acknowledged as King of Spain; in the former case, I hope that the Queen will be strongly and frankly supported, and that the miseries of this dreadful civil war will be cured at once, by crushing the tyrant who has occasioned it.

Without some aid of this sort, there appears really but little chance that the war should have an end. The enthusiasm which first attended the proclamation of the Constitution seems wofully to have diminished, and the accounts from Spain for the last two days are bad indeed; there is no fresh triumph of the Carlists to record, or no new disaster of the Constitutional party; but the latter are plunged into such a strange state of anarchy and inaction, that they seem desirous to destroy, by their disunion, every chance of their ultimate success. Gomez, with a horde of half-armed robbers, pillages successfully from town to town, and the Generals of the Queen, with troops of five times his number, allow him to move unnoticed almost, and content themselves with writing boasting bulletins to the government at Madrid.

I wish to Heaven that while there is still a chance for restoring order and establishing liberty, the British people would look more closely at the Spanish question, and see that their own interests are most deeply affected by the fall or the success of the Constitution in Spain.

If they abandon that country, *they abandon all their allies in Europe*; or they must keep them under the conditions of a Tory ministry at home.

Here is an evident danger which threatens our political institutions as much as our commerce, and affects not our patriotism only, but what is more to the point in England, our pockets.

In trade, a frank and open air of the Queen will secure commercial advantages to us, which the half assistance which we give her can never obtain for us, which the success of Don Carlos would take from us altogether; in politics, the loss of her cause will be the signal for the French government at once to desert us, and to join the northern powers; it will make of Carlist Spain our determined enemy; it will probably drive our ally, the Queen of Portugal, from her kingdom, and restore Don Miguel, whom our efforts and our co-operation mainly tended to cast from his throne.

And when we can no longer, as now, *command* the markets of Spain and Portugal—when we have thrown our commerce into the hands of France, which is only too jealous and too ready to seize

it—when, by our cowardly and impolitic delay, we have destroyed our trade in the south, and by our nerveless and useless liberalism have destroyed our alliances with the north, our island may sink into the insignificance which its enemies prophesy and desire ; and the great continental system of exclusion, which Napoleon vainly attempted, be brought about by the union of all Europe, equally eager to cripple our commerce, equally hostile to the liberty of which we boast so often and so vainly.

I repeat that the people in England ought no longer to consider the succession in Spain as a foreign question, but as a national cause ; they should endeavour by every means of publicity, by meetings and petitions, to press the measure of effective co-operation upon the Ministry and the House of Commons ; our commercial interests entirely depend upon it, and our professions and principles, as a free people, equally demand it.

T. T.

11.

October 22.

PARIS, *October 20.*—In the absence of other news I send you a part of an article in the *Journal des Débats* of this morning ; such honesty and such argument seldom fall in the way of an admiring public. The best writers of the English press must give way to the French journalist ; and when you recollect that the *Débats* is only the mouthpiece of the French ministry, always ready at their bidding to attack or to defend, to falsify other people's words or to eat its own, you will have a notion of the employée and his agent—a most flattering picture of master and man.

The subject of the present performance, I need not say, is Spain—Spain, her poverty and her disasters, her vain struggles against tyranny, her bootless sacrifices for freedom. The ill news which has lately arrived from that country is hailed by the government prints with a howl of savage exultation ; there has been no symptom of disorder in Spain which these papers have not endeavoured to aggravate and foment ; no bloody reverse on which they did not comment with delight. The non-payment of the last dividend was too favourable an occasion to let slip ; and accordingly the *Journal des Débats* has thought fit to issue the following opinions concerning it.

‘The Spanish revolution has just acquired a new trait of resemblance with those revolutions whose doctrines it has followed, whose excesses it has imitated, but whose courage it could not equal. *It has become bankrupt*—this want of faith will ruin the remaining credit which Spain possessed, will accumulate her financial diffi-

culties at home and abroad, and will bring her to the point of a complete bankruptcy; for up to the present time, it is only by fresh loans that the Spanish financiers have been able to pay their dividends.'

It is no novelty to see a revolution generating a bankruptcy; but there is something new or unusual at least in the process adopted to notify this bankruptcy to the parties interested. There is something inexplicable in the sudden rise which took place in the Spanish funds a few hours before the fatal news was made public; and we have a right to ask government and society, if this speculation and *agiotage* should be permitted to continue, whether it be exercised for the profit of simple speculators, or *whether governments go partners in the gain?* With what a grace does this diatribe against revolutions come from the supporters of a government which owes its origin to a revolution! With what a careful malice are sneers and slanders, truth and falsehood, mingled together. A few weeks since, when the Queen's successes had filled her friends with hope, the *Débats* was only too anxious to rank among them. 'We have been accused,' said the journal, 'of being her enemies, whereas we were only impartial observers, registering her reverses or her good fortune with the same unbiassed truth.' I think that this last disaster has been a touchstone for the sincerity of the *Débats*, and, what is worse, of the Ministry which pays that journal.

Regarding the present poverty of the Spanish Government, the *Débats* unluckily speaks the truth; but it utters a falsehood in charging the country with bad faith. A man is not a rogue, because he cannot pay, or because he gives all he can to discharge this debt—a man is a rogue, if you please, who makes use of a friend in his time of need, who pledges his word to aid his friend in a like necessity, and *then breaks his word*—a man is a rogue who is prodigal with his promises of assistance, and eager with his professions of sympathy; but who uses the whole of his great influence to paralyse the exertions, and to blacken the character of him whom he pretends to aid; and this is what the government journals have done for Spain, who has only had in these last days of her distress, the character to awaken sympathy, and her exertions to secure freedom. There is no bad faith on the part of Spain, there is bad faith *elsewhere* among those who desert her, as the French Government has done, and slander her, as this journal is doing every day.

When the French withdrew their troops from Spain, the *Débats* declared the measure was perfectly just and honourable; when the French Ambassador forged passports for the spy Conseil, the *Débats* said not a word about bad faith or good; but when the

Spanish Government, weakened by the defection of false friends, by inward dissension, and by the efforts of the robber Carlos and his allies, proposes its only means for satisfying its public creditor—the *Débats* falls down in a fit of horrified virtue, and swears that the Spaniards are dishonest because they happen to be poor.

If poverty be a fault, God help the wicked! It will speedily be an honour to be called a rogue by the *Débats*.

Another position of the *Débats* is, 'that the revolution is the cause of the bankruptcy in Spain'—If you are robbed on the highway, is it your fault or the thief's? If Don Carlos has succeeded in ruining the Spanish trade, if he has carried off the wealth from the cities, and the very corn from the fields, is the revolution to incur all the blame?

You see that the journal stops at nothing—it not only proves that the Spaniards are rogues because they are poor, but that they are guilty because others rob them; and finally, it concludes by hinting that the Madrid government is causing false rumours to be spread in Paris, raising the Spanish funds in the most iniquitous manner, and robbing poor people of their gains. The telegraphs, the *apropos* despatches, the foul speculating in the funds have never as yet been charged to the Spanish government; if there has been trickery and delusion, why did not the *Débats* look at home?

T. T.

12.

October 29.

PARIS, *October 27*.—I can only account for the system which the French ministers are at present adopting towards Spain, by supposing that *they are only seeking a pretext for a quarrel*, when they will withdraw their Ambassador, and cease all relations with the country.

There has been no possible insult which the ministers and the ministerial press have spared to this unhappy country. The traitorous withdrawal of the Legion, the daring assertion that Latour-Maubourg's mission was to the Queen, and not to the country, the scoundrelly article of the *Débats* the other day, which charged the country with bankruptcy, and stigmatized the revolution as the cause of it; and the cowardly and lying malice, with which all events in Spain have been blackened and distorted by the ministerial press here, must, at least, strongly support my statement, if they do not absolutely prove it.

The French papers have at last got hold of the story of the spy Cazes, which I sent to you a week since. The man has been

kicked out of the place for the third time, and poor M. de Maubourg is deprived of the benefit of his advice and society.

He has likewise been put to another very severe discomfiture ; he was the bearer of private letters to the Queen, from her august uncle, and demanded a private audience in order to deliver them ; but the Spanish ministry have acted with a good deal of proper energy, and have absolutely refused him the desired interview.

We cannot trust your Excellency, said or intimated the President of the Council ; what you have to say must be said openly before us, from whom the Queen of Spain should have no secrets. So the Ambassador was obliged to be content with his public audience, of which you already have an account.

He remains, after this second rebuff, in a sulky and reserved neutrality ; but is there not some reason in presuming that the path which he has followed must have been chalked out for him by his employers and that the ill-will with which he has been received is only the successful result of a plan previously arranged by them ?

It is first announced that he is to be only a family envoy to the Queen ; and when the Spanish people are duly acquainted with the fact, he arrives, in the company of a disgraced and detected spy, who acts as his secretary of embassy ; this second fact is not much more agreeable than the first : the Spanish people insult the Ambassador in the person of his servant ; they next refuse him a private audience, and thus place the loyalty of his intentions in doubt ; here are two injuries excellently arranged ; and I have no doubt that the *Débats*, or some other Government journal, will seize upon the occasion for venting fresh abuse, and will demand vengeance for the injuries which have been inflicted by the Spanish people on an Ambassador of France.

In the meantime nothing, according to the *Journal des Débats*, can be more friendly than the conduct of the French Government to Spain ; witness a touching proof of it in the following paragraph :—

‘The sum of 250,000 francs, which has lately been paid to the Foreign Legion in Spain, was sent to Bayonne by the ministry of M. Isturitz, to accelerate the formation and to provide for the first wants of the new Auxiliary Corps which was being organized on the frontier at the beginning of August. The President of the Council has obtained the consent of M. Calatrava that this sum should be appropriated to the pay of the Foreign Legion, which was very much in arrear. This fact alone is an answer to the suspicions which have been entertained as to a misunderstanding between the two governments, and proves that

the ministry of the 6th of September has not ceased to take the greatest interest in the triumph of the constitutional cause in Spain !'

Can the force of impudence go any further? To this precious argument the *Débats* solemnly dedicates a leader this morning, and attempts to prove that because the French ministry paid back to the Spanish government *a sum which the latter had placed* in their hands, the French still take the greatest interest in the triumph of the constitutional cause!

In the same journal is another paragraph, which may doubtless be considered as another proof of the French solicitude in Spanish affairs.

The *Journal des Débats* gives an extract of a letter from Malaga, dated the 7th inst., saying that the French Consul had declared that he had applied to the government for a ship of war to be stationed at Malaga, in order to protect the French residents in case the town should be assaulted, but that his application had not been complied with. At the same time the British Consul had applied for a similar support for the British subjects, and although there was only one brig of war at Gibraltar, that ship had been immediately sent.

I only ask you to read the two paragraphs and judge for yourselves, as to the sincerity of the French Government regarding Spain.

T. T.

13.

October 31.

PARIS, *October 29.*—A singular genius, who signs his political effusion with the initials J. A., has just made a rude attack upon certain opinions of yours in a new paper called the *Paris Sun*, of which J. A. is the sole editor and director.

J. A. has the most extraordinary political creed in the world; his paper is a medley of French and English politics; as a Briton he professes himself a downright Radical; as a Frenchman he is a most ardent admirer of things as they are; he does not care much, I take it, what may be the party uppermost, whether Thiers or Guizot govern this happy country; but he swears that the ministry is the best of ministries, and that his Majesty Louis Philippe is the pink of all the princes in Christendom.

Accordingly, since its first outbreak, about six weeks ago, the *Paris Sun*, totally unlike the opposition luminary in heaven, which shines upon all alike, has enveloped the King of the French in such a blaze of light as must make his royal eyes

wink ; but has denied the benefit of its beams to the Radicals in this country, and has looked with a most especial frown upon those disaffected persons in England, who, like yourself, are somewhat incredulous as to the perfections of the King.

Some of the French journals have seized with delight the appearance of this *Paris Sun*, as an occasion for pointing out to the opposition what an English Radical is. Take the *Paris Sun* for an example, cries the *Memorial Bordelais*, the *Paris Sun* is a perfect adorer of liberty, and at the same time a strenuous admirer of Louis Philippe ; therefore liberty and Louis Philippe are one and the same thing ; therefore the real honest English Radicals are filled with sentiments of the tenderest admiration for our institutions and our King.

He is certainly happy in such an eloquent defender ; here is a specimen of J. A.'s oratory, which, as it is directed against yourself, may read you a wholesome lesson in politics, and which, if properly studied, may create no small improvement in your style of writing.

‘We are bound to view the false accusations and abusive language of the English papers against the King of the French as constituting an imperative claim upon us, as Englishmen, to vindicate the character of our country by exposing and refuting the vituperations of the character of an aspersed monarch, the ally of our King.

The *Constitutional*, speaking of the governmental alliance between the two nations, says :—

“This alliance has only tended to aid the tyrant of France in carrying his attacks against French freedom into execution ; whilst it has given confidence to the Whigs in resisting radical reform, and coquetting with the Tories.”

‘Of the alliance in question we will merely observe that, until it shall be shown that the British Minister has coquetted with the Tories, it is unfair to assume reasons or to assign motives for their doing so. And we might fairly reason, by induction, from the assumption partial to the assumption total. But we leave the illogical for the false. The author of the above paragraph asserts :—1. That the King of the French is a tyrant ; and 2. That he seeks the destruction of French freedom. Now it ought not to be disputed—for it is notorious, that Louis Philippe governs by the laws of the land, and that for such laws the legislature is wholly responsible. Is a king who thus rules, a tyrant ? We understand otherwise ; we consider a tyrant to be “an absolute monarch governing imperiously,” and we have good authority for our quoted definition of the term.’

You have nothing for it, after this astounding argument, but to eat your own words, and to allow that Louis Philippe is a paragon.

‘Is it not notorious that the King rules according to the laws of the land? Is a king who thus rules a tyrant?’ You are dumb—you have not a syllable to utter in your defence. The acts of September against the press are the laws of France, and the King deserves no blame for executing or imagining them. It is said to be the law in Turkey, that the Sultan may cut off fourteen heads a day, and of course he is no tyrant as long as he obeys the law. It was once the law in France, that all men suspected of aristocracy should be put to death: this law was ratified by the French National Assembly, which expressed, or was supposed to express, the notions of the country; therefore, the government at that time cannot be considered as tyrannical in the slightest degree. See how readily a man of common sense can put down you writers of newspapers, with your absurd notions of tyranny, oppression and so forth.

But the *Paris Sun* reserves for you another and a still bitterer lesson; listen to this—and as you are already silenced by J. A.’s reason, prepare to be scourged by his wit.

‘What then becomes of this absurd charge—of this abusive accusation? It may have served its purpose yesterday; well, and its falsehood and injustice having been this day exposed—how close we the account? Alas! we may expect a repetition of the charge to-morrow! Is this honest either in men or politicians—in morals or philosophy? Perhaps not; but it may answer its purpose. So *may the anchor of a driving vessel, with ten fathom of cable in twenty fathom of water. A pig may swim, but it is a very unlikely bird.*’

How do you reply to this, you whose lies and injustice have been just so triumphantly exposed? Is your base purpose answered? Dare you to repeat your infamous accusations? Or are you content to put up with a satire, for which in Swift or Juvenal you can scarcely find a parallel; to be pointed at hereafter by the finger of scorn, as a detected calumniator, ‘an anchor of a driving vessel,’ ‘a pig which *may* swim, *but it is a very unlikely bird!*’

I cannot refrain from giving you another rich specimen of J. A.’s eloquence—another *Paris Sun*-beam. *La France*, a Carlist journal, makes some remarks upon the new obelisk which has just been put up here. It stands upon the spot where the guillotine stood in former days—the spot whence the ‘Son of St. Louis ascended to heaven.’ Being a Radical, and therefore without

sympathy for the sufferings of kings and good men, you will be charmed with the tone of graceful badinage with which our friend of the *Paris Sun* treats that ridiculous event, the decapitation of Louis Seize. *La France*, in speaking of the obelisk, reverts not unnaturally to the circumstance, and says—

‘There is a crowd assembled to witness the erection of the obelisk in that place which has been so often stained with innocent blood. How many of that crowd might have been addressed in these words? “It was here that your father was assassinated or guillotined:” and others, “It was here that your father or your relations sent my father or my relations to stain the place with their blood.” How many might exchange such words? In the feeble bravos which were raised when the monument was erected, there was something which struck the heart to the core. Did not the inflexion of the voices recall to our recollection sounds which formerly made the place re-echo with joy, and the bravos which were then raised around the scaffold? Oh, yes! The scene excited the sad recollections of deeds which disgraced human nature.’

But the stern J. A. will have no such nonsensical recollections, and with that same admirable aptness with which he compares you to an anchor, a swimming pig, or an *unlikely* bird; this elegant satirist compares the editor of *La France*, mourning over his murdered King, to an *old woman crying over a dead tabby*. What folly it is, gaily cries J. A., to muse over such trifles as these. ‘What retentive memories have some people—and especially of things to be sometimes forgotten. They are greatly to be pitied; for greatly do they suffer the penalty imposed upon them by the weakness of their nature. It is lamentable to witness the uniform sadness which pervades their existence, and prejudices and condemns every question within their cognizance. We may pity them—it were inhuman to refuse them commiseration; but if these hypochondriacs take it into their heads, as oft they do, to persuade other people to adopt their lugubrious method of looking at everything, all we can say is, that they don’t deserve to see clearly who allow themselves to be hounded out of such advantage. These missionaries of misery will talk to you by the hour about a dear dead cat; ah! there never was such a cat!—it was tortoiseshell; and, if it were not a tortoiseshell Tom, it was only not so because nature had ruled the impossibility; but it was a sweet cat, and such a mouser! Poor thing, it was so extraordinary a mouser, that no bird was safe within its ken. Ah! poor thing, there never was—there never will be such a cat in all Christendom! And then they diverge from the dead old cat to the living kitten;

but we spare the kitten, and our readers. Of this invulnerable class is the editor of *La France*.'

This man's raillery would about suit the lips of Jack Ketch : I must apologize to you for having occupied your attention so long with him, but the fellow so eagerly boasts of his character as an English Radical, that the French journals seem half disposed to believe him. I am sure it is time to undeceive them. No English Radical will say that Frenchmen are no more fit for a change of government than a madman is for freedom. No English Radical will lick the dust of Louis Philippe's feet as this J. A. does ; you will praise the King if he deserves it, or blame him if he is worthy of blame ; but I hardly suspect that, Radical as you are, you will be disposed to be facetious about murderers, or cut jokes, like droll J. A., over a King's dead body. T. T.

14.

November 5.

PARIS, *November 3.*—It is not improbable, I think, that the strange events which have just occurred here may create a considerable change in the Government of the country. The system of resistance must by this time have been found so useless, that the King, a very prudent man, it is said, and no doubt particularly anxious to retain the very exalted and lucrative place which he now holds, will be disposed to alter his system, and to adopt a more liberal line of policy.

Louis Philippe gives daily proofs of a personal kindness and benevolence, which his greatest enemies will not gainsay him ; he has a reputation for talent, and a certain *prestige* of private respectability, which all the world allows him—it is astonishing that a man of so much foresight in private, should, in public, be so miserably imprudent as to permit his fair occasions for popularity to slip one by one ; I wish he could be persuaded that his interests could not be better consulted than by giving way to those liberal and merciful notions which he paraded so successfully upon his accession to the throne, which gained him at that time so general a popularity, and which he has forgotten so remarkably of late.

He has now tried for six years the system of repression and resistance ; from a calculation which does as little credit to his prudence as to his courage ; he has swerved entirely from the principles which he professed on assuming the crown, and deserted the people who placed it on his head. It was not courage but

cowardice which induced him to adopt those cruel measures towards the people, which might seem to secure his power, but were only undermining his popularity; it was a calculation of interest, and a bad calculation, which led him to cringe to the despots of Europe, and forget his own country; and these dreadful symptoms of revolt and insubordination, this settled and general discontent, are the ruinous results of his policy.

Can there be any stronger proofs of the evil of the system which the King is at present pursuing than the event of which you received an account yesterday, and the news of this second attempt which you received to-day?

There were reports yesterday at the Bourse of other insurrectionary movements, in which it was said that various regiments of the French army, in different parts of the country, had taken a share.

I did not acquaint you with any of these rumours, for I have already been deceived more than once, and have grown, perhaps, too incredulous as to the news which is circulated on the Paris 'Change. You will see, however, by the papers, of this morning, that a second insurrection has broken out, or rather, has been crushed before a general movement could take place.

The chief agents of the revolt at Vendôme have been seized, and the head conspirators of Strasburg are likewise in custody; *but where are the men on whom the leaders relied for the ultimate success of their attempt?* In every city and district of France, unpunished and unknown, deprived of their leaders if you will, but still inspired with the same feelings of discontent and hostility, and still ready as ever to seize other and more favourable occasions for revolt.

It is absurd of the government partisans to characterize the late events at Strasburg and Vendôme as mad attempts, in which the country and the people took no share. Young Bonaparte could not suppose that his mere appearance in his uncle's cocked hat and jack-boots would bring all France to his feet; he must have organised a plan of revolt; he must have long since found persons willing to join him, he must have had intelligence in the army which led him to suppose that the troops would make common cause with him, and agents and supporters throughout the country. A dozen corporals and privates of a regiment of hussars could never have fancied that they could proclaim a republic, unless they knew, or fancied that their comrades would join in the cry.

The conspiracies are discovered; the leaders of them are in the hands of Government; but the danger is only delayed, and not

destroyed—the popular discontent exists as strongly as ever, for the causes of it are still the same.

The French Government is the father of this discontent ; the men who have just been captured are but the expression of it ; and every successive triumph of the Government in the path which it is at present pursuing, serves to aggravate the popular anger, and not to allay it ; the King may fancy that his favourite system of resistance is establishing his power—it is only, if I may use the term, consolidating his ruin.

Thus the cannonading at Lyons may, in the eyes of the French ministers, have brought the insurrection of that city to a triumphant conclusion ; but they do not recollect the enduring impression of horror and hatred which has been caused by such an event. The laws of September may have silenced the attacks of the opposition party ; but though the people can utter their sentiments no longer, they only feel them the deeper. All the prisons in France may be filled with Republicans, and yet the Government which has overcome them will not be a whit more secure.

T. T.

15.

November 9.

PARIS, *November 7.*—The movements of M. Thiers since his return have been objects of a good deal of amusing speculation ; every political clique here has its story concerning the intentions of the little ex-Minister. I take it, that the future motions of that illustrious historian are as yet perfectly unknown to the public and to himself ; but I have no doubt that his principles will be fixed at the moment when his interests are pretty certain. Thus, according to one great retailer of small-talk, the *Chronique de Paris*, Thiers and Barrot are about to unite, and to thunder in partnership against the present Ministry. According to other stories, M. Thiers has confessed to Molé, that it was his intention to oppose the actual Cabinet, but that the events of the late week had modified his hostility, and that he, Thiers, was determined to rally round the throne.

The latter of these opinions is far from unlikely, and the former of them has also a perfect air of probability ; for such is the reputation of the ex-President of the Council, that he is just as likely to follow one party as another. This great man has shown through the course of his life and writings, such an undeviating inconsistency, such a philosophic political atheism,

that one would no more wonder to see him a Carlist to-morrow than to find him a Republican.

It is evident, however, that in the present Cabinet there is no place for him ; for Molé, the President, follows the same line, and holds precisely the opinions of M. Thiers, or rather those opinions which Thiers *did* hold as long as he was Cabinet Minister ; what may be his actual sentiments is a very different matter.

You will have remarked that latterly Molé has had the lead in the Council, much to the disappointment of Guizot and the Doctrinaires, who would fain have continued the pitiless system of government, which they adopted when formerly in power. It was doubtless the King's intention, in the accession of this Ministry, to have changed the plan, but he has found (and I will take some credit for having prophesied this in my last) that the force of circumstances would compel him to modify his policy, and to liberalize it in some degree. The determination of ministers to judge, by ordinary tribunals, the Strasburg conspirators, is an evident proof of this ; although for consistency's sake, the Ministerial press altogether denies the charge.

It is a great blessing for the country, and doubtless no small reprieve to the Peers that they are not called out to judge in this unhappy affair. I was present in Paris at the periods when those men had to exercise their judicial functions ; and I am sure that the effect of their solemn sitting was entirely *manqué* ; the common people watched their proceedings with indifference or contempt, and the ministers saw that the whole trumpery apparel of an extra court of justice, an extra show-place to parade their criminals in, and a row of extra judges with sounding titles and court coats made no sort of impression upon the people generally. If these people have done wrong, every one asked, are there not codes and courts sufficient in the country to judge them ? Why assemble a hundred old men for the purpose, who have themselves passed through every stage, and worn every colour of political opinion ? What right have these people, who have been Republicans and Imperialists, Bourbonists and Philippists, who have held *all* political creeds, to condemn others for holding *one* ? If these poor Republicans have gone astray, it is not for such as the Peers, such old political prostitutes, to be the first to cry scandal and throw stones !

You will say that this is but a poor triumph for the liberal cause, to give men the privilege of being punished in the ordinary way, instead of employing an extraordinary tribunal to judge them ; but it is a virtual abrogation of the principle set up by the September laws ; and, as such, will lead to further steps and

greater liberty. It may be observed, likewise, that, whether from force or interest, the King has begun to look upon the cause of the Queen of Spain with much less hostility. The reason of this does not lie, I think, with the representations of my Lord Granville, or the meek complaints of the Count de Campuzano; but from a knowledge that the French nation is ashamed of the part that the Sovereign has acted, and that there are men in the nation only too ready to point out his faults *and to take advantage of them*.

Allow me to differ from an eloquent writer in your paper, who has represented Louis Philippe almost as a kind of *amateur* tyrant, who oppresses and imprisons for the pure love of cruelty; I do not think with you that he is naturally cruel or unjust; he may be naturally *cautious* (which is a very polite word, but recollect the place from which I write) and timid; but I think that if you can convince him, that by becoming liberal he will secure his throne, and consult his interest, that respectable monarch will be as liberal as you please. There was a time when (in his hot youth) he erased his titles from the Registry-book, and signed himself '*Citizen Français*'; there was a time when he burst into tears at dinner-time, while feasting with Charles X., and explained this delightful display of sensibility by saying that he was so *overtaken with loyalty* at the moment, that he could not but cry; there was a time—but I will not trouble you with talking further of his opinions, for my letter would require you to print an extra sheet—all I would intimate, with due reverence, is, that his Majesty will adopt those sentiments which best suit him, and I think that he will find the liberal party to be now the strongest in France.

T. T.

16.

November 14.

PARIS, *November 12*.—I enclose you two very important letters from your St. Sebastian and Madrid correspondents, and beg leave to add, although perhaps the subject is treated quite at sufficient length by them, a few comments upon the affairs of the Peninsula. Your paper some days since contained a chivalrous declaration, purporting to come from Evans, and stating that he never would sheathe his sword until Don Carlos was driven from the mountains. It appears from your Bayonne letter that the general's intentions are by no means so magnanimous.

Perhaps, from having resided so long in this country, I have caught the tone of French feeling rather than of English, and may

be somewhat prejudiced by the continual clamours of the French journalists, and their angry sneers at the Legion. What have these people done, it is asked here, that they should merit double the pay of the regular officers of the Spanish army? Had Evans been conducting a war after the old school, a general of division commanding only a small portion of a regular and powerful force, his conduct might have been perfectly just and proper; but something more was expected from him, than mere obedience to orders and a passive defence of his lines. He could have shown (and he had both the strength and the opportunity to do so) much more vigour and enterprise than he has hitherto displayed. The best troops of the Queen of Spain might have been better employed than in raising lines and mending fortifications, for which purpose her Majesty might as well have hired a legion of Irish hodmen as a gallant regiment of Irish grenadiers.

It is a fact, which in the accounts from St. Sebastian has been carefully slurred over, that when Evans made a representation to the Queen concerning the injustice which had been done to the force under his command, the Spanish ministers replied to him by stating, that the British Legion had not done the duty which was expected from them, and had not achieved the brilliant services which the government hoped to gain from them.

It is said, and with much justice, that the regular Spanish troops are acting under secret orders, and that the British Legion has likewise its own private and particular line of policy to pursue. I hope and trust that the British troops will not return from St. Sebastian until they have shown themselves at least or more worthy of the name which they bear and the cause which they defend.

You may have read reports, and I send you one among others to-day, of the imposing force under Espartero, which was despatched to raise the siege of Bilbao and menace the columns of Villareal. *I know for a fact*, that when Espartero declared to his government that he was marching against Villareal with fourteen battalions, *he had only 1800 men with him.*

To meet these, the Carlist general withdraws *twelve thousand men* from the besieged town; and yet the only result of his movement has been, the report which I send you to-day: *that Espartero has met and defeated him with a loss of 400 men.*

You will, of course, attach but little credit to this rumour; but what will you conclude from the ten thousand monstrous and jarring reports, which are daily afloat concerning the state of Spain, the numbers and condition of the armies, and the move-

ments of the leaders? I think you will agree with me that, excepting the worthy Gomez, who is robbing on his own account, that *neither party is in earnest, and that there is not a single general who honestly conducts the war.*

Evans has a large force, but will not budge from his lines. Villareal has thrice as many troops (according to his own version) as Espartero, and yet obtains no advantage over him. Alaix, since he has received orders from Rodil, never ventures near the enemy, and Rodil himself keeps carefully at two days' distance from Gomez: you may observe that as soon as a Christino general has obtained the chief command, he invariably follows this line of policy—allow me to offer what appears a very satisfactory solution of it.

Sometime back, in a moment of unusual candour, Louis Philippe, conversing with a man deeply interested in Spanish affairs, said to him, 'that any present settlement of the Spanish question was impossible; that whatever the government might be, the people would not submit to it; and that they never would be brought to reason and good government *until they had suffered more.*' This is not a mere rumour, but an actual conversation; and explains, better than a hundred letters from correspondents, the cause of the present state of things in Spain.

Until Spain is so weakened by civil war, as no longer to be able to defend herself, or to choose her manner of government, there is no hope for her. Does not this mean, that there shall be no government in Spain, except of Louis Philippe's choosing?

And here you have the whole key to the war: the French government finds its account so much in the maintenance of the quarrel that it aids both parties; without this covert, foreign interference, the debate would have been decided long ago; and I do not hesitate to say, that whatever may be the lurking intentions of the French government towards Spain, whatever unnatural compromise may be made between the Queen and the Pretender, that the Queen herself is as hollow-hearted in her attachment to the cause of the constitution as the French government can possibly be, that she has been aware all along of the pending negotiations and is willing to secure her daughter's crown upon the terms which may best suit the French government. Her generals have been all along aware of the arrangements, and have chosen their measures accordingly; Cordovo was no honest general of an army; he was a court intriguer, with a particular part to play and an end to gain. He was fighting for the Queen, if you please, but certainly not for the nation. Sarsfield, his successor, however capable as a military leader, was found

altogether inefficient or unwilling as a courtier. The war under his guidance might have assumed a character of dangerous earnestness, which it was by no means the Queen's interest to permit. The present Commander-in-chief, however, is evidently acting upon the principles of Cordova, and has his private interests and understandings with the Queen and her allies.

I do not know whether the French government considers that the sufferings of the Spanish people are now completed, but it appears that there is some intention at present on the part of the French to aid the Queen of Spain, and to put an end to the disorders and the miseries under which that country labours. If such be the fact, and the excellent letter of your Madrid correspondent throws much light upon it, there is but little hope that the measure of aid afforded will be of much service to the Spanish nation. The French alliance may possibly prop up the rickety foundations of the throne of Isabella, or silence the loud claims of Carlos ; but the people will have advanced no further than before, and will be neither richer, happier, nor wiser.

It is not the maxim of Louis Philippe's government to aid the people in their struggles for freedom ; it only takes advantage of revolutions to consolidate its own power. T. T.

17.

November 16.

PARIS, *November 14.*—That amusing little interlude of 'The visit to Strasbourg' has passed off as gaily as any other farce, at the Vaudeville, at the Gymnase. You read yesterday how young Bonaparte had passed a night at Paris, and departed the next morning in a chaise and four for L'Orient on his way to the United States. He is to be conducted on board a government frigate, with all the state and ceremony which becomes a young prince on his travels.

We have the high authority of the *Journal des Débats* for the following interesting facts, relative to the arrival and the departure of the would-be Emperor :—

'At half-past two o'clock in the morning two post-chaises entered the Court of the Prefecture of Police, the first, with four horses, contained Prince Louis and an officer of the gendarmerie of Strasbourg ; in the second were some superior employés of the police. The prince was conducted before the prefect of police, who asked him several questions. A collation was then proposed to him, and the prince took a glass of champagne. The prince,

at five o'clock, returned to the carriage, accompanied by the same guardians, and departed for L'Orient.'

Certainly, except at the theatre, no conspiracy ever ended so merrily as this. The Emperor Napoleon the Second commences and concludes his reign one morning before breakfast, and receives his punishment at supper time. I suppose the prefect pronounced his sentence in a song, and condemned him *to drink a glass of champagne*.

The ministerial journals treat the affair with the utmost gravity and talk with tender affection of the mercy and magnanimity of the King. The Duke of Enghien is avenged, says one (which, by the way, hinted *that the Constitutional was leagued in the Bonaparte plot!*)—the Duke of Enghien is avenged—the life of a Bonaparte has been spared by a Bourbon! 'O Royal clemency!' cries this scribe; 'O fountain of constitutional mercy!' None but rogues and republicans can after this deny the virtues of the King!

But it is only for men of royal blood to drink at his Majesty's fountain of mercy (which is here simply a poetic name for champagne). If a royal duchess conspires to overthrow the King, and to set the kingdom in a flame—if she encourages robbery and patronizes murder—she is only acting according to her undoubted right, and is politically dismissed after the failure of her attempt. If an ambitious young man, with a doubtful title of Prince, corrupts the army by adroitly recalling the recollection of its past glories, and inflames it with hopes of future plunder, he has a frigate at his disposal when he is tired of his scheme, and is punished for his crime by a bottle of champagne; but a poor Radical—God help him!—a man who sees no virtue in the laws of September, or who ventures to think that the government has violated the principles of the revolution, no mercy is shown him, and no punishment is too hard for him.

Was the crime of Louis Bonaparte less great than the crime of Louis Alibaud? Heaven forbid that I should excuse the one, but why not punish the other? The poor hungry, insane Republican, there was no talk of mercy for him, the law murdered him who would have murdered another; but the law, it appears, is only for poor men, and not for princes, for wretched republicans in ragged shirts, not for royal conspirators plotting and masquerading in an emperor's boots and hat.

And with what sort of grace can the government, after this act of mercy to the leader of the plot, punish the underlings of the conspiracy? It has already prepared the way for their trial, by declaring that young Napoleon was only the tool with which others worked—a weak inexperienced boy, easily led by such deep

fellows as Vaudrey and Parquin. But this lad is thirty years of age; he has already been concerned in a similar plot, for the advantage of another,¹ and undertook the last attempt upon his own special account. Perhaps, according to this new system of justice, the greatest punishment will fall upon those who were to have reaped the smallest profit; and the law, like the excellent Thwackum, in *Tom Jones*, punishing the conspirators for the crime of the Prince, will administer a sound flogging to Master Jones, by way of a warning and correction for Master Bliffl. You will have remarked another singular circumstance which accompanies this exhibition of mercy on the part of the King. The article in the *Moniteur* which announces the departure of Louis Bonaparte, states that his freedom has been accorded to him *par ordre du Roi*. So that it is to the King only that this merciful act of illegality is to be attributed. There can be little blame attached to him for exercising the best prerogative which he possesses, but why are his merciful dispositions not brought forward for the benefit of all concerned in the plot, as well as for the leader of it? When the question of the fate of the Duchess of Berry was pending, the ministers gave their advice, and the Chamber was solemnly consulted. It would have been as well in the present instance if the fate of the conspirator of Strasbourg had been decided by the same popular tribune, for the King's act of mercy looks more like a piece of politeness towards one of his own rank and caste, than a legitimate exercise of his power to pardon. There will be no such hurry to set free the other sharers of the plot—no such active generosity for the poor republicans who have conspired against him; the supporters of government will cry out that we are never content—that we grumble alike at the King's rigour and his mercy. I wish that he would afford us a *fair trial*; but while the prison gates are only open to criminals of royal blood, they are pitilessly closed to honest and poorer men, whose hostility has been provoked, not by ambition but by wrong; and who have an excuse for discontent—the excuse of exasperated poverty, fruitless struggles and deceived hopes.

T. T.

18.

November 18.

PARIS, November 16.—If you have ever been at Paris you must have remarked a pretty piece of fantastic folly, the Swiss Garden

¹ He proposed to the Duke of Reichstadt to enter France in 1831, and to proclaim him Emperor.

at Trianon; there are rocks and tall poplars, and a number of pretty rustic cottages, gathered round a lake.

The poor old man who is just dead at Goritz is the last of the family which once occupied the village. The guide who shows it points out a farm house in the midst of the cluster of cottages, and says, Here dwelt the 'Seigneur de Village;' in this 'rustic' masquerade Louis the Fifteenth played the poet, and occupied the house of the Seigneur; opposite is a dairy at which Maria Antoinette milked cows; and round it are other small cottages, in which once dwelt Louis Capet, the farmer, and the gay young Count d'Artois, the miller of the village. The Prince de Condé, another member of the family, occupied another house, and personated some other rustic character.

Fate had hardly ever such dreadful punishments in store, as were reserved for the half-dozen persons who shared in this royal masquerade. The elder of them died of some fearful and unknown disease, the consequence of a life of folly and debauch; the successors to his crown perished on the scaffold; the last of the Condés was found murdered in his chamber, and the only remaining member of the family group now dies at Goritz, unhonoured and unlamented, and bereaved of the kingly rank and authority which he had inherited, as well as most of the occupiers of this pretty Swiss village at Trianon. Has not Providence read an awful lesson to kings in the fate of this exalted and unhappy Bourbon family? . . .

The death of the ex-King seems to be received here with utter indifference and contempt, as is shown by them all; Louis Philippe abstained from going to the opera on the night when the demise of Charles X. was made known, and here is probably the only ceremony of sorrow which will be paid to his memory.

The poor old man was scarcely cold on his death-bed, when the miserable party which goes by his name was quarrelling as to the empty rights of his successor:—the choice lies between the Dauphin, an imbecile, and the Duke of Bordeaux, a sickly boy of doubtful birth. The jobbers at the Bourse were yesterday very merry regarding the event, and the quarrel occasioned by it; the death of the old man, and the debates as to his successor seemed equally to amuse them. 'The Dauphin and the Duke of Bordeaux should try the value of their claims on 'Change,' said one fellow, 'and see how much they would *fetch in the market*!' There was very little feeling perhaps in this man's remark, but a cruel good sense, which proves in terms which are stronger than all Burke's eloquence, that the age of chivalry is gone; loyalty is only a by-word now, and the affection which attended the name and family

of kings is utterly extinct—they no longer inspire love and enthusiasm—they are mere political bargains, and only good *for what they will fetch*.

The man who at present occupies the place of the wretched old exile of Goritz, has climbed so high, perhaps, that he can scarcely perceive from the eminence which he has attained the passions and the movement of the pigmy people beneath him. Louis Philippe has indulged of late years in so many speculations upon his grandeur and the stability of his reign (for he never makes a speech now without some allusions to his 'dynasty,' some pompous remarks about his 'race,') that he seems altogether to forget the people who placed him on the throne, and the tenure by which he holds it. Will the author of the laws of September take a lesson from the author of the ordonnances of July, who dies unhonoured and unregretted, deprived of a rank and authority which at one time were so brilliant, and driven from a throne which once seemed so secure? Will he see that he may form alliances with all the Kings and Emperors of Europe, and that his 'dynasty' is still no safer than before; that his son Prince Coelebs may marry a dozen Austrian or Russian Princesses, and multiply his race *ad infinitum*, and for all that, be one day compelled to share the exile of the elder branches of the family? I do not hint at the probability of such an event, which is treason; but it is possible, and much stranger things have happened to Louis Philippe in his time. He has seen since he has himself been a public character a strange and dreadful fatality pursuing the crimes and follies of his family; if experience can make any man wise it surely ought not to be lost upon him; he has seen, in the fate of the man whose throne he occupies, how useless it is to endeavour to overcome freedom, and may have observed at the scaffold of his father how dangerous it is to affect it. It will bear neither resistance nor compromise, it has grown strong enough to destroy its open enemies, and to trample upon its doubtful supporters. No violent efforts of despotism, no juggling tricks of politics, can long resist or deceive it; there is like danger for the open tyrant who repels liberty, as to the hypocrite who assumes it.

T. T.

19.

November 22.

PARIS, November 20.—The French ministerial papers have made some droll mistakes regarding the late unsuccessful counter-revolution in Portugal; they were not all of them aware of the manner in

which events had turned ; and hence the *Débats*, the *Paix*, and other journals, amused themselves in congratulating the Queen on the success of her resistance to the insolent Radical faction attempting to domineer in Portugal. See, said the *Paix*, how nobly England has acted in this case ; ‘she only viewed in the late revolution the charter of Don Pedro outraged, the Queen enslaved, and a young Prince protesting nobly against a criminal violence. She did not hesitate to display her flag on the Tagus, and to cause her soldiers to land upon the Portuguese soil.’

I do not pause to ask whether the appearance of British soldiers on such an occasion was an act of firmness, or one of tyrannous treason ; whether the Commons in England will impeach the minister who sanctioned such an interference, and punish the ambassador who abetted it, by all the means in their power. Your politicians at home will be able to judge better on this point than we can here, and will be more readily listened to by the people. I have only to point out to you the singular manner in which the French nation was mystified and misled on this point, and the shameful concealment of the news which the ministers received. The despatch which announced the defeat of the foolish and tyrannous young Queen, is dated on mid-day, the 17th of November. *It was not made known to the public until ten o'clock at night on the 18th.* So that, if the ministers had any end in view, by wilfully misleading the nation, any pitiful juggling in the funds, which they were desirous to work to their advantage, they had six and thirty hours, for assuring the success of their scheme. Some one has said that language was given to men in order to hide their thoughts ; it may be said, in like manner, that telegraphs were given to ministers in order to falsify news.

The *Débats* of this morning has a long article upon the Portuguese Revolution, ill dissembling its mortification at the Queen's defeat and disgrace. ‘We should have considered the counter-revolution (says that journal) as a reasonable and salutary protest against the violence which had been exercised towards the Queen, and which had obliged her to dismiss her ministry and to restore a forgotten constitution.’ It is in this doubtful light that the French government journals persist in viewing all the events by which the people have suddenly and strongly asserted and conquered their rights. The Doctrinaires still consider the proclamation of the Constitution in Spain as the mere success of a mad party ; and the establishment of the Charter in Portugal, as a measure only extorted from the fears of the Queen. The Carlists reason in exactly the same fashion ; with them the Government

of July is equally a surprise, a successful effort of a faction, which the nation disavows.

Of course the *Débats* proceeds to laud the French government, for their wisdom in keeping aloof from all meddling with the affairs of other nations. We will neither meddle with the constitution or the Charter in Portugal, says the journalist, nor with Carlos or Christine in Spain. I need not tell you that this dictum of the *Débats* is false and absurd. The French Ambassador was recalled from Lisbon because he was too favourable to the Constitution. The French ships were in the bay, side by side with the British fleet. Perhaps the French troops did not appear on shore to defend the Queen; it is only for the English diplomatists, the blundering bullies of our own cabinet, to afford an open support, and to come forward publicly to defend the feeble tyranny of the Queen, and the insolent pretensions of the boy her husband. In the same manner the assertion that the French government will not meddle with the government of Spain is equally untrue. When the two claimants to the throne were battling against each other, the French were willing to lend an aid to the Queen; they despatched Lebeau with the legion, and collected a force in the frontier for her aid; but when the Spanish people had at last fairly asserted their rights and declared that the cause for which they fought was their own, not the cause of the Queen, but of the Constitution, then faithful to its system, the French cabinet withdrew. They will aid Kings and Queens as much as you please—they will fight for Royal dynasties and prerogatives, but with popular rights and feelings they will have nothing to do. Our cabinet seems to have adopted the same noble principle; they have a fleet and an army openly to aid the Queen of Portugal—they have only a few steam-boats and a little underhand assistance for the Constitution of Spain.

T. T.

20.

November 26.

PARIS, November 24.—The Paris papers contain a singular letter by Monseigneur Hyacinthe de Quelen, Archbishop of the Diocese, forbidding all priests and deacons to perform any service in the churches apropos of the late King's death.

Although the Archbishop declares that no clergyman should meddle with politics, the whole of his letter is a sneaking Carlist homily. He has not the honesty to express his open regrets, but he implies them in every sentence of his epistle—he strengthens them with passages from the Fathers, and quotations from the

Vulgate, recommending his curates and pastors, the subaltern Saints of the diocese, to bear their martyrdom with resignation. 'Evil are the days,' says Monseigneur, 'which the church of Paris has to deplore.' It is natural that the prelate should look back with tenderness to the happy period when King Charles himself marched barefoot, and Marshal Soult walked to church with a sheet and a candlestick; but, after all, is the condition of the church really so wretched as the worthy prelate fancies it to be? I know of no such persecution, which he or any minor church functionaries undergo. He has no longer a palace in Paris, but he has a very fine house hard by, which once belonged to a Prince and might surely content a Bishop. To be sure the golden days of the church are gone by, but if the age of chivalry has past, the age of the Inquisition has disappeared likewise. There is no opportunity for showing Christian zeal by burning a Jew or shooting a heretic; but there are plenty of opportunities for true believers to show their faith and exercise their good works. A few months ago, for instance, a piece of the true cross arrived at Paris: you would hardly believe that, though the Archbishop himself states the times to be evil, and all the world declares that infidelity is sadly general—you would scarcely believe that this piece of blessed wood was carried from station to station in Paris, planted in the various churches, and offered to the faithful, who flocked to it by thousands for the benefit of an embrace. Is not this a consoling sign of a religious reaction?

At the time of Alibaud's attempt, Louis Philippe was very desirous that the churches should offer up some congratulatory prayers on his escape; no devout believer, no true Christian at the holy shrine of a saint, or the sanctified toe of a Pope, could have manifested such an excess of respect, or have uttered such an exuberance of prayers, as the King did to the Bishop.

Accordingly Monseigneur deigned to write a letter to his clergymen, requesting them to celebrate a service for the safety of the 'Prince who reigns over France,' and for the downfall of all Radicals and Levellers; ingeniously hinting that the King was himself among the number, a compliment which, heaven knows, his Majesty little deserves. This letter said, as plainly as words can imply (for the words of priests and bishops occasionally bear more meanings than one) that these prayers were only to be offered up *out of compliment*; that the business was altogether a bad one, and the man shot at little better than the fellow who aimed at his life.

By a like ingenious rhetoric this last discourse would seem to say, 'We are bullied into silence; we are not allowed to offer up

an ordinary tribute of respect for a man whom we loved and admired ; we dare not show one symptom of sorrow or loyalty over the tomb of our dead sovereign.' In the first of the letters to which I have alluded, he never employs the term of King to Louis Philippe ; in the latter missive he employs it half a dozen times. I never read a more impudent piece of impiety than the first letter, or the last—he seems to fancy that his prayers are of some consequence, and will bear a weight in Heaven ! He makes scruples about praying and not praying ; he mingles his addresses to God with hints of his shuffling and bigoted politics, and sneaking exclamations of discontent. Not even there, where the miserable struggle of all parties should cease—where angry Radical and hot Royalist may learn, in the contemplation of a greater Wisdom and Good, how petty their own systems are, and how insignificant their quarrels—not even in praying will this man forget his pique, and his party, and his discontents. If Louis Philippe has need of prayers (as who has not ?), if he has crimes to wipe out, treason to atone for, tyranny or falsehood to repent of, it is not from the Archbishop of Paris that he should seek absolution.

The approaching session, and the fall or the confirmation of the present Ministry, which will be decided by it, occupies the attention of most of the French papers.

It is but too probable that the Chamber will vote as readily for Guizot and Molé as they voted for Guizot and Thiers, and for Thiers alone. The French Chamber seems to have no will but that of the ministry ; and the ministry blindly follows that of the King. The welfare of France, the maintenance of her material interests, and the preservation of her honour and good name, have not been, as they should be, the uppermost subjects of attention, for the Chamber, the Ministry or the Monarch. He has adroitly seized all the powers of the nation, but his views are not large enough to allow him to exercise for the public benefit the virtual despotism which he possesses ; his whole thoughts are turned towards the aggrandizement and interest of his own family. No man has ever shown more clearly than Louis Philippe, that before all other interests he considers his own, and no man has ever pursued his interests so unwisely.

A rage for match-making seems to be his ruling passion ; his son has been offered to every marriageable princess in Europe, and not one would accept the parvenu ; his daughters have been 'trotted out' for the inspection of princes without number, who have left them in like manner. A little time ago, and this was the great triumph of Thiers, it was bruited abroad that the Duke

of Orleans was to marry the daughter of Archduke Charles, and the Princess Clementina to espouse the King of Naples: but the negotiation ends in Naples marrying Austria, and the two poor children of Orleans marry nobody.

This mad rage for continuing his dynasty, has made the King consent to lose his rank in Europe; he is only a suppliant in foreign Courts where he might act as a master; he breaks his faith, and destroys his alliances; he gives up the proudest title in the world, to be at the head of the liberty of Europe; he gives up his power abroad, and loses affection at home, that he may find an extra son-in-law, or secure a generation of grand-children.

If Spain were tranquil, if England were his ally, if his own country were contented and free, as he promised it should be, the King of the French would be at the head of such a power in Europe, as would defy all open resistance, and overcome all secret hostility; and if it be settled by fate, that royal princes shall only marry royal princesses, the families who refuse him now, would then only too gladly accept him, for his anger would be dangerous then—it is now only absurd.

T. T.

21.

December 1.

PARIS, *November 29.*—The censorship of the press can never again be established, as is satisfactorily shown by the *Charte*; and the *Charte* has been, as everybody knows, a *vérité* for the last six years, at least we have Louis Philippe's word for it, and Philippe is 'an honourable man.'

But the world has arrived at such a shameful pitch of incredulity, that it only suffices for Louis Philippe to make a promise in order that all men should doubt it; for it has occasionally happened that his Majesty's words, which are mysterious as his ways, have turned out to bear quite a different meaning to that which the public generally gave them. Thus, when he gave up the stern title and attributes of Censor, people imagined that the press was henceforth to be free. No such thing. The absurd, blundering thick-headed *canaille* will not see that a sentence can bear two meanings. The King's government allowed, it is true, every book to be printed, but they reserved to themselves the liberty of seizing all the copies. Louis XIII. was called, in his rage for private morals, Ludovicus Censor, the present man may take a higher title, and be denominated Ludovicus *Seizer Augustus*.

Everything is seized indiscriminately, the harmless *Almanach*

National was seized, because it gave dangerous notions to the common people about the rudiments of history, the brewing of beer, the privileges of working men, and the proper time for planting cabbages. Poor Madame Cochelet's slip-slop *Memoires of Hortense* are seized, and the *Gazette de France* is seized and fined for an article concerning the succession of Charles X. The foolish journalist saluted the foolish dauphin by the title of king; some journals copied the article for its very absurdity, and the whole impressions of the several papers were in consequence seized at the post; but the author of the article was treated with more severity, he was summoned on Saturday before a court of law, and made to answer for the terrible article in question. The following is that part of it which appears to be most especially treasonable.

‘Inheritor of his august father, the Dauphin now replaces him in the care and protection of the young Duke de Bordeaux, and of MADemoiselle. Some days before this terrible catastrophe his Majesty walked twice on foot into the environs of Goritz. M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, formerly Minister of War, had arrived on Thursday night, previous to the *fête* of St. Charles, and was in admiration of the fine old age of the Prince, whom he found to be more robust and in better looks than in 1830, since which time he had not seen his Majesty. It was the day after this *fête* that the fatal illness declared itself, which carried off this excellent Prince. The physician of the King, M. Bougon, thought he perceived the symptoms of a putrid fever; but a physician from the town was convinced it was cholera. His opinion is not, however, partaken of by any one here, as this scourge has never existed at Goritz nor in its environs. The death of his Majesty is attributed to a neglected cold, so dangerous in an advanced age. He had for some time had a bowel complaint, to which he attached no importance.

‘*The King and the Queen, and the young Prince and Princess, putting aside their cruel grief, are in perfect health.*’

Is there in the above passage anything likely to shake the loyalty of the French or the dynasty of Louis Philippe? In my last you saw how the Archbishop of Paris repeatedly spoke of the deceased exile as *the King* Charles X. He was no more King than Antoine, his son; if the title is granted to the one, it belongs of the same right to the other. Why is the poor scribe fined and in prison, and the archbishop at liberty? In the affair at Strasbourg, the head conspirator was called prince by the government and the journals, and in his quality of prince freed from the ordinary process and penalties of justice. If Captain Louis

Bonaparte is a prince, being the son of an illegitimate king, and the grandson of a Corsican attorney, Louis Antoine is a king: the loss of his kingdom cannot affect his title—it is his by inheritance and divine right; but the Court did not think so, and the luckless editor of *La France* was imprisoned for three months.

You have already published the letter of young Bonaparte to his mother. It only required a postscript, with a request for half-a-crown and a cake, to render the young gentleman's address quite complete. His Royal Highness has a tenderness of disposition which does honour to his heart, but almost amounts to weakness. Why should he be anxious for the fate of his comrades in misfortune? If they were shot it would be no more than they deserve; if they are imprisoned for life they will only be mercifully dealt by. A young prince may play pranks and excite rebellion—it is his Royal Highness's nature to do so; he is excusable, from his rank and royal blood. Nay, there is an actual premium for revolting princes. Are they desirous of supping at Paris, or of travelling gratis to America, carriages and four are ready for their Royal Highnesses and frigates are placed at their disposal: but woe betide to the low-bred ruffians who attempt to create revolutions! When will the ignorant rabble learn, that the law was made by princes and not for them? When will they see that what is only good sport for their masters is often death to them?

T. T.

22.

December 8.

PARIS, *December 4.*—At the time of the inauguration of the Arc de Triomphe, there were the most fearful rumours of conspiracies, which menaced the monarchy and the capital. A band of ruffians, forming a horrid company called the *Société des Familles*, was tracking the footsteps of the King, the little Princes and Princesses, and her Royal Highness Madame Adelaide. These villains, bound by tremendous oaths, had spread their secret snares in the hotels of the ministers, ambassadors, and counsellors of state. His Majesty was not safe in the inmost recesses of his palace, and in danger even in the arms of his royal spouse. When he went abroad he rode, not like King Pepin in a coach of gold, but in a gun-proof vehicle of iron; he wore a corselet of steel beneath his coat of mornings; and he covered it with his night chemise on retiring to rest.

It was not cowardice, but prudence, which dictated these precautions; but though the august bosom of the monarch was thus

sheathed in steel, it still was menaced by danger, and oppressed by care. The King was called upon at this period to preside at the opening of the grand arch of the Etoile: begun, as the inscription states, by Napoleon, and finished by Louis Philippe; thus two kindred spirits, equal in genius, in energy and courage, had shared in the glory of this enterprise.

A hundred thousand loyal grocers and tailors, the National Guard of Paris, 'the cheap defence of nations,' as Burke styles the Knights of old, were to assemble round the arch, and with marching and countermarching, with firing of powder, and with manly shouts of military joy, to celebrate the festival of the arch, and the glories of the two arch-heroes who had raised it.

But a qualm came over the King's spirit; the horrid *Société des Familles* was at work, and the hero of Valmy and Jemmapes felt himself unsafe in the midst of a hundred thousand bayonets. Consulting discretion, the better part of valour, his Majesty countermanded the review, and stopped at home.

It is only within the last week that the real nature of the plot, which set all France in an uproar, has been made known to the public, and out of this tremendous conspiracy, this mountain of murder and crime, have crept *two mice*.

Two lads of 16, named Fontelle and Oursel, had determined upon slaughtering his Majesty on the first occasion.

Pistols were the weapons first proposed by these heroes, but after a mature consideration, *files* were fixed upon as being cheaper and equally efficacious. They appear to be two mad apprentice-boys, inflamed with the works of Marat and St. Just, and eager at all risks to procure a little fame. I give the chief part of their story, told by themselves in their examination by the magistrates. Oursel stated (he was apprentice to a saddler, afterwards a pot-boy at a wine shop) that since his earliest years his political opinions were formed; he read the *National* as a point of duty, and the *Charivaris* as an amusement. In speaking of the projected murder, he said, 'We should have executed our project either on the road, whilst the King was going to the funeral service, or in the Chapel of the Invalids, had I been able to penetrate into it, or else during the inauguration of the triumphal arch. As in the case of the review, I should have approached by putting myself in the ranks of the National Guard. I foresaw some difficulties, but they were not of a nature to prevent my putting my project into execution. In this case Fontelle would have had the same part to act; he would have placed himself at some distance from me, but not knowing the dispositions of the troops he could keep no place for me.' Oursel added that, at the

time it was rumoured that the King would not be present at the review, and that the triumphal arch would be inaugurated by the Duke of Orleans, he had determined to attack the Prince in the same manner, whilst Fontelle said 'he would strike at the King another day.' He was then questioned by what serious motives he had been instigated to attempt the committal of so horrible a crime. He said, in the first place, he personally disliked royalty, that it *was contrary to his principles*. He then reproached the King with putting Paris in a state of siege, in 1832, and reserved his other motives for his defence. However, being pressed to make them then known, he declared that in February last, he had presented a petition to the King, in order to obtain a footman's place for his father, but as this proceeding had met with no success, it had much contributed to strengthen his resolution, but that since the 25th of June, seeing that the attempts on the King had failed, he suddenly determined *to settle his business* the 28th of July. He added, in speaking to the witness Micop, that if he succeeded, he hoped to be the *valet de chambre* of the first consul. At a later period, in alluding to what he had said about his petition, he declared that the non-success of his demand exercised no influence over his determination; but that, independent of the state of siege, to which he had paid little attention, he had other motives, of a graver nature. 'I had seen,' said he, 'in June, 1832, the King himself command the fire in the Rue St. Martin, or at least I heard it affirmed by Labet, deputy of the Côte-d'Or; and then the massacre of the Rue Transnonain was of greater weight than anything else.' Fontelle was arrested the same day as Oursel. A poignard was seized lying on a plank, of which the point had been finely ground and stuck in a cork. Political pamphlets were also found, one of which was intitled *The Republicans*. After some hesitation he declared that the poignard was destined for an attempt on the King's life; but he was only to strike the second blow, in case Oursel failed in the first. In his interrogatory he confirms everything that had been alleged by his accomplice, except the attempt on the Duke of Orleans, of which he himself had not the slightest intention. 'He declares he had procured a great number of political works, namely, the works of St. Just, of Robespierre, of Camille Desmoulins, and the *Chains of Slavery*, by Marat, etc.; that it was by the study of these books he had acquired his principles.' Such are the facts which result from the declarations of Oursel and Fontelle, and which are also confirmed by the witnesses.

Madame Campagne, who was heard on the 29th of July, deposed that five or six days previously, she had sold a file to Oursel,

who was accompanied by a young man, whom she thought to recognise in the person of Fontelle. • M. Martin, her clerk, gave the same deposition. Oradoun declared that on the 25th of July Oursel and Fontelle, whom he perfectly recognised, had brought him some files. Fontelle said that they were to make instruments for his profession. Oursel had returned alone to fetch them on the same day at three o'clock. Oradoun had sharpened and put them in the condition they are at present. Oursel, who appeared to be in great want for occupation, presented himself at the house of M. Micop, whose apprentice he had been.

This witness and his son asserted that he spoke to them of politics, and that he was in a great state of exaltation. He said he was come to bid his comrades farewell, for that there were some arrests in the society of which he was a member, and he feared that in his turn he might be arrested also, and *showed his daggers*; from thence he went to the house of M. Wurmser. 'He always talked politics,' said this witness, 'and had but the republic in his head.' He bid them farewell, kissed all the persons present, announced that he was about to depart, and that later it would be known where he was going. *He showed his daggers*, and answered Mme. Wurmser, who asked him what use he intended to make of them, 'Oh, that is my affair.'

On the same day he uttered such threatening words against the life of the King, in the house of Madame Mondolphe, that M. Carleback, who was present, suspicious of the truth, thought fit to give warning to a commissary of police.

On the day previous, 24th of July, *at the Theatre Molière, Oursel and Fontelle spoke of their projects so freely and showed with such little precaution the files, now made into daggers*, that a neighbour who heard them gave information to the authorities. The information was anonymous, but the instruction confirms to such an extent the details it gives, that it is impossible not to see its complete exactness.

Thus the horrid *Société des Familles* consists of two disreputable boys, whose foolish heads were turned by Marat and Robespierre, and by the insane vanity so peculiar to this great nation. When Fieschi died, he said 'all the world will speak of me.' The ruffian Lacenaire, and the madman Alibaud uttered the same foolish sentiment; and it goes so far in this country as to reach even these two silly apprentices—to find two regicide-raggamuffins, who leave their pegtop and marbles, to meditate assassination, and become the heroes in 'strange stories of the deaths of kings.'

T. T.

23.

December 14.

PARIS, *December 10.*—The French papers are discussing a question of great importance—‘What will M. Thiers do?’ The whole march of events in France and in the Peninsula, the maintenance of the Five per Cents, and the Queen of Spain, the marriage of the Duke of Orleans, nay the very safety of his respectable father, seem to depend on Thiers’ conduct in the ensuing Parliamentary campaign.

The opposition appeals to his early political professions, and begs him to lead their ranks; the ministry soothes his injured pride, and entreats him to join them. ‘Come, O Thiers,’ cries the affectionate Guizot, ‘come to my bosom, child of our adoption, object of our respect, return to your allegiance, nestle once more under the wide wings of our mother. The *doctrine!* You voted for the laws of September, you destroyed the jury, you fomented the dispute with America, you bullied the democrats of Switzerland, you are only worthy to be a Doctrinaire.’

And the venerable Louis Philippe himself, the *vieux blagueur*¹ of all, loses no opportunity to console the ex-president for his late dismissal, and to soothe his mortified vanity.

The illustrious prince, when he turned his minister out of doors; and thought fit to break his promise, to sully his honour (about which quality, perhaps, it is not necessary to say too much), to stain the character of his own nation, and heartlessly give up another to ruin; did more (as Fouché said of Napoleon) than commit a crime—he made a blunder.

But M. Thiers is far too wise to listen to the overtures of Guizot, or the King’s useless flattery; he wanted a character, and his obstinacy on this point has gained him one; he wanted a grievance and he has it. He can tell the Chamber that he went out of office only because he was desirous to maintain the national honour of France, and the pledged word of the Ministers. The objection to the fulfilment of their promise did not lie with the majority of the Chamber—who were ready to support the Cabinet, or with the Cabinet itself; the cause of this public disgrace lies only with the King.

No wonder, then, that Louis Philippe is desirous to repair his error, and that Thiers, quite as cunning as his Majesty, sees the advantage of his situation, and the extent of his power. He is greater now out of the Cabinet than he ever was in it; there he was only the King’s creature; bowing to his caprices, labouring for his good, threatening or bending, flattering or shuffling, to get

¹ In polite English, ‘the old humbug.’

an extra privilege for the King, or a wife for the King's son, or a fresh guarantee for the continuance of his line, or the maintenance of his interest. The ex-minister now works on his own account—he is no more Louis Philippe's servant—and very soon may be his master. If the Doctrinaires fail in the Chamber, Thiers must come back to office. The King, until now, has conquered all oppositions and cabinets; he laughed at honest old Lafayette, he trampled upon Laffitte. Every succeeding ministry has been selected or dismissed upon some point connected *with his private interest*; and lo! here comes Thiers, who beats him at his own weapons—showing to the world by what small means (for his excellency is little more than four feet high) fate overturns the mighty schemes of such giants as the King. Thus it was that another GREAT man in history, of whom we cannot help thinking when meditating upon the character of his Majesty; thus it was that the great Mr. Jonathan Wild was entirely overcome by the insignificant Mr. Blueskin. Who would have thought that either Philippe or Jonathan could ever have met their match?

But seriously, Thiers must know his own strength too well, to yield to the cajoleries of the King, or the humble overtures of Guizot; and the victory which he will obtain over both, will benefit not merely the Spaniards, who may now reasonably look for deliverance; but the French themselves, thus freed from the fatal influence which the Orleans party has hitherto exercised over the country.

The interests, the honour, the liberty of the nation have been sacrificed for six years to this one family; at home it has been a series of paltry struggles and intrigues to strengthen the Orleans dynasty, to give free prerogatives to the King and his heirs; who only seem to value the crown for the crown-jewels, and to use the nation as a great farm, of which they will profit as much and as long as possible. Abroad there is the same policy; the King asks for a wife for his son, or a recognition for himself, or a husband for his daughter, and the rank and dignity of the nation are lost for the mean interests of the man who governs it. The Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, with his 500 subjects, asserts his claims, in a stouter tone, and is heard with as much respect as the monarch of the noblest country in Europe.

Thus, in writing on French politics, there has hitherto been but one theme of discussion—the King, and his private conduct and interests; and thus a pitiful court intrigue, which at the best serves but to oust one man from office, and to give his place to another, becomes an object of importance likely, in some degree, to affect the destinies of the country.

In reading over some of the letters I have had the honour to address you (a compliment which few persons, I presume, will pay to them), I have been struck by seeing how much has been written about the king and the ministers, and the princes and their probable or improbable wives, and how little has been said regarding the nation; it is not a bad proof of its condition, I think, that a man, on the spot, watching the popular interest, and eager to discover the public feeling, should see and write so little about the people. The fact is, that the people take no part in politics, they are not allowed to assemble, they are not allowed to speak freely, they are not allowed to vote. A hundred thousand electors represent the nation, and there are three hundred thousand places (if I mistake not) to distribute among them. You can have no popular feeling from such a body of men, and the Government takes good care to smother it in all others. The people are now bullied by the bourgeoisie as they were before by the nobles: they are forbidden to read or write except such opinions as the government may think fit to allow, for the government has an unlimited power to seize books and authors, and has laid restriction upon juries. They are forbidden to assemble even to worship God, for fear they should learn sedition; so that there is only freedom for the happy hundred thousand—and what a freedom!—a freedom of places and profit, sold to every ministry in its turn, for the use and benefit of a single man, the master of ministers, the great place-giver, the only man who has benefited by the revolution—the King!

And therefore his defeat becomes an object of importance, and the triumph of the people, or any party of the people, even of such a miserable party as that of M. Thiers, in such a miserable victory as that which he may obtain, is looked for with longing hope; any blow which is given to the present system, any struggle by which the march of the Orleans autocracy may be perplexed, or retarded, or overcome, becomes a public benefit. One victory will lead the way to another, until the King is eased of the dreadful power which he holds now, and which he employs so ill, until he becomes the modest chief magistrate, for which office the people designed him—the King ‘who rules but does not govern,’ as Thiers said in his earlier and better days.

I am not talking republicanism, I hope, which in this country is a dangerous kind of conversation; nor do I hint that a King ‘with any other name would smell as sweet’—he is better than King Henry V., or than King Robespierre. A nation has, surely, the liberty to choose their governor, whether they choose him for his right divine, or pick him, like Christopher Sly, from a gutter.

The present individual is, perhaps, the best man the French could choose, if he would but care for the nation a little more, and for his family a little less—he would find it the best policy in the end.

T. T.

24.

December 19.

PARIS, *December 15*.—Brigadier Bruyant is condemned to death—his comrades are to be subjected to five years' imprisonment, but the stern military law demands the head of the leader of the revolt.

Stimulated by the example of the Court at Vendôme, the lawyers at Strasburg will no doubt exercise a similar severity, and take away the lives of Parquin and Vaudrey; the ends of justice will thus be answered, for justice (according to law) is like an ogre in a fairy tale, he lurks in hidden caverns, invisible to all eyes, but now and then he issues from his hiding place, seizes and slays his victim, drinks his blood, and retires content. What a comfort it is to us poor common men to live under the guardianship of a protector like this! He has no aristocratic tastes and propensities, he lives and labours for us only; he has no fashionable hankering after the society of great people; he will chop you off the head of a plough-boy for stealing a sheep, but if a prince filches a kingdom, or murders half a million of men, he passes by his Royal Highness with the utmost contempt. Justice, heaven be praised! is our privilege, it is made only for the people, not for their masters.

Thus you see that while poor Bruyant dies on the block, his Royal Highness Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte loads a frigate, and takes an American tour. He writes to his uncle (the ex-King of Spain)—*'My dear Sire,—You will be surprised to hear of my late "lark" at Strasburgh—it was a glorious piece of fun. Vaudrey will be hanged. Have you any land to sell cheap? I cannot help their cutting off poor Parquin's head—but what is the price of oats at New York!—Ever, my dear Majesty, your affectionate Royal Highness.—L. N. B.'*

The daily ravings of the *Quotidienne*, and other Carlist journals, are mainly inspired by the strange course which the Spanish Cortes propose to adopt in their treatment of Don Carlos—they absolutely intend to shoot him! Such a measure is quite unprecedented—princes are independent of us and the law—*'Our little hands were never made,'* as Dr. Watts remarks, *'to tear out Royal eyes;'* and again from the same poem, *'If Kings delight to kick and smite, it is their nature to.'* The

people have nothing to do with their eccentricities ; they have no more right to impugn the ways of Princes than the ways of Providence.

At least such is the gist of a long article in the *Quotidienne* this morning. '*On ne peut vaincre les Rois, il faut les tuer.*' Such is the last resource of revolutionists ! The trembling Carlist who writes this sentence forgets that even if we were to meditate such projects, we should do only as we are done by. We only ape our masters ; we cannot conquer treason, cry they, we must kill it, and off go the heads of Emmet, and Alibaud, and Torrijos. Justice, herself, with you in England, condescended to follow the same plan. '*On ne peut vaincre les voleurs de moutons,*' cried Justice, '*il faut les tuer !*' Murder was never so prevalent as in the days when monarchy was brightest ; the preface to the history of all the founders of royal dynasties is written in blood, it was perpetuated by royal use, and sanctioned by noble institution of chivalry ; it is, however, like Knights and Kings, grown sadly out of fashion.

The *Journal de Frankfort* contains a similar lament on the subject of Don Carlos, and the punishment which the Cortes have in store for him.

'If we may believe,' says the scribe, 'a telegraphic despatch inserted in the Paris papers, the Cortes (in the sitting of the 26th) were not satisfied in voting for the exclusion of Don Carlos from the crown ; they are at this moment occupied in a proposition for prescribing his execution, in case he should be made prisoner.

'*It is the head of Don Carlos* which is now asked for ; this is the moderation of the Cortes applauded in the papers of England and France.

'It was regicide that signalised the revolution in Great Britain. It was regicide that marked the French revolution. Regicide is suggested in Spain, and we may with history in our hands, judging of the future by the past, affirm that *regicide is the basis of all future revolutions*. We have repeated it a hundred times : quarrels of principles become every day more ridiculous. There are now in Europe but two parties : the miserable and the honest men ; those who have a wish to destroy, and those who have a wish to preserve.'

So that the slang of 'conservatism' has penetrated through Europe ; here are the same loyal commonplaces which are daily employed by the *Times*—the same foul-mouthed anger against the people which distinguishes the *Débats*.

And if the Cortes *do* ask for the head of his Royal Highness Don Carlos, are they more severe upon him than upon any other common villain who breaks the law?—more cruel than he himself has been? Ask the widow of poor Mailler, murdered the other day in cold blood; ask the orphans of the miserable British soldiers, who fell butchered by this merciless tyrant's order, if the author of these crimes merit death or not? The *Journal de Frankfort*, which boldly separates the world into two great parties, places the honest men on this man's side, and qualifies all the rest of the world as rogues who deny his claim, or, even allowing it, would punish his crime. At least let us be thankful that the *rogues* are in the majority; a little more "honesty" like that of the *Journal de Frankfort* would bring back the Inquisition to Spain; a little less roguery in our own country, and the successors of Charles I. might have dispensed with Parliaments altogether, and governed England according to their own royal and superior rights.

The awful sentence, asserting that '*Regicide is the basis of all future revolutions*' may likewise, terrible though it sound, admit of some question. There was a revolution in France—Charles X. lost his senses in causing it, but he did not lose his head: there *is* a revolution in England, but it does not endanger a hair of the King's head, or even a whisker of the Duke of Cumberland. If the royal object of the royal duke's admiration should meet with a severer fortune, it will not be his family's fault, but his own. If Mr. Burke, of Edinburgh, had been of royal race, would he have deserved his punishment, or would he not?

I would only argue that the one murderer is no better than the other, and that as long as the law permits in taking blood for blood, Don Carlos should be hunted down like a common assassin—treated as pitilessly as he has treated others. T. T.

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

FOUR O'CLOCK.—I break open my packet to give you the conclusion of Marshal Clausel's despatch, just made public. 'The soldiers, although ill, behaved perfectly.'¹ We have all our guns, and I have left a strong native garrison at Guelma, a stronger post than Constantina.

'Our Arabs behold this arrangement with pleasure. We thus raise one power against another, and, from the disposition of the

¹ In the first part of the despatch it is stated that the troops plundered the baggage.

public mind, I am led to believe that the power of Achmet will fall before the power of our Bey.

‘By these means, perhaps, we shall no longer have any need of an expedition to make ourselves masters of Constantina, a city large, handsome and more important than Algiers, Bona or Oran.

‘Monseigneur,—The Duke of Nemours shared in all the dangers and perils of the army; his Royal Highness continues to enjoy good health.

(True Copy)

(Signed)

‘Foi, Telegraph Director.’

I have seen a private letter from Toulon, with some extraordinary details of the expedition. One of the generals is said to have *run away* (pro pudor!). He is a great favourite of the King’s, and has made several brilliant campaigns between Neuilly and the Tuilleres. He went on his knees to Marshal Clausel, praying him to omit the announcement of this disgraceful fact!!

The young Nemours behaved with great gallantry, and received a wound—in the tail of his coat. The following is a list of the wounded and disabled—

Marshal Clausel, wounded.

General de Rigny, ill.

General Colbert, ill, wounded.

General the Duke of Nemours, ill with a quinsy.

General Trezel, ill, wounded.

M. Salgond, who left Paris to assist as an amateur at the expedition, died at Toulouse. The Duke of Nemours has reached that place in a dreadful state of health.

PARIS PRESERVED, OR THE PLOT DISCOVERED.

THE trial of the conspirators Oursel and Fontelle is just finished; and ridiculous as the first part of the drama (the accusation) was, the *dénouement* is even better than might have been expected. One of the lads is a wild-looking thin fellow, with a pale face and black eyes, aged 17, and the other a simple red-haired boy, over whose locks sixteen winters have passed. On being submitted to the interrogatories by which a trial in this country is commenced, they avowed the bloody-minded speeches attributed to them, and the possession of the two regicidal files: and then stated *that their whole object was to obtain a little notoriety, and frighten the government!* In proof of this, they begged the jury to look

at the two letters by which the plot was first made known to the government, and compare them with letters in the handwriting of Oursel, who stated that he himself had in this manner given information of his own secret designs. The letters were compared—Oursel was made to sit down and write over one of the letters, as read aloud by the President; and from the evidence of 'experts,' and the perfect similarity of the handwriting, the phraseology, and the mis-spelling, no doubt could remain of the truth of the defence. Even the Advocate-General abandoned the idea of convicting these two lads of a plot, of which they themselves, being the only conspirators, had revealed the secret, and contented himself with a sermon about the abstract heinousness of regicide, and the wickedness of such practical jokes. The jury immediately found a verdict of acquittal; and the juvenile *Brutus* and *Cassius* were sent off to receive at the hands of the *Police Correctionnelle* the punishment due to the joke which they had played at the expense of justice.

But still the joke must be admitted to have had the most complete and astounding success that ever joke had. Their object was to frighten the Government;—was ever Government more thoroughly frightened? This was the terrible plot, be it for ever remembered, with the apprehension of which all Paris and all Europe was alarmed, last July! This was the plot which led to the sudden abandonment of the great review of the national guard, announced for the last anniversary of the glorious days! This was the plot, the terror of which has ever since kept the Monarch of the barricades barricaded up in the Tuilleres, or in a shot-proof coach, a gun-proof coat, and a pair of bomb-proof inexpressibles, during the few and brief excursions into fresh air which he has ventured to make! This 'lark' of two *gamins* of Paris! Such is the result of the system of *resistance*, and strong government. Two beardless apprentices, in their idle moments, can, by way of fun, throw the government of a great country into convulsions of terror, suspend the festivities of a great national anniversary,—keep a Citizen-King a prisoner in his palace for six months, and give the French people, in the eyes of the civilized world, the character of a nation of assassins and regicides!

After the tragedy comes the farce: and this is a good after-piece to the disastrous business of Constantina. But what will be the fate of a government at the expense of which both have been played?

25.

THE MUTINY AT SAN SEBASTIAN.

December 20.

PARIS, *December 17.*—The regiment called 'The Westminster Grenadiers,' at San Sebastian, is in open mutiny. The intelligence detailed in the letter of your correspondent can surprise no one. It is as much the fault of the general as of the government, whom he pretends to serve.

The language of Mendizabel when applied to for a settlement of the just claims of the Legion is quite insolent; he does not even give himself the trouble to make promises. It is too clear that (except when it suits them) the Legion will not fight, and it is but fair that the government should not pay.

General Evans may be as brave as a lion in a field of battle, but, out of it, there never was a man more timid and irresolute, who conceives so many projects, and executes not one; who is so daring as to disobey his commanding officer, and so timid as to be afraid of four hundred Carlists menacing his lines.

What advantages the Queen might have gained if a few thousand of Evans's men had joined the corps of Espartero! It is absurd to think that he could dread the Carlists in his front; he had other reasons for staying in St. Sebastian; some claims which he was desirous to press, some clumsy plans which he wished to conduct;—but certainly Nature never fitted any man so little for the part of a conspirator. The general first holds a council, at which nothing was resolved; the officers entreat him to allow troops to volunteer on the expedition to Bilbao, to which the general replies, that he is so circumstanced as to be able to do nothing: and this is exactly what he has been doing ever since the commencement of the war.

He could not fix on a better plan for raising a mutiny; the men are poor and discontented, and the general keeps them idle; they are longing to fight and not allowed to stir; the general himself gives an example of insubordination, and on a foolish pretext refuses to comply with the soldier's dearest wish, trembling before a few Carlists; disobeying the orders of his superior, at a moment when a blow might have been struck which would have crushed the faction for ever.

At the last meeting of the officers, the General showed the same resolute determination; he required from them all their opinions; he then made them all go to their quarters, and write their opinions, and then reassemble and recapitulate their opinions.

Can the man have any opinion of his own? The revolt in the meantime breaks out, and he sends Spanish troops to quell it, but, upon the representation of Jauregni, he recalls the Spanish troops, and sends the English—at which interesting moment your correspondent's letter concludes.

It is certain that this Mahomet of the Auxiliary Legion has told the mountain to march—but will it march?

Your correspondent promises you a letter should such an event take place.

T. T.

26.

December 22.

PARIS, December 19.—The French journals are filled with continual complaints of the treachery and ambition of English ministers. To believe the French, there is not a spot in Europe where our spies and intriguers are not at work; Whigs and Tories unite unhappily on this one point—to sacrifice Europe, honour, every thing to the aggrandisement and the interest of Great Britain.

In fact, *La perfide Albion* inspires the same hatred to the extreme parties in France, which animates the bosom of the respectable gentleman who composes the leading articles of the *Morning Herald*, when he treats on Russia. Armand Carrel in the *National* was our fiercest enemy; he found that in all the complicate intrigues and questions of foreign policy, England took the chief share both in the profit and in the conspiracy. Like Job, in the song, whatever was the draught in the jug, Carrel always found the Devil painted at the bottom of it.¹ England was his Devil, and at the bottom of all the mischief in the world.

The *Chronique de Paris* in a like spirit asserts this morning, with regard to the expedition to Constantina, 'that it was evident that English genius had presided at the construction of the fortifications, and that perhaps the Arab guns had come from the tower of London.'

Is there any truth in these assertions, or any remote particle of truth? Is the foreign policy of England so conducted? You have better means of answering the question in London than we here, and you are bound most strongly to press it. How are foreign arrangements made, and by whom? Your paper of Saturday mentions that regiments are to be sent to San Sebastian,

¹ 'Whatever the draught, whether small beer or stout,
It was honest Job's maxim to drain the pot out:
He said, 'twas from duty the tankard he dried,
To expose the foul fiend who was lurking inside.'

and that the fort is to be occupied for a while, or perhaps for ever, by British troops—who settles these points? Who sends a fleet to repress a popular movement at Lisbon, and proposes to seize and garrison a fortress in Spain? Are these ideas suggested and debated by the cabinet, or do they emanate, Minerva-like, armed, from the mighty brain of that Jove, my Lord Palmerston?

The Foreign Office at London seems as mysterious and as potent as the Holy-office at Madrid; who is the leader of it? What is this secret and dreadful code of laws, which passes like an hereditary disease, from cabinet to cabinet? When Napoleon talked of English diplomacy, he became almost mad, as mad as the *Morning Herald* above mentioned, or as Mr. Urquhart in speaking of Russia. We may doubtless rebut some of the charges of treachery which are continually urged against our diplomacy, but we cannot unfortunately refute all. There is treachery and secret negotiation; you have a so-called liberal ministry, and your foreign minister continues the systems and the superstitions of Pitt, who in his fury against Napoleon saddled us with ruin, and Russia, a more powerful enemy than France could ever have been to us. Your popular minister, in England, tramples upon the populace in Portugal, and how does he aid the people in Spain? The popular minister has no idea of an honest and manly alliance, he adopts a shuffling co-operation, he will not allow the oppressed Spanish nation the comfort and support of an ally, who, *coute qui coute*, will stand at her side, allied to her, not by interest, but by a community of freedom, a community of hatred against oppression and oppressors; no, he is too intimate with the tyrants themselves, to dare to be so open; he cares too little for liberty to help her for her own sake; but when he can make a good bargain with liberty, and so manage and twist his sneaking politics as to keep within the strict letter of his agreement, the popular minister seizes his opportunity, and flatters himself that he does his duty to England.

And when San Sebastian is duly pawned to our government, Lord Palmerston will show how well he has deserved of his country, in obtaining such a noble bargain at such a cheap rate. He can show how gracefully he has eluded the anger of the northern courts, allies of Don Carlos, and how in aiding the Queen he has benefited his country. There is no doubt of it—he will have cheated both Carlos and Christine, and obtained another great port for English ships, more profits and outlets for English commerce. A few more such bargains, and we who are called a nation of shop-keepers, may be called a nation of swindlers for the future.

T. T.

27.

December 23.

PARIS, *December* 20.—If the Duke de Nemours in his African expedition, and in the glorious actions which he has performed, has not quite reached the sublime, at least he is only at one step from it, that particular step which was called by Napoleon the ridiculous.

After his return from the disastrous reconnoissance to Constantina, his Royal Highness took occasion to visit the public establishments at Algiers, and to bestow on the public functionaries the benefit of his Royal smiles and presence. The illustrious prince is something more than twenty years old; his titles to respect are, his excellent father, his royal rank, and his gallantry in this campaign. With regard to the two first qualifications, you will allow that they are questionable, and as to the last, it is reported that the prince was affected with a violent sore throat and cold, which prevented him from exercising that active heroism which otherwise he doubtless would have shown. A man with a flannel nightcap, and, haply, a worsted stocking round his throat, cannot don the accoutrements of war, or shout the cry of battle; he would choke in the attempt to cry 'Forward!'

Such, however, is the divinity which hedges Kings, even Citizen-Kings, and all their family, that this poor pale-faced sickly creature, who no sooner leaves the paternal coop at the Tuileries, than he is half-choked with the pip, unfit from bodily infirmity to endure the fatigues of soldiers—from youth and inexperience to command them. This puny lad becomes the head and front of an expedition; the bulletin, which forgets to announce the death of many thousands, mentions his health in the preface and in the postscript. He goes abroad with marshals and generals at his back, and extends his patronage to mayors; pious Turks call down benedictions on his head, and grateful Jews look up to him as a second prophet—a little beardless Moses.

In the *Moniteur Algerien* we read the following account of his proceedings:—'His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours left the Government Hotel, accompanied by Marshal Clausel, the Civil Intendant, the Lieutenant-General, Commander of the Troops, by the General and Superior Officers of the Militia and of the Garrison of Algiers. The Vice-Admiral, Commandant of the Fleet, joined the cortege on its passage under the arches of the Hotel of the Marine, and accompanied the prince to the Mole, the important works of which he was about to visit. The prince then directed his steps to the Rue de la Marine, where the

Mufti, the Cadi, and the Ulemas of the Maleki worship awaited him for the inauguration of the peristyle, which is to be established in front of the building, with the columns taken from the mosque which was destroyed in order to form the Place du Gouvernement. The Intendant-Civil, before the first stone was laid, addressed to his Royal Highness a speech, to which he gave the following answer:—"I hope also that the monument which we are about to raise will be in the eyes of the natives a solemn guarantee of the protection which the King's government will grant to the Mussulman worship, and will powerfully contribute to destroy the barrier which the difference of religion might raise between them and us."

The Mufti, through the organ of M. Delaporte, interpreter of the intendance, expressed the gratitude of the true-believers; he called down benedictions from heaven upon the Prince for the favour he had granted to their religion, who caused them to forget the painful losses they had sustained.

His Royal Highness also honoured with his presence the Mosque of Hanefi, and informed the Mufti that he had ordered the Intendant-Civil to replace the wooden chair by one in marble.

The Prince terminated his visits to the religious establishments, by one to the synagogue of the Jews, which was decorated with the greatest luxury. His entry into the temple was saluted by a psalm in Hebrew.

The writer conceals the particulars of the Royal Duke's festive visitation; but a very common imagination can easily supply the details.

Is this Titus or Vespasian coming in triumph among the Jews, that they receive him with such respect? They who refused to take down their harps for the great Assyrian conqueror, strike up a Hebrew melody at the approach of the noble Nemours; dark-eyed Hebrew maidens throw oranges at the feet of the young warrior; bushels of sealing-wax and black-lead pencils are burned in his honour; the temple is filled with grateful believers, and festooned with old clothes—who does not envy the prince receiving such honour, and admire the stiff-necked Hebrews who bend before him?

Nor does the prince's triumph end here; the Turks are every whit as tender as the Jews. The prince, on going his religious rounds, remarked in a mosque a shabby and unseemly chair of wood, whence the Iman usually preached; he instantly promised that the chair should be replaced by a smart pulpit of marble; it is not Shakspeare only who can draw sermons from stones—

true believers will draw good doctrine for centuries from the same source.

As may be supposed, this politeness of M. de Nemours deeply affected the Mufti ; but when through the organ of M. Delaporte, (and surely sounds more eloquent never passed through any organ) —when the Duke expressed his high respect for the Mahometan religion, and his full intention to patronise it, the right reverend prelate was quite overcome, and called on the Prophet to bless this liberal-minded young man. The reader cannot fail to remember another celebrated occasion, when the name of Mahomet was similarly invoked, and the pious Turkish merchant exclaimed ‘in the name of the Prophet, Figs.’

But all the sublime acts and speeches above recorded quite sink into insignificance when compared to the following oration actually delivered by the Mayor of Algiers :—

‘MONSEIGNEUR,—The French population of Algiers hail with joy your arrival on the African coast. It is to them the compliment of the certainty (*le compliment de la certitude*) that the firm wish of the King is not only to preserve this fine country, but to bring to it the prosperity which it deserves.

‘At this moment, my prince, we learn with grief that Constantina has not fallen before our arms. The banner of glory cannot remain unavenged. The King, your father, the guardian of the national honour, will say, together with all France, that the crescent must bow before your power. To you, Monseigneur, must be reserved the glory, under the direction of the illustrious Marshal Clausel, of attaching victory to the chariot of our country.’

He means the chariot in which the Duke of Nemours made the campaign. The prince was in too delicate health to follow the field on horseback, and travelled in Marshal Clausel’s carriage, to which circumstance the Mayor evidently alludes. Be it his task of honour to discover victory, floundering in the mud of Constantina his noble effort to avenge the banner of glory !

Perhaps you have heard already too much of Monseigneur the Duke de Nemours, and the flattery and foolery to which he has given occasion ; but when ministerial journals gravely record such things, and government pimps blazon them abroad ; when veteran generals and civil officers march humbly at the Duke’s tail ; and when the actions and sufferings of thousands of brave men are set aside to make way for the paltry triumphs of this sickly lad, a man may naturally grow indignant and loquacious, especially when no other news occurs, as is the case to-day. T. T.

28.

December 26.

PARIS, *December 21*.—‘The qualities which chiefly characterise the men who, for the last six years, have presided over the destinies of France, are, on the one side, the firmness and consistency of their principles, on the other, the remarkable skill with which they have applied these principles to the government of the State.’

You will at once recognize the ‘eminent hand’ which penned this modest little paragraph. Only the *Journal des Débats* could conceive the opinion or have the impudence to utter it. The *Débats* is the champion of all ministers,—in three months, when the Doctrinaires are turned out, it will praise their successors, as it has praised all preceding Cabinets in their turn. It is like the amiable Mrs. Cole, the disinterested matron of all new ministries which come upon the town, it lauds their state graces and swears to their doubtful purity. In August it proclaims the virgin beauties of Thiers, and in September unveils the immaculate charms of Guizot. The above sentence is the text of a long discourse on the latter pleasing subject, which occupies a great many columns of the journal this morning.

‘One trembles,’ continues the journalist, ‘in recalling the past, to think of the dangers which during the last six years have menaced the good cause, the cause to which the sympathies and the interests of France are allied. Suspected by Europe, hated by the fallen party, attacked by revolt, civil war, conspiracy, and treason, compelled to fight with one hand (if we may use the term), and with the other to re-establish order, to organize an army, to fill the treasury, to repair the injured interests of the country, to negotiate with Europe, and impress on foreign nations the respect due to the French name, in the teeth of the anarchy and violence which persisted in compromising it. Was it the sole virtue of its principles which enabled this noble cause to meet and overcome?’

Lord Castlereagh’s celebrated figure of rhetoric, in which he described the main features on which a question hinged, is entirely put out of countenance (to continue the metaphor) by the noble cause and language of the *Débats*: what is the cause, we know not, for the *Débats* has supported half-a-dozen in its time; but none such as this, a cause which has hands, fighting with one of them, and performing with the other a series of wonders unknown and hitherto undescribed,—a Briarean cause, a cause of *leger-de-main*.

It is unnecessary to make comments upon the happy style of

the writer in the *Débats*, the delicate praise, the apt illustration, the brilliant argument which distinguish him. But the wonder is, that the minister receives, and even pays, this gross and filthy flattery ; six thousand pounds a year are the wages of the *Débats*. What a cheering prospect for talent, what a hope for gentlemen of the press. The *Times* ought to establish a paper in Paris.

After showing that the 'noble cause' is no other than the Doctrine, the journalist thus moderately enumerates the advantages which the nation has received from the politicians of that sect. 'It has restored to France the most complete personal security which a Constitutional government ever enjoyed ; it has put an end to two formidable insurrections ; it has triumphed in La Vendée ; it has taken a citadel within two musket-shots of the Prussian frontier ; it has caused the French engagements to be honoured, and saved the inviolability of the French ambassador at Berne, in the face of all the anarchists of Europe !'

Print this sentence in letters of brass, as brazen as the man who dared to write it. Good God ! are these the only titles of glory which in six years the French revolution has gained ? Would any political sect but this heartless, shameless pack, boast of cutting throats in the Rue Transnonain, of not *being afraid* of the Prussians, of the affair in Switzerland ?

Here are the sole claims and triumphs of the Doctrinaires, and every one of them is a falsehood or a crime. Within three months, there have been two revolts ; one man was condemned to death only yesterday for treason ; others are awaiting their condemnation. The King dared not trust himself to the care of a hundred thousand men, and the ministers declare that the country is tranquil. They boast—the Frenchmen who fought the battle of Jena—that they actually took a fort, while the Prussians stood by ! they boast of their other military exploits, their triumphs at Lyons over their own starving countrymen, mad with poverty, exasperated by detected and rewarded spies, and slaughtered without mercy ! Would any other men have been proud of such a victory as this ? It is like Mr. Burke, of Edinburgh, boasting of murdering Daft Jamie, showing how he lulled the suspicions of the poor idiot, and in what a masterly manner he dispatched him. Would any other men have boasted of the Swiss dispute, and of the spying, lying system which occasioned it ? Would a common man pique himself upon being a defeated bully and beg to call to your memory that he was a detected spy ?

With as much truth the *Débats* declares that the Doctrinaires took a share in the revolution—neither they nor their master stirred an inch ; when the cannon roared in the streets, Louis

Philippe was lurking disguised in his garden of Neuilly, and Guizot on his knees at the meeting of Deputies, begging them to return to their allegiance. They had no share in the revolution except the plunder;—how long will they keep it?

A great sensation has been caused by the appearance of a Russian manifesto in the Gazette of Augsburg; you have it, doubtless, at full length. It is considered as an official document, and, as it breathes the mildest and most conciliatory spirit, it will be puffed by the congenial *Chronicle*. This article breathes in every sentence the purest and profoundest desire for peace, peace with England and all the world, all amnesty and forgiveness even for the poor deluded races. I only allude to the document to give you an instance of the sincerity of the Russian politics.

The inhabitants of the town of Kalisch, in Poland, have been witnesses of a scene acted by the Russian government in the last days of November, which was in the spirit of vengeance which Nicholas has shown to the Polish nation, exists in all its former existence that it costs him nothing to violate his most sincere and solemn promises whenever an opportunity offered itself. Polish soldiers, who fought during the Revolution and who returned to their country at the amnesty granted to all those who wished to take advantage of it within a certain period, have been brought before a council of war, for having intercepted, *during the war*, a courier of the Government. To judge and to condemn are synonymous in a council of war in Russia: the two victims of whom we speak, the one was a Polish nobleman, named Moraczewski, and the other a native of Kalitz (whose name we have not been able to learn), were condemned to the knout and to hard labour in the mines of Siberia for the rest of their lives.

The punishment of the knout was put into execution; Moraczewski died, after suffering for two days. The second victim, whom fate has preserved for other longer sufferings, and to increase the number of victims who give in every part of the globe a living proof of the barbarity of the Czar, was immediately conducted to Siberia.

This last fact, which reduces the Russian amnesty to its right value, will not prevent the French Doctrinaires from inveighing against the enormous expenses which the Polish emigration causes to France, and to treat as a criminal any Pole who would dare to manifest a wish to see his country freed from Russian barbarity.

The Ministers are in great exultation at the opinion extorted from Calatrava, that the French Government has done its duty, and honestly maintained the Quadruple Alliance. This silly and

impolitic concession of the Spanish minister, will aid wondrously the Cabinet here, in the defence of their conduct regarding Spain, and will figure doubtless in the King's speech to the Chambers. From Spain itself there is little news of importance. Espartero has, as you will see, fallen back to wait for another reinforcement ; he will wait so long, I fear, that the Carlists will seize Bilbao before his eyes, for he has now been three weeks before the place, without daring to strike a blow. The Carlists here declare that Gomez has passed the Ebro, but the funds do not fall, which is the only criterion for Spanish news. T. T.

29.

December 31.

PARIS, *December 24.*—On the 6th of the month, the affair of the Strasbourg conspirators was to commence at Colmar ; you recollect that there was much talk of a protest made by the lawyers at that court, complaining of the illegal manner in which the chief criminal had been set free.

This famous protest, however, when it appeared, was the meekest and blandest expression of indignation which ever issued from legal lips ; thus the mouse protests at some extraordinary proceedings of the lion ; thus the poor bookseller protested while the Honourable Berkeley flogged ; and as the expostulations of the one were only heard by the bully at the door, so the complaints of the lawyers were as idle as the wind ; the royal bully who governs these realms, having determined (like Mr. Berkeley) to arrange justice after his own fashion. The lawyers, therefore, on the escape of young Bonaparte, only ventured humbly to state, that '*in law*, magistrates can only admit the principle of equality, to which they must pay homage,' and then, frightened at their own boldness in making this daring assertion, they proceeded to state that the subtraction of young Bonaparte 'was an exceptional act of high governmental policy, on which the Court is not called upon to judge in the presence of the political authorities of the state.'

The French lawyers, therefore, avow that there is a power superior to the law, a 'high governmental policy,' before which common justice must bow. This is exactly the Berkeley theory (not the Bishop's), and if the King of the French choose to follow up the argument, he may re-establish the Bastile, or close the courts of justice altogether ; or if the Court condemns a man the King may set him free, or if the Court acquits him the King may punish him ; henceforth his Majesty has justice in his own hands, the Law allows it, and the Court awards it. 'The law is not

called upon to judge in presence of the political authorities ;' from whom, on the contrary, the law always runs away, as we have seen in the Spanish war so often. At the approach of Gomez (who is an exceptional act of high governmental policy), the lawyers of Seville scampered to Badajoz, the magistrates of Malaga rushed to Gibraltar. Thus as we grow older our politics grow more calm. We recollect how in Goldsmith's History Prince Hal insulted Judge Gascoigne, whereupon the insolent magistrate sent the Prince to prison ; but we moderns know what freedom is—we know our duty to our betters ; and when Louis Philippe slaps justice in the face, she only says, 'Your Majesty is very kind ; I have no business to meddle with things which do not concern me.'

The details of the attempted meeting are very strange ; the crown-lawyers (as in duty bound) are desirous to show that young Bonaparte's plan was long since conceived, and that his thoughts and actions for many years past, have only tended towards the attainment of this object. He published long since an essay on democracy, which, according to his admirable system, could only be maintained by an Emperor and an Imperial Guard : he then indited a work called the *Artilleryman's Manual*, which, as the counsel for the prosecution ingeniously remarked, was clearly intended to debauch all the artillerymen in the French army, with their respective pieces—the slim and active field-piece, the tall battering gun, and the stout little mortar. The learned gentleman showed how one and all were to join the revolt, and with their ponderous and brazen throats to shout long life to the Emperor. But the *Artilleryman's Manual* did not have the desired effect—the Imperial dynasty was not to be restored by a manual or a man either—one of that class, whom a member of your House of Commons elegantly calls *la belle sexe*—a woman was the chief cause and agent of the revolt.

Eleanor Brault, *alias* Gordon, was the lovely instrument employed by Louis Bonaparte to conduct this conspiracy. This lady appears to have enjoyed the intimate friendship of the illustrious young prince, and of his confidant M. de Persigny ; and poor Vaudrey, the man who figures at the head of the list of prisoners, is but the blind tool in the mutiny, for the fair Eleanor had completely bandaged his eyes, and gained his heart. The very lawyers who accuse this lady, speak most poetically of her charms and talents ; she was directed by her employers (who perfectly knew the extent of her capabilities) to spare no means for the seduction of Colonel Vaudrey ; and this lovely lady executed her commission in a manner the most loyal and complete. It is

quite unnecessary to particularise the means employed, you may fancy the peculiar species of argument to which a very handsome and unscrupulous woman would resort.

Guilty as this man is (and he is not the first who has lost honour, rank, everything for a woman), is he as guilty as the cold-blooded conspirator for whose profit he laboured, and into whose snares he fell? Vaudrey is said to be a vain man, and, with regard to women, what the French call *trop susceptible*; but he never thought of the revolt until it was thus traitorously forced upon him. Why should he? He occupied a distinguished position, and had strong hopes of speedy advancement, if Louis Bonaparte had not thought fit to attempt this revolution. Vaudrey would still be at the head of his regiment if Louis Bonaparte, and the swindling strumpet, his accomplice, had not ensnared a man, a part of whose military code is what is called gallantry; the poor wretch would be honoured and respected as before: his crime is not lessened, but how much greater is theirs? What is the guilt of the selfish young adventurer, who for his own ends, without a single national plea or pretext, scruples to employ no infamous means of seduction to throw a country into commotion, and to establish his own absurd claim? What is his crime, and his punishment? he has all the benefit and none of the risk, his miserable pseudo-royalty saves him, his comrades suffer; he himself is free. The very power and station of kings render them more prone to error than other men, more eager to grasp, less likely to hear or to follow good counsel, and the people, who use a king only as an instrument of government, a mere figure or symbol in politics, a machine in which is vested a certain power, endow him further with a dreadful impunity, allow him to be independent of justice and right, to violate in his own person the very laws which for others he is called upon to consolidate and to preserve. And this privilege of safety is made to embrace all their kin. Is it not a disgusting mockery of justice, that this court should sit, these lawyers spout their stale speeches, and these poor people suffer the ceremony of a trial? The King who absolved one of the criminals, can absolve all or punish all. It would be no greater an infringement of the law than the act already committed.

It is, however, little probable that the extreme punishment will be inflicted. Even Bruyant, whose condemnation was pronounced, will not, it is hoped, suffer death. The Court which condemned him, found him guilty of conspiracy and revolt, but acquitted him of murder. It appears that the punishment of death, to which they sentenced him, is considered by the law,

too heavy for his crime, it only awards 'deportation,' or life imprisonment, which will most probably be his fate.

I went to the Academy to listen to M. Guizot's speech of reception, expecting great things from the literary character of the man, and his reputation as an orator. His speech occupies six great columns of type in the *Charte*, and the reply of M. de Segur four more. I was in hopes to be able to find something worthy of comment in the performances of these two celebrated men, a few poetic plums from this oratorical pudding.

M. Guizot fills the chair lately occupied by M. de Tracy. The latter was a disciple of the Material School of the eighteenth century, against which sect of philosophers the Minister's discourse is especially bent. But it is impossible to give an idea of this tremendous speech, for the excellent reason that in itself it possesses no ideas. It is a windy panegyric on the new school, and a feeble attack on the old; an essay like Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson's view of human nature, without end or beginning, 'anarkon kai ateleutoion,' to quote that celebrated philosopher's favourite phrase.

But loud as were M. Guizot's praises of his own system, the echo of M. de Segur was louder still. You will find that a prolonged analysis is quite unnecessary, and must be satisfied with only a single specimen of the noble Count's style of thinking.

'I cannot spare your blushes,' said the honest academician, 'you must suffer my praises, as you have suffered so many trials for your country. You are he who said to the stormy sea of our passions, be calm; you are the saviour of our public weal.' I leave you to admire the delicacy of the allusion, and the modesty which compares M. Guizot to the Saviour of mankind; but you will scarcely believe that this discourse of M. de Segur had been studied and even public for some days before; the members of the Academy sat in judgment upon it and pronounced it good; and Guizot himself was perfectly aware of the divine qualities which were to be attributed to him. This man, in a country where Christianity is rare, professes himself emphatically a Christian. Might he not have employed a little of that modesty, which M. de Segur attributes to him, and requested the omission of this paragraph? Does M. Guizot seriously believe that the Doctrine is an inspired institution, and he its chief disciple? There are some misty indications of this system in his speech, some attempts to prove how the science of politics is no other than the practice of philosophy, and how philosophy is neither more nor less than faith, and how the Doctrinaires and M. Guizot are the expounders of this creed, and his Majesty Louis Philippe's

premier the type of it ; if so, the system of praise adopted hitherto by the ministerial press is altogether inadequate. We shall have the *Charte* singing hymns to Guizot, and the editors of the *Débats* on their knees. Oh, blind mortals that ye are ! Oh, incorrigible heretics, who refuse to acknowledge the daily miracles of the Doctrine, or the celestial mission of the philosopher of Ghent.

T. T.

30.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH MINISTRY— THE TACTICS OF THIERS—THE CHANCES OF THE RADICALS IN FRANCE.

January 2.

PARIS, *December 26*.—An ingenious writer in the *Courier*¹ (justly celebrated under the appropriate signature of I. O. U.) has taken the pains to expend a great deal of emphasis, and to occupy a whole column of the journal which he enlightens with his contributions, in order to show that the actual French Ministry will be able to carry the suffrages of the Chamber, which meets them to-morrow. Another writer in the same print—for the *Courier* has nominally a multiplicity of correspondents in this city—declares that the *juste milieu* system has taken root in the French soil, and will outlive even Guizot and Louis Philippe.

The dictum of the latter gentleman appears to me altogether erroneous ; and there is no great harm, I presume, in doubting the prophecy of the former. A celebrated tragic hero, not unlike the loud-tongued I. O. U., *Don Ferole Whiskerandos*, on being questioned as to the movements of the Spanish fleet, replied that he could not see it, for the excellent reason that 'it was not yet in sight.' How has I. O. U. discovered the movements of the *doctrinaire* fleet, and prophesied their safe return, when as yet they have scarcely begun their cruise ? I have only alluded to this gentleman's vaticinations because I hear they have much weight in England, where you have more faith than in France. If he knew that Ministers were safe on the 20th, he knew more than the Ministers themselves knew on the 25th, when they are trembling for their future power : *au reste*, a man who prophesies with a good deal of perseverance must sometimes hit the mark, or at least go near it : if he fail in one instance, he may try again : the best plan is, to contradict flatly the next day the

¹ See the *Courier* of the 23rd December.

inspiration of the day before, so that one day or other you are sure to be right.

Thus, on the very day when I. O. U.'s letter reaches Paris, the *Débats* issues an article declaring that the country is in danger, because it is probable that the Doctrinaires may be defeated. It is not the return of Thiers to which the *Débats* looks with terror, it is the coalition which the ex-minister has made with all parties of the Opposition—the Gauche, the extreme Gauche, and even the Legitimists.

Listen to the *Débats* which explains the causes of this singular and fatal union.

How is it that the principles of the opposition, becoming in the eyes of enlightened men daily less popular, how is it that its parliamentary influence is stronger now than ever? Its credit was never so low, and yet its fortune is at its highest. And why?

Because in the interval of the two sessions, a circumstance of great importance has come to pass. The Cabinet of the 22nd February (the Thiers ministry) resigned, for a cause which is quite independent of all parliamentary influence or necessity; solely because it disagreed with the Crown on a most delicate point of policy.

'The ministry thus suddenly dismissed, was for some time completely deserted, lost among the parties contending for power. Its banner was intervention, for which no party cared, neither the majority, nor the opposition, nor even the anarchists. But around the ex-cabinet, we have seen all sorts of contending interests, passions, and opinions gathering, all the parties which accord with the ex-ministry on one point only, that of hatred to the government now existing.'

The *Débats* continues, for three long columns, in this strain, denouncing the danger and entreating all persons to support the besieged ministry. The gist, however, of the long oration is, that the Cabinet will not stand, or at least will be most rudely attacked, and that all parties in the Chamber have coalesced to work its downfall.

And why? Because all parties coalesce in hating the Cabinet, and the manner in which it has been foisted on the country. Who cares for M. Thiers or his particular inferior, or petty intrigues? He is only strong because he is the expression of a popular feeling and not the leader of it, because he has had the tact to swim with the tide, and to turn with it. The battle which is about to take place, and for which the *Debats* to-day, trembling, scours his armour, is not merely an attack upon the Doctrinaires, but a war upon the Crown.

Even the *Journal des Débats* no longer ventures to deny the fact, that at a time when the Thiers ministry was most popular, and in itself most united, it dissolved on coming in contact upon one point with the King's persevering obstinacy. Agreeing (nominally) with the whole nation, 'it disagreed with the Crown,' and fell before Louis Philippe's single and selfish will. Is not this a sufficient cause to bring all men of all parties together? Those who with Thiers think the interests of the country demand a Spanish intervention; those who, doubtful on the point of interest, agree at least on the point of honour, and blush at the cowardly caution which has deluded and deserted Spain; and even those who are against the measure, but tremble at the dreadful progress of the King and his authority. His reign began with a successful effort to cajole public opinion, he next proceeded to smother and intimidate it, and at last ventured openly to defy it.

At this critical moment Thiers left him, and it is no small proof of the ex-minister's skill that he seized this opportunity to desert the King.

There had been many quarrels between Louis Philippe and his Minister—on several minor matters. Thiers was wise enough to yield, but he knew that after having once ventured to offend the King his doom was sealed, and he determined wisely to seek such an occasion for retirement as would reconcile him with the nation—the Spanish question offered him this occasion, and here, Thiers on all other points yielding as you will, became as firm as a rock. He retired, and carried with him all the honours of the Cabinet, leaving with the King all the odium. If the national faith was broken, it was the fault of the King; if the popular Ministry was dismissed, it was the fault of the King; if tyranny had attained such a woful height in France that the wishes of the nation, the Chambers, and the Ministry, were to be sacrificed for the interests of one selfish and grasping man, the occasion seized by Thiers for quitting office only threw the crime into greater relief, and exposed more clearly the criminal. Since his retirement, the tactics of the little minister have been equally good—he has succeeded in uniting and arming a strong, perhaps the strongest body in the Chamber against the Ministry, an opposition so strong at least, that the *Débats* screams out that the country is in danger, and at the same time so bespatters with praise the leader of the hostile troop as to make it evident that the old camp-trull is willing to shift her quarters, and come over to the enemy. One at least of the benefits occasioned by the defeat of the Doctrinaires, will be the downfall of the journal, which has been the pimp and bully of every party in power since the revolution.

But the great benefit to be looked for in Guizot's overthrow, and the cause of Thiers' present strength, is the formal attack which will be made by the whole opposition, on the power and encroachments of the King. His Majesty has so arranged matters in this country, that the Opposition dare not avow the object, but he knows that he falls with the Doctrinaires. Every one of the men now leagued against the Doctrinaires, the numbers whom they represent, and the many millions behind them, who have no voice, but if dumb are at least not blind, the great body of the nation, are interested in this contest. The great mass of the people who shed their blood that this man might mount to the throne, and have shed it since to secure his seat ; whose strength is employed only to defend him, not to toil for their own interest, or to battle for their own honour ; whose voice is stifled because it might disturb him, and whose friends are pitilessly sacrificed for his profit and pleasure.

This hollow humbug of a representative government, this monstrous satire upon freedom, cannot last much longer—the *Charte* may cry out as it pleases, that the Orleans dynasty has become a conviction in France. If a man may judge from his own experience, after a long residence in this country and a daily communication with persons of all ranks and opinions, believe me that the people in France do not care a straw for the Orleans dynasty ; they care for order and comfort and quiet, which they would lose in another struggle for the throne. It is folly of this King, or any other, to count upon anything more than mere sufferance ; the people do not want him for his merits, but for their own interest, and the King blindly sacrifices these, looks to himself and his family, and follows his own way, his own mean and greedy political system, which is neither dignified nor profitable, nor even safe. I never met a man in France who loved the King, or spoke well of him, except in the first year of his reign, when he enjoyed a passing and feverish popularity ; but people know him now. They took him for their interests, and find that he labours for his own. And how ? You know already the history of the French government for the last five years. No means were too strong for it, and no measures too despicable ; a bully to the weak, a coward to the strong, and equally false to both ; pitiless at home, and pitiful abroad. It will speedily, I hope, close its reign.

You will complain that my letters have only this one theme of Louis Philippe ; but recollect that the government in this country is the King. If it had not been for the King, you would have had Spain tranquil ; you would not have had M. Guizot or the laws of September.

And now, please God, there is a chance of ridding the country of both one and the other. Our hopes repose, it is true, upon somewhat feeble grounds—a supposition of the Ministerial defeat, and the doubtful patriotism of M. Thiers; but he is eager for office, and evidently ready for battle; to gain both he must defeat the Orleans party, and make concessions to the Gauche or radical side of the house; both his victory and concession will be of incalculable benefit to France. The first will oppose the fatal power, which has hitherto marched unimpeded in its course, has paralysed the efforts of the country, and destroyed the benefits of the revolution. Without Louis Philippe the revolution would have spread through the world. It is one of this man's boasts and titles to glory—he is proud of the cunning apostacy which has cheated the nation out of the ends proposed by it, in placing him on the throne, which has so dammed and twisted the great current of popular opinion, as to leave that a shallow and muddy stream, which was to have flown not through France merely but through Europe. He boasts of the system which has filled his own country with discontent, occasioning the victories of Lyons and the triumphs of the Rue Transnonain, which for the sake of peace and order allowed the Poles to be butchered before his eyes, and delivers over Spain to the tender mercies of Don Carlos. Thus it becomes an object of the highest importance not to defeat him, but merely to stop him:—if the nation is not as yet strong enough to compel him to do right, it achieves no small victory in checking his dreadful power and willingness to do wrong.

A more precise and substantial benefit will however be gained by the nation; because the future ministry must be perforce more liberal than the present; its maintenance depending on its concessions to the Radical party. A repeal of the infamous jury law, and the laws against the press, must necessarily follow, and afterwards a long train of further advantages and privileges for the people. Of course before yielding, the King and Government will prolong as long as possible the battle; there will be an attempt to patch up the quarrel with Thiers, and probably a modification of the present Cabinet. But I think that the ex-Premier is too ambitious to be content with any but a complete victory, and so clever a tactician, that he cannot but obtain it eventually. It may carry further probably than he wishes—but it cannot go too far for the people.

T. T.

31.

MURDER—PRIVATE AND PUBLIC—THE KING'S
SPEECH—THE CAUSE OF THE DISCONTENT IN
FRANCE, AND THE REMEDY FOR IT.

January 2.

Dec. 28.—You have many thousand persons in England, who carry the Republican principle quite as far as the extreme party in France; I am sure none who would advocate the cause by such means as are employed by the scoundrels who disgrace it in this country.

It is impossible as yet to ascertain whether the man who attempted the King's life yesterday is like Alibaud, unconnected with others, or whether he is the delegate of a society, employed to execute justice according to their code; just as M. Sanson inflicts death in the name of the majority, or, as it is called, the Government.

But it places the state executioner and the party assassin upon a dangerous level; and I am sure it is not too much to assert, that the law which sanctions and ordains the inflicting of death in the one case, is itself a cause and encouragement of the other.

'The Chamber of Peers will receive the communication of the Royal ordinance, investing it with powers to take cognizance of the crime lately attempted on the King's person; it will then be called on immediately to constitute itself as a court of justice.'

Thus, the echo of the pistol had hardly died away yesterday when the Chamber of Peers issued the above order. Are they going again to adopt the dreadful and useless reprisals which caused the death of Pepin and Alibaud, and which makes the executioner the guardian of the life of the King?

You boast in France and in England that you are the most civilized people of the world, among whom freedom is best understood, and justice most enlightened, and yet the axe and the gallows are always at work; you show the superiority of your laws by making them as bloody and ruthless as the wretches you kill; your vaunted system of justice is little better than a system of public revenge, quite powerless to correct men or even to deter them. Only drawing wicked distinctions between private and public murder, attempting to show that though it is not lawful to assassinate a man with a pistol, it is (on some occasions) quite just to strangle him with a rope, or to murder him with a guillotine.

And what is the good derived from the system? it only familiarizes men with the idea of killing, and lessens, by the cruel nature of the retribution, the general horror for the crime. Had Alibaud been allowed to live, people would have looked on him only as a murderer, and have blessed the King whose manner and magnanimity had spared him. He died, and another takes the first opportunity to imitate him, and there are even found persons in this country, and in England, who absolutely speak of him as a martyr and a patriot. So much does legal retaliation neutralize guilt in the public eye—so little does it deter men from crime! You remember the reply of George III. when asked to spare the life of Dr. Dodd—‘If Dr. Dodd is spared the two Pereaux were murdered’ (these men had just before suffered for forgery). Whereupon Dodd was executed—the King’s answer by no means proved that the two Pereaux were *not* murdered, it only shows that the Doctor was hanged for consistency’s sake, and I fear very much, that the same good reason will prevail in the present instance; and that the nameless assassin of yesterday will suffer, because Alibaud suffered before him. The same journals which publish the account of the man’s crime, show that the Court will instantly proceed to judge him.

Under such circumstances as have just occurred, it becomes almost impossible narrowly to criticise the King’s speech, and invidious perhaps to blame it. He opens it by declaring that ‘France is in the peaceful enjoyment of the results of her courage and wisdom. Her institutions are becoming consolidated, her prosperity is increasing, and on this occasion we have but to felicitate ourselves on the success of our efforts for the happiness of our country.’

The sentence unhappily is so glaringly false, that it does not even need a contradiction. The peace of France is not assured so long as the head of the French government is thus continually menaced by death. Who can believe in the success of ‘his efforts for the happiness of the country,’ when the prisons are crowded with discontented, when his footsteps are daily tracked by assassins; when in the interval of three months two military revolts have broken out; when the journals of every morning bring fresh details of trials and conspiracies against the government or person of the King?

It is well to inveigh against the crimes and the bad passions of the conquered republican party: to take pride in the system which has fettered the jury and enslaved the press, and taken away from the people their right of public meeting. You may

prevent the people from meeting, can you prevent them from feeling? They may not speak, but they can see—they can see that the government is so ordered in France, as to exclude the people from all share in it. If the King's ideas suit the people, well and good, they pass into law; but they pass into law just as soon, should the wish of the whole country be against them. In one part of the speech, his Majesty congratulates himself at having pursued a certain course regarding Spain. He means that he is proud of having disregarded the wishes of every man in his cabinet, and followed his own way. In our country it would be a subject of shame rather than of congratulation, for a king thus boldly to assume absolutism, and to prefer his own will to the wishes of the whole country. In France it is only a part of the system—the system of which the King and the Doctrinaires boast; and which his Majesty presses the Chamber to continue.

'Let us continue (he cries), gentlemen, in the same course: it is thus that we shall succeed in securing, upon a solid basis, the happiness of our country.'

Can a man after six years debating the argument draw such a monstrous conclusion? The hundred thousand electors, and the place-holders may be loyal, but are the thirty millions behind them? Why, from what ranks arises the discontent? The dreadful and undeniable discontent? From the people who rebel at Lyons and at Paris, who revolt in the army with Brigadier Bruyant, or who pass over by companies for a few francs and Louis Bonaparte. They may not meet in public, but they gather in secret societies; they have no voice in the state, and are presumed to have no opinion; and in consequence from the ranks of the despised and exasperated poor, this spirit arises, which makes them seek such terrible means of redress—and why? Because they have no other. The laws first degrade a man, and then punish him because his feelings are not so pure as those of men in a happier and higher condition. The state allows him no legal means to gain advantages possessed, as he sees, by others, and he uses illegal. The King may boast of his system, but his system will ruin him and the nation; it asks for equality of rights and representation, liberty to speak, and to read—it never will be calm until then.

T. T.

32.

January 4.

PARIS, *December 31*—In the first skirmishes of the session, the ministry has gained some trifling successes; their nominees for the Vice Presidencies of the Chamber of Deputies having, by a majority

of half a score of votes, obtained the places contested by the old ministry and the opposition. The Carlists, a body of about twenty-five in the house, sided with the ministry on these points, and obtained for them a victory, which they are trying to make as important as possible.

However, the *Thiers-parti* will not hold itself for beaten ; there is a formidable reserve of a hundred deputies, who have not as yet arrived at Paris, and who, for the greater part, are said to be hostile to the ministry.

It appears to me, that the Radical party is the master of both Guizot and Thiers ; they are forty men, who, by their union, may sway the government as they will,—at least they are all-powerful over the parties that contest for it ; and by the weight of their numbers, can determine the success or downfall of either. This party precisely resembles the band which, in your House of Commons, went under the polite name of the tail and the low Radicals—at least until Mr. O'Connell became a genteel Radical. To the determination of this minority you owe everything in England ; the lazy Whigs would have been contented long since, but for the strenuous labours of the low Radicals and the tail, from which circumstance the House of Commons may be likened to a beaver, who hath no good in him save in his tail. With the English example before their eyes, the French Radicals may achieve much more for themselves than they ever will gain from the prostitute patriotism of Thiers.

The three days' debates of the Chamber have settled the officers of the house, and no more ; so that their contests can be of no great interest to you in England, nor are they of such importance in France as to authorise the shouts of triumph which are raised this morning by the *Débats* and the ministerial press.

M. Dupin has been re-elected President. The *Thiers-parti* proposed for the Vice-Presidency, Messrs. Teste, Etienne, Passy and Calmon. The name of M. Calmon was likewise in the list of vice-presidents proposed by ministers ; together with those of Messrs. B. Delessert, Jacqueminot, and Cunin Gridaine. All four were elected ; in consequence the nominees of the *Thiers-parti* were beaten, excepting the one, M. Calmon, who was also on the ministerial list.

The *Thiers-parti* candidates for the secretaryship were Messrs. Boissy d'Anglas, Vivien, de Malleville and F. Real. The first and last of these gentlemen were elected, and Messrs. Piscatory and Jaubert, of the Doctrinaire party ; and this is all which has been done as yet, and which for the interest you take of it in England, might have been omitted.

When these important matters had been duly arranged, M. Dupin arose, and made the following speech, which is considered, I assure you, a perfect wonder of oratory:—

‘Gentlemen and Colleagues,—The honour which the Chamber confers upon me by entrusting me, for the sixth time, with the direction of its labours, is also a proof of confidence from my colleagues which I deem most precious, but the joy and gratitude which, in your preceding sittings, it awakened in my heart, are now mingled with regret at the recollection of the renewed attempt made upon the King’s life. However, gentlemen, the ways of Providence are especially admirable in this respect, that it works good out of evil. If these fatal attempts endanger the throne, yet they afford an opportunity to the Prince of manifesting so noble a courage, that the Monarch is eclipsed by the man, and we are surprised to witness the exaltation of royalty and the consolidation of the dynasty amid appalling danger, by the gratification all true Frenchmen must receive in beholding at their head a King who possesses the love of his people, a brave and magnanimous Sovereign.—(Great applause.) But a few minutes elapsed before the attempt of which he was near being the victim, and the moment when he appeared amongst you, and yet you saw with what firmness he ascended the throne raised for him in this place, and accomplished his royal task, with the co-operation of his Ministers, by addressing the Chamber on the subject of his own affairs and of the State. Let us imitate his example, Gentlemen, and though with grief in our hearts, let us direct our thoughts to the accomplishment of our duties as the representatives of a great nation which has confided to us the defence of its interests and of its rights. Under the influence of this ennobling consideration, we shall enter calmly on the examination of the questions which will be submitted to us. We shall seek out the truth and speak the truth with a sincerity which the country demands, and which it expects at our hands. Each of us is intimately convinced that royal power should be strong, and that the inviolability of the King’s person should have its due guarantees. We shall, in consequence, acknowledge and defend the Constitutional prerogatives of the Crown, as also our own, (France has a right to calculate on our doing so) without any ambition or weakness, but with the dignity that becomes the representatives of the French nation. Gentlemen and colleagues, I have seen the Chamber penetrated with one common sentiment, may I see it actuated by but one opinion.’

The President’s speech contains a good deal of sly satire and good sense, of which the Ministerial people will not do ill to profit. The *Débats*, for instance—you recollect in the play that *Mrs. Cole* was very religious—was plunged in such an agony of devout gratitude at the news of the King’s escape, that it declared all mean questions and interests of party should be forgotten at

such a moment. But in the midst of M. Dupin's rhetorical flourishes there is much better sense than this. 'Gentlemen,' he cries, 'we ought to be, and are, very grateful for the King's escape; but let us have no nonsense, let us go to work as the King himself did, quite undismayed because a ruffian had fired at him.' This kind of reasoning is not acceptable to the ruling party, who turn these conspiracies to account, and work upon the tender susceptibilities of the Chamber.

You have seen already how their arguments have been successful. Political cowards, and political knaves—and there is a handsome supply of each, I presume, in the house—are affected by this line of reasoning, and become converts to the ministry. If a man wants a scruple for ratting, like Mr. J——, for instance, he seizes the occasion of an assassination, an occasion which is unhappily but too frequent in this country. Thus, Fieschi's machine, which left the King unhurt, laid prostrate the liberty of the nation. It enabled the then ministry to rush in, as it were, under cover of the fire, to conquer the panic-stricken opposition; and, in the midst of terror and confusion, to storm and take possession of the press. The infernal machine of July is bad enough, but what was it to the infernal law of September? The one was but directed against the breast of a single man; the other against the life of a whole nation.

I am glad, therefore, that M. Dupin has had the good sense to hint to the Chamber, that they must be on their guard against any such outrageous consequences as the ministry might be disposed to draw from the event; they should do their duty, and no more, and repress the sickening cant of sensibility, which has hitherto been the mode. In a former case, the whole nation was made responsible for the act of a solitary villain—it was a poor compliment on the King's part to the people he governs, to make them the sufferers, and as it were, the accomplices in the crime of Fieschi.

On hearing of the late attempt of Meunier, M. Guizot cried in triumph—'Let them now talk to us about disarming the Government.' It was evident that the Minister's mind was not so entirely occupied by devout gratitude for the escape of Louis Philippe, as to let slip the political advantages which might result from the attempt on the King's life. He was eager to continue his favourite system, perhaps to introduce some little additional severities, which might further serve the cause, and yet the *Débats* allows that 'the Government has its hands full of useless laws,' that against this spirit which sends out desperate men from among the poor, the half-educated, the unrepresented people, to attack the life of the King, the new-fangled cruelties of the present

system are of no avail—yet for the sake of consistency, the Government will give up its plan, and calls for new laws and new rigour, only fit to exasperate the people, quite powerless to remedy the evil. Numberless arrests have been made in consequence of the affair of Meunier, his relations are imprisoned, his acquaintances are seized, the persons who employed him in trade, and those who happened to stand near him when the pistol was fired, are, according to the journals, *au secret*. The government has further imprisoned persons who are suspected to belong to the *Société des Familles*—suspected of belonging to a society, which in itself is only a suspicion! Poor men are torn from their families and their labour, they are kept for months in prison, and suddenly let loose, without cause or reason for their imprisonment; oppressive laws are invented which fetter the whole country for the crime of a single man (a foreigner, by the way), and the government wonders at the continued discontent, and the persevering treason which follows the King like a shadow.

I am surprised that the people have not yet thought of examining the nature of the government under which so much evil occurs. They profess for the Charte the same kind of dogmatic veneration which existed some time ago in England for what is called the Constitution. The Charte gives to all men the privilege of paying taxes, to only one man in three hundred the right of controlling in any degree the sums thus paid, or the persons who dispose of them. Is there any wonder that this rage and bitterness of parties should exist, and that desperate men should resort to means, from which quiet, well-paid, well-disposed persons would shrink with horror? They keep a dog from water and wonder that he goes mad; they leave a man to starve and are astonished that he robs for bread. His right of representation is his political bread, and there is no health for his mind as long as this is gainsayed to him.

With regard to the first simile of the dog, I confess it is not quite original, it emanates from an English paper published here, to which I once before had occasion to allude. The great legislator who conducts that journal proposes the following remedy for regicides in the following noble language:—

‘From foul land, foul crops will spring. From the class we have described, future Fieschis and Alibauds may be expected. The same seed is in the soil, the same inducement exists. Glory—a glorious name—a glorious death! Liberty—a King—the scaffold! A trigger pulled, and the talk of the world is of you only—your name will become familiar in men’s mouths as household words. The Peers of France will lend

you their celebrity ; you will be chief actor in the brief drama of a public execution ; tens of thousands will gaze upon you, you will act the eccentric or assume the bravado—die—and be called a brave fellow !

‘ This may seem monstrously absurd to sensible men, but not so to the witless desperados of whom we write. The considerations are, to them, all-sufficient. Is it desirable to reduce the perspective glory of perverted imaginations in order to lessen the inducement to the worst of crimes, against man, before God ? Let the criminal die the degraded death of a dog—let him expiate his atrocity from the gallows !

‘ We really believe this would in a great measure cure the evil ; which, if we are right, may be in the same proportion increased by changing the manner of the death from that of the guillotine to that of a fusillade.

‘ The gallows is the doom of a thief—the fire of a platoon that of a soldier. The one is degrading—the other honourable. The guillotine is the intermediate—less honourable than the latter, and greatly less dishonourable than the former.

‘ If our observations should, at the first perusal, appear *outré*—let it be remembered that we treat an *outré* subject ; but we think they will be found, on reflection, reasonable—if not just.’

I introduce the above paragraph, not merely for the intrinsic and singular merit of the style and reasoning, but because it is a preface to another long announcement that the British residents in Paris met yesterday, and after thanking the editor of the English journal for his services, proceeded to vote an address of congratulation to the King. I doubt myself whether the naturalization of Jack Ketch in this country would be productive of the exact benefit proposed by his ingenious patron—in our own country, where he was formerly as active as heart could desire, his aid was altogether dispensed with when Hatfield and Nicholson made attempts similar to those of Meunier and Alibaud.

Did any one blame George III. for the exercise of mercy towards the fanatics who threatened his life ?—Our countryman who wishes to import the usages of England into France, should remember the exception as well as the rule, and give up, at least in this instance, his patriotic prejudice for strangulation.

The King gave notice in his speech that ‘ the Chamber would be called upon to discuss the project of a settlement for his family ; ’ who, poor creatures, are in so impoverished a condition, as to require absolutely a little support from the nation. I hear from an authority which I can little doubt, that the Ministers will stand or fall by the bill which they intend to bring forward on this question.

Their Carlist friends will here desert them, and you may look speedily for a new Cabinet.

T. T.

33.

January 6.

PARIS, *January 2.*—The Spanish Carlists, and the Government, their ally, have been stoutly denying, all day, the authenticity of the rumour of Espartero's victory, which has been prevalent here for some hours. I am happy to be able to confirm the news, having seen a letter which gives full details of the action, which has at length restored Bilbao to liberty. A thousand Carlists are prisoners, and four hundred were left dead on the field of battle, and the court of his Majesty King Charles V. has in consequence decamped from Durango;—the letters of your Spanish correspondents will give you, when they arrive, the details of this decisive affair.

The Queen has now, in the northern provinces, a force of sixty thousand men; anything like union and decision must end the war, and for ever destroy the faction.

They have lost 5000 men before Bilbao; of Gomez's original 5000 (swelled during the course of his expedition to thrice the number) but a few hundred remain; the band of Cabrera is reduced to a few straggling horsemen; and the revolted provinces weakened by the dreadful casualties in the war, and tired of the exactions and tyranny of their nominal leader. Oh! for a general to complete the victory, and to restore peace and wealth and liberty to distracted Spain!

I am glad, while speaking of Spanish affairs, to be able to tell you Cordova's opinion of the conduct of General Evans. You are aware that there is no love lost between these two gentlemen, and Cordova's sentiment must therefore have at least the merit of candour. He says that Evans in the whole of the affair has done all man could do. A fatal blunder of the Spanish government placed him in San Sebastian, and thus deprived him of all active means of co-operation. No combined movement with Cordova's force could take place, except at a notice of three days; and the enemy were so situated as to be able, within a few hours, to bring their whole force upon any given point. Thus it was equally impossible for General Evans to fight or to stir; he could not budge from his fort, or co-operate with Cordova's main army. The tactics of the government reduced him to this state of inaction, and the confession of his bitterest enemy fully absolves him from the blame so generally cast upon him.

The conversation, in which Cordova thus undertook Evans's defence, occurred a week ago, and the argument is perhaps as old as the news. I send it, however, hoping that you will insert it;

for I myself have cried out, as loud as any ignoramus of the pack, against the inaction of the Honourable Member for Westminster. I humbly ask leave to eat my own words (a wholesome kind of food, often necessary in our profession; and the more so, as they were uttered at the expense of a good officer, and, what is more, a good Radical). It is not the first time that a man has discovered how he talked on matters of which he knew nothing, and that a cobbler has been told not to meddle with any matters *ultra crepidam*.

There is at present very little domestic news. The question of appanage for the Princes is still mooted and undecided; the interest in the murderer Meunier has faded altogether; and the Ministers hesitate as to the exceptional laws, which they wish, but do not quite dare to produce. T. T.

34.

January 7.

PARIS, *January 3.*—M. Dupin's speech to the King has created a mighty sensation—he has absolutely dared to hint that justice should be equal for all men in France, and thus to cast some oblique satire upon his Majesty, who thinks otherwise.

All the Opposition journals extol the frank audacity of the President of the Chamber of Deputies; and as for the Government press, it cites M. Dupin's oration as 'the most daring and unconstitutional act upon which this quibbling lawyer ever ventured.'

Would you not fancy, from all this hubbub, that Dupin had permitted himself some dire insult towards the King's person, or that at least he had come forward in a manly and open manner to expose the wrongs which had been committed by the King and the Ministry, and to stigmatise Louis Philippe's tyrannous encroachments even to his own royal teeth?

No such thing.—The President's discourse, published two days ago, seemed so entirely insignificant, that I omitted any mention of it in my last, as of all the other idle ceremonies which ushered in the new year. The diplomatic body, with M. d'Appony for a mouthpiece, offered their customary congratulations, and the several state functionaries uttered similar speeches in the name of their departments.

It would have been very easy to show on how many occasions—to how many dynasties and principles, M. Pasquier had already offered homage; and to question the sincerity of M. d'Appony, and the honest body of men whom he represents; but the meeting of the King and his family, after the dangers from which God had preserved him, was a circumstance too solemn for criticism or

ridicule. The speech of M. Dupin was only remarkable as containing less flattery than any of the orations delivered by his comrades. He urged the King to maintain strictly the Articles of the Constitution by which he governed, and to preserve that equal justice, without which there was no safety for the State.

There is no doubt that the President meant to condemn, as far as possible, the late measure, which liberated Louis Bonaparte, and to insinuate that in that instance, as perhaps in others, the King had exceeded his constitutional prerogative. Hence the praise of the opposition, delighted at his wondrous patriotism, and the horror of the Ministerial party, that he should venture to question the King's right to do wrong.

One can have no very high opinion of the degree of freedom which a country enjoys, when such a vague and humble remonstrance as this is held up as a miracle of energetic honesty on the one part, and cried down on the other as a daring act of unconstitutional license.

If the Spanish cause (which now, please God, will require no foreign aid) was imperilled by the disbanding of the French legion, with whom lay the fault?—with the ministers who were dismissed because they wished to maintain the promised troop, or with the actual ministry, then unborn, or with the King? The question hardly needs a reply; the King himself avows and praises his own measure, and surely there can be no great harm in criticising both the fitness and the author of the plan. In Turkey or Russia where constitutions are arranged on a different principle, a King may make laws and break them as he pleases; but I presume that here and with you in England, kings are supposed to do no wrong, because they are supposed to do nothing; to take no active part in the measures of the state, at least to have no will which shall be stronger than the will of the ministry and the nation. When, however, the King takes a step independent of the ministers and the Chamber, the people may at least be allowed to question the legality of the act.

The *Temps*, the *Siècle*, and the *Courrier Français*, have done this in the humblest manner—and they are in consequence to be brought before a Court of justice to answer for their crime.

I have said to you already, that the contest at present carried on in France is not merely a war of parties, but a struggle between the nation and the crown: it first attacked the Republicans and overcame them, it has now grown so strong as to endeavour to destroy the opposition, and the verdict which absolves or condemns the above journals, and the conduct of the present Session of the Chambers, must decide the issue of the quarrel.

The opposition is paying the penalty of its own folly, for the laws which were directed in the first instance against the Republicans, and supported or at least feebly opposed by the Moderates, will now serve equally against them.—

They may cry out with old Waller

‘That eagle’s fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar so high.’

The careless or timid policy which allowed the laws against the press, which changed the constitution of the jury, and consented to the abolition of the right of association, are only so many *feathers of their own*, arming the darts, now pointed against them.

The *Charte* has at length openly announced that the purpose of the laws of September was, not only to repress the irregular opposition of the Carlists and Republicans, but to put upon the moderate a dynastic opposition, a constitutional and salutary check. It was in vain that the first sufferers under the September laws, warned the Moderates that such would be the case, and that their turn of oppression would arrive next. That party replied, that their opposition was so harmless and loyal that no government could possibly attack it, and that, besides, the law in question contained no such clause as would lay them open to danger. Nor did it; but the government is or fancies itself strong enough to stretch a point, and to silence the voice of discontent.

It is useless to argue upon this dreadful perseverance on the part of the government; this cautious, gradual, certain approach towards despotism, which may be marked in every act of Louis Philippe’s reign; you have heard so much of him and his faults that you must be sick of the theme. You can trace so clearly the end proposed by the present system, and the means employed, that it is needless to prove it or enlarge upon it. A person writing on French politics has little else to do than to notice these steps as they occur one by one, to show how some fresh privilege has been gained, or how some new project for a privilege is in contemplation. I only think that we are now on the eve of a struggle, the most desperate which has hitherto taken place. If the Orleans party vanquish there will not be left the shadow of an opposition, or of a constitution in France—nothing of the revolution but its history—nor of the benefits of the revolution, except in the power or the pockets of the King.

But, there is every hope that the victory will not rest with him; the majority is so small that the ministers cannot possibly

hold out, and this last step, in seizing the moderate journals, so clear, as to leave no doubt as to the intentions of the cabinet were it to remain in power. It must unite all shades of the opposition, and will end, I trust, in its victory. T. T.

35.

LOUIS BONAPARTE'S MANIFESTOES—A MILITARY EXECUTION.

January 10.

PARIS, *January 7.*—The proclamations of his Royal Highness Prince Napoleon have reached us to-day, and are inserted with fear and trembling by some of the morning papers, which protest at the same time their devotion to the present Monarch of France, and their hatred for the principles of the young gentleman who is now on his American tour.

I observe that an aide-dè-camp of the prince has written letters to the English journals, explaining the high-minded notions of Prince Louis, denying the fact of the jack-boots, and the imputation that the nephew of Napoleon wished to re-establish the imperial dynasty. The aide-de-camp has not been so fortunate as his prince; he had not the good luck to be taken prisoner, and sentenced to a coach and four, and a bottle of champagne; if he escaped it was at his own peril and charges; and as his escape was unfortunate, so is his argument also, for it will be very hard to prove, after reading the three manifestoes, that Prince Louis had no idea of stepping into his imperial uncle's shoes.

The first of these addresses is for the French people at large, the second for the army, and the third for the peculiar citizens of Strasbourg. It is curious to peruse documents which might have had such a terrible success, and which now only serve to point a moral for the lawyers at Colmar. The style is like all the rest of the attempt, a parody of Napoleon. In the first proclamation the Prince, after uttering a certain number of home truths regarding the present French government and its chief, proceeds to show how much superior both in politics and natural history an eagle is to a cock, and recommends to his countrymen their instant adoption of the former. 'I am proud,' says he, 'of my popular origin; I am strong with the four millions of votes which destined me to the throne. I advance among you as a representative of popular sovereignty. It is time, when menaced

freedom cries for succour, to burst the ignominious bonds which oppress our *belle France*. Do you not see that the men who govern us now, are those who betrayed us in 1814 and 15; the men who murdered Marshal Ney? . . . Confiding in my cause, I come before you. I hold in one hand the will of Napoleon, in the other the sword of Austerlitz. When the people of Rome beheld the bleeding corpse of Cæsar, they overthrew his hypocritical oppressors. Napoleon was greater than Cæsar, he was the emblem of the civilization of the nineteenth century.

‘Faithful to the Emperor’s maxim, I have no other interests but your desires, no other glory but to benefit France and mankind. I am actuated by no party spirit, I feel no envy nor hate; but I call upon all men with a French heart beating in their bosoms to rally round the eagle of the empire. I have devoted my existence to the accomplishment of a great mission. From the rock of St. Helena a ray of the dying sun has passed into my soul. I will guard this sacred fire; *I will conquer or die* for the cause of the people. Men of France arise! Look at him who governs you. Look at the eagle, the emblem of glory, the symbol of liberty, and choose!’

NAPOLEON.’

Bating a few clap-traps, the above discourse only wanted *reality* to render it an interesting and sublime document; as it is, it has the weight of an oration of Mr. Ducrow to his soldiers on the eve of a battle at Astley’s. Did this poor young man carry the sword of Napoleon, or only brandish it in a sentence, just as he dragged forward the body of Ney? One’s regrets in such a case are not for him, but for the sword, wrung from the Prince’s hands by some grinning sub-lieutenant, or broken in his face by a bandy-legged drummer! It was hard that the sword, which had conquered in two hundred battles, which should be considered as a sacred relic, should be handed over to a boy playing at soldiers, who neither knew when to draw it or how to use it. But his sword was most probably sham like his cause; no more real than his determinations ‘to conquer or die for the sake of freedom.’ Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte did neither one or the other—he failed, and he went away.

The next history is of a more serious character. It does not relate to the mad pranks of a prince who would have caused a whole country to revolt; it is the story of a poor private soldier, who revolted in his own person. He was put to death on the last day of the year.

John Louis Marin was condemned in 1833 to five years' imprisonment and hard labour for desertion ; he was placed in the military prison of Bellecroix, at Rochelle.

The labours of this prison are so odious to the convicts that they seek, under any circumstances, to be transferred to another place of confinement. They have been often known to commit some crime or misdemeanour, which, by increasing their punishment, causes likewise their removal.

Marin shared with his comrades this dislike ; and was determined at all hazards to quit Bellecroix—on one occasion he struck one of his comrades, but for this he was only condemned to a year's further imprisonment in the same place.

Finding this method fail, he determined to adopt stronger means ; and, one day, being in hospital, he violently kicked the surgeon who came to attend him.

He was tried for this crime, and declared on his trial, that he had no sort of animosity against the surgeon, and that he only struck him because he wished to have a heavier punishment, which would enable him to quit the prison. Marin was, however, *condemned to death*, for striking his superior officer.

It was generally hoped that the appeal which Marin made after his condemnation would be listened to, for he had been remarkable during his stay in the prison for his quiet conduct, and orderly laborious habits : besides, only a short time previously, a man in the same town (Rochelle), guilty of murder with the foulest premeditation (having stoned to death *his own brother* who was screaming in vain for mercy), had received a remission of his sentence, and been permitted to live.

But poor Marin was in a military prison where insubordination was very prevalent and dangerous, and his appeal was rejected. On the day appointed for his execution, the 31st December, he was told to prepare immediately, and was marched a quarter of a league to the spot where he was to die. The people of Rochelle flocked to the place, and the *cortege* was very soon seen to arrive.

Marin walked between two ranks of soldiers, a priest embracing him during the whole march ; he was perfectly calm and tranquil, and absolutely gave support to the clergyman who was tottering and weeping by his side. When they arrived at the door of the cathedral, the condemned man knelt down and prayed for a few moments, and then marched on with a quicker step, arrived on the ground, and saluted the troops assembled, and then quietly took the station pointed out to him. He asked permission himself to command the fire, but this was denied him ; he then knelt down and heard his sentence read. When the

Captain read the words 'in the King's name,' Marin took off his cap and bowed. During this time, the Abbé Courcelles was on his knees in the snow, praying fervently by the side of the condemned man. When the sentence was read, Marin rose and threw himself into the arms of the clergyman and kissed him.

At the signal 'Make ready!' Marin raised his hand—the next moment he fell dead, with his face towards the ground.

The troops, and fifty of the convicts from Bellecroix, were then marched round the mutilated body; the people then retired from this spectacle, and you would not have known that anything had happened, but for a few idle boys gathered round the bloody spot where the poor man fell.

There is no need to make any comments on this horrid story, the dreadful simplicity of it tells more than a hundred volumes of sermons or arguments that WE MUST DO NO MURDER; good God! what an institution is this law which rests upon such a hellish base! Louis Philippe is a kind and humane man, at the risk of his own life he once saved that of another; he is surrounded himself by a perpetual mercy and miracle; God has spared him on so many occasions, turning away the shot the murderers had directed against him, that one might have expected more mercy from him to whom so much has been shown; one might have hoped that he also, a kind of earthly providence, with power to kill or to save, might have staid his hand, and allowed this man to live. The poor wretch died in the King's name, reverently bowing his head and meeting his fate, and the same day hundreds of people were flocking to the palace, blessing God, in their court coats, for saving the King's life; and talking of justice and mercy; His Majesty must have blushed at the term; he cannot perform one or the other, he dares not give justice to Louis Bonaparte, or grant mercy to poor Jean Marin.

You who are so patriotically eager in England about the abolition of the corn laws, and the penny stamp on newspapers, have you not a word against this horrid legislative system, which places over the safety and morals of society such a defender as death? You are preaching to the people a new political code, destroying the superstitions which have induced us to believe hitherto that some men were indisputably our betters, and our masters. In the days of their highest power, the usage of the axe was most liberal; wherever their customs remain, as in the army (which is little better than a bloody feudal relic), the same means of judicial murder are employed as of old. Whenever a King is attacked, half a million of placemen go down on their knees, thanking God for sparing one man's life, and proposing all sorts

of refinements of killing to take away another's. You, who are preaching a new code, might you not venture to hint that a King's life is sacred, but not more so than another man's? If it is that, the thirst of blood which daily endangers and follows him, results in a great measure from the law of which he is the administrator. A few more such sentences as this of poor Marin, and people will no more care for cutting throats than cabbages. Could any one of the troops employed in putting him to death, return home with a clear conscience? If he did not, it shows that the man's punishment was unmerited,—if he did, it shows that he was callous at the sight of death, and that the effect intended by the punishment was, in consequence, not produced. According to the first case, Marin's death was a *murder*, according to the second, it was a *useless murder*.

I hope you will pardon me for having dwelt so long on the case, but it may interest you in England, where you still pursue the hanging system, still continue your elegant little *fêtes* in the front of the Old Bailey. I see, at the head of your leading article, a manifesto, signed by many Members of Parliament, and proposing certain reforms in the state; they would destroy its ancient abuses, abolish useless offices, and dock the privileges of the aristocracy; could you not reform that old servant of the aristocracy, Jack Ketch? or at least depart, for once, from your usual rule, and make his office a *sinecure*?

The political news in Paris is very uninteresting. There is talk of a despatch from Marshal Clausel, which the Doctrinaires accuse M. Thiers of having filched; but that virtuous minister indignantly denies the charge, hinting at the same time that he has not made away with the document, but that the actual ministry has. There are sundry projects of laws presented by the Cabinet, but no proof that the Cabinet will last long enough to carry them through. The reduction of the five per cents is postponed for another year. His Majesty knows the reason why, and his reasons are stronger in France than the reasons of all the people put together. Espartero's manly order of the day creates much sensation, and the Carlists display a great deal of their common ingenuity in recounting their defeat; modestly stating that the Spanish General is blockaded in Bilbao, and dare not stir from the city gates. It appears also that the retreat of the Carlists was purely owing to the snowstorm; but of these things the fanciful and poetic correspondent of the *Morning Herald* will duly entertain you.

The trial of the *Courrier Français* comes on to-day, and as some of the best men in France are to plead for it and the other

implicated journals, there will be no small stir in the courts, and through the country. It will scarcely be possible to procure a place in Court, and too late, I fear, to give you any account of the proceedings to-day.

T. T.

36.

ON SOME NEW STATE MAXIMS FOR FRANCE.

January 13.

PARIS, *January 9*.—A dozen honest jurymen have caused more discomfiture and defeat to the present Ministry, than all the four hundred deputies of the Chamber. The *Courrier Français*, as you will have seen, has been acquitted, and dire is the disappointment of the Doctrinaires.

We expected this, cries the *Paix*, a vulgar jury is unfit to judge matters so delicate and important: they can appreciate a question of law which does not go beyond a street-quarrel or a petty larceny, but when a political matter is brought before them, these low fellows are all aground—these Solomons should confine themselves to questions of picked-pockets and black eyes; but when it comes to picking the King's pocket of his privileges, and blackening the royal eyes, such people should give way; their betters can only judge of the extent of the injury and the proper severity of the punishment.

This modest argument, in words somewhat less familiar, was produced by M. Guizot's journal only yesterday—it may have been composed very likely by Guizot himself—the man who is nearest the King's heart, the Minister who, with a doubtful majority in the Chamber, and with an unpopular (if not unconstitutional) tenure of office, begins thus the first public acts of his reign, and defies the country which he is called upon to govern.

In our country the verdict of a jury is more sacred than the person of a King; it is only in France that the constitution is so interpreted as to allow the King's Ministers, or the servants of the King's Ministers, to despise and even to change the laws when they are found to be superior to the royal will and authority.

Can there be a greater insult to the nation than such an attack as this of the *Paix*—a clearer proof of the ends and system of Government adopted by the patrons of that journal, which declares that the jury is incompetent to judge in a matter which concerns royalty—in other words that the people have no power to decide

upon the prerogatives, or to check the encroachments, of *their* servant the King? At this rate, the Revolution is a crime, and Louis Philippe the greatest criminal of the empire. If the King's authority is so sacred, why is he on the throne? If kings can do no wrong (a State fiction which has no common sense, except as applied in our own country, where a monarch is merely a machine of government), Louis Philippe is only Lieutenant for the Duke of Bordeaux, whose royal right remains inviolable. The very oath which he takes shows that he can do wrong, otherwise why call upon him to swear that he will do right? As soon as he swerves from the limits of the constitution the King does wrong, or else the constitution is a farce, and the King's oath a foolish ceremony. This may be, *au reste*, the opinion of his Majesty's Ministers, and their august patron and friend; for if the people or the opposition venture humbly to remonstrate with the King, and to ask if his Majesty is not somewhat overstepping his royal prerogative, Louis Philippe replies through the eloquent lips of the Attorney-General, 'Rebellious dogs! you violate the law, and shall be fined or imprisoned for asking such an unconstitutional question.'

The admirable laws of September settled this principle, and in consequence the debate of Saturday did not discuss the point, whether it was lawful or not to remonstrate with the King, only whether the article of the *Courrier Français* could be considered as a remonstrance, the indecent publication of which called down the severity of the law.

Plougoulen, the Advocate-General, read out the sentence of the *Courrier*, which was fraught, as he said, with treason. The following is the article, or rather the *tail* of the article (for the body is too bulky to send by post) and is supposed to contain the sting:—'All men in and out of the Chamber are of opinion that the remedy (against the continual attacks upon Louis Philippe) lies exactly in the opposite path which is followed by the persons who would display, at all hazards, their zeal for the King. They know perfectly that instead of adding to the restrictions, and we must say the violations of the Constitution, we must return, and loyally and frankly maintain it. The first step backwards must be to restore, in fact as well as in theory, the fundamental principle of representative Government; "that the King reigns but does not govern." Casimir Périer saw all the importance of the point, and bestowed all his strength to establish it, but he died in the task. The courtier who succeeded him spared no opportunity to flatter the King, praised his direct intervention in the affairs of the Government, and attributed to his sagacity

all the good which was done in the state. M. Persil proclaimed the doctrine that the King governed and ought to govern, that the King's wisdom was the nation's Providence, and that in him rested all the prudence, the moderation, the stability, the nationality not only of the French monarchy, but of all the monarchies of Europe.'

In the above passage the treason lurks somewhere ; where it is difficult to say, except for a man with the keen susceptibilities of M. Plougoulen, who being paid for it, and practised besides at the work, will naturally be more skilful than any common man. And because the dull jury could not discover the poison, the Government would abolish the jury altogether, and adopt better doctors for the state.

See what an admirable Government this is ! In the first place it determines that an allusion to the King is treason ; it then changes the ordinary construction of juries, and ordains that a simple majority shall, in such cases of supposed treason, be sufficient to find guilty. Finally, when in spite of the new regulations, the jury refuses to condemn, M. Guizot's organ declares that juries in all political matters are unfit to judge !

It is a fact which has not been mentioned or perhaps known by any of the Paris journals, that the trial of the *Courrier* was solemnly discussed and determined by the King in Council ; the defeat, therefore, affects the Ministry personally ; and hence arises its great importance, and echo through the country. It has deferred or destroyed, perhaps, measures still more severe which were in agitation, and which would have left France in a condition little better than in the days of Louis XV. and the *lettres de cachet*.

One among the proposed measures of the Government is the monopoly of the telegraph ; all men are to be punished who endeavour to communicate by signals news, private or public, because the secret societies might make a dangerous use of such signals, by concerting insurrections, assassinations, pillage, and murder.

Another law is, that any man suspected of belonging to a secret society may be dismissed by an order of a Minister, from Paris or from any other town where he may dwell, and compelled to take up his residence in some place pointed out by the Government. He is to be under the surveillance of the police, and should he quit his dwelling place unauthorized, he is to suffer an imprisonment of one or five years, as the Court may think fit.

Here is the land where liberty is best understood ! at least there is a man on the throne, and a daring hypocrite in the Cabinet, who daily and unblushingly avows it. It was for this that the

revolution was made, and Louis Philippe placed on the throne ; for this that God has spared his life, granting mercy to him and power and peace to the country, that he might forbid men to speak, to meet, or to read ; forbid them to groan when they were wounded, or to complain when they were wronged. The blood of the people was shed for his profit, and now their freedom must be sacrificed for his fears. Any innocent man, at any freak of a minister, supposed to be guilty of an imaginary crime, must leave his home, and his family, and most likely his bread, because in the midst of his guards and his palaces, in his shot-proof carriage, and his steel corselet, the King's life is not secure. Of what importance is this man's life to the nation ? Is it more than the liberty and happiness of the people, who suffer that he may sleep well, who are in prison that he may go free. If Louis Philippe dies (and God grant that no hand but His own may take the King's life), there are many to succeed him, who can go through the pageant of royalty with equal skill ; there are his own sons, or there is the family by whose expulsion he reigns, or there are others among the people who would fill his place as well. But the fate of many millions does not depend on him, not if he were as wise and as good as his flatterers say he is ; at his death he will be replaced and forgotten. Why for the few years of his life should he create such misery ?

T. T.

37.

THE ADDRESSES OF THE CHAMBERS—MARSHAL SOULT ON THE ART OF WAR—THE STRASBURG CONSPIRACY.

January 14.

PARIS, *January 11.*—The two Chambers have settled their replies to the late addresses of the King ; these documents afford matter of amusement to the various sects of politicians in this place ; and what is more, now that the battle is over, each party is shouting victory. It seems to me that the dunghill which they have been fighting about, hardly merits so much crowing.

The two speeches are only echoes of the royal orations, the dulness which characterised them is here merely amplified and digested, with the usual slavish jargon about providence and patriotism, which would be invoked if Nero were on the throne, and the stale compliments to the glorious flag of July, which

heaven knows has had, since July, little but compliments to boast of. The victory, however, of Thiers and Dupin lies in the alteration of a phrase in the address, replying to the King's famous sentence in which he congratulated himself on having withdrawn the promised aid from Spain, destroying the hopes and perpetuating the miseries of that country. Ministers proposed in answer to the king to say, 'We thank your Majesty for the wisdom you displayed on this occasion,' but after a furious debate in the committee, and many speeches on the part of Thiers and Dupin, the phrase was altered, and in the address ran thus:—

'Your government, Sire, understood the sentiments of France, when it preserved it from the sacrifices and incalculable consequences which an armed intervention in the interior affairs of Spain might have brought upon it. But France will cause her safety and honour to be respected at all times, and, at her call, our soldiers would, under our glorious flag, shed, in her cause, their last drop of blood; but imperious necessity alone could justify the demand of such a sacrifice.'

M. Dupin read this remarkable sentence in a big voice, and the *Tiers-parti* journalists do not fail to point out the victory which has thus been gained by their party.

After all, the sentence only owes its importance to the emphasis of M. Dupin in reading it; and as it stands at present is quite false and absurd. The government had nothing to do with the business, the Cabinet retired because it could not carry this very measure, and the merit of the opposition lay solely with the King. The actual ministry accepted office with this condition, and the party of Thiers retreated, because they would not accede to it. We have the King's word for it, and the fact also; why then deny him the praise, and take from Cæsar that which is Cæsar's due?

The debate in the peers, where the address was carried by a majority of 98 over 11, is even less interesting than the discussion of the commission of Deputies. The only remarkable point in the debate of the upper house was the frank declaration of a late minister, the Duke de Broglie, who avowed his entire hostility to Don Carlos and his cause—the present government is by no means so explicit, and the separation of the duke from his old colleague and friend, M. Guizot, may be accounted for by this difference of opinion. M. Cousin indulged the house with a long grammatical disquisition touching the signification of the words intervention and co-operation; but the flimsy distinctions of the philosopher were exposed by the stout common sense of Marshal Soult, who seems to follow in French politics the exact line which his old

enemy, the Duke of Wellington, pursues in England. His speech is a singular specimen of military oratory. 'Yesterday,' he said, 'I heard M. Cousin make a distinction between co-operation and intervention. What he said seemed only a subtlety in speech. I am too dull to understand it. Co-operation, as I take it, is only a disguised and disgraceful intervention, which would compromise no more than an open intervention. As for the project of the late ministry to send a large body of troops to serve the Queen under Spanish colours and cockade, it is absurd; it would have been a school of anarchy and insubordination for our army. To whom would the chiefs owe obedience? to the French government or the Spanish? How would you punish the troops? by Spanish laws or by ours? If by French laws, they would say, "Look at our cockades; we are Spaniards." If by Spanish, "Look at our coats, we are Frenchmen!"'

These sentences of the noble Duke's speech are quite worthy of the other noble Duke on your side of the Channel, both in the simple method which he takes to knock down M. Cousin's argument, and the admirable and characteristic bigotry of his own. For the Queen or Don Carlos he cares not a straw, between the constitution and the inquisition, Marshal Soult does not see a pennyworth of difference, the great question with him is—HOW ARE THE SOLDIERS TO BE PUNISHED?—before this overpowering question, all argument must give way, and did give way in the House of Peers; a general and approving smile saluted this sally of the ingenious orator, and sanctioned the sentiment at once. Spain may perish, France may lose her honour and her allies, but flogging *must* be kept up, the whole country is ruined without it. The excellence of this opinion has been proved a hundred times: only the other day, poor Marin was shot like a dog, in proof of the argument; and such are its admirable effects, that a few months since, whole regiments were ready to revolt for the bribe of a few francs, and the sound of a well-known name.

You will have read in the trial of the Strasbourg conspirators, that the attempt had far greater chances of success than the Government is disposed to allow. It appears from the debates that several generals were counted on, who had promised or inclined to join the movement. The regiment of artillery would have revolted without the colonel. In Vaudrey's examination he says, 'I was presented to the Prince by a colonel. I conversed with the Prince, who made an appointment with me for the next day.

'President—Did he inform you of his intentions?

'Vaudrey—He spoke to me at first of the grandeur of the

empire ; he told me he thought he would be joined by the greatest part of the army, and that he had friends among several garrisons.

‘President—Did he mention the names of these garrisons ?

‘Vaudrey—Principally those of the east. He told me that he depended upon several general officers, without naming them. He then made several direct proposals, which I resisted, and to which I made several objections.

‘President—Why did you not constantly resist ?

‘Vaudrey—Sir, there are many circumstances in life in which it is difficult to act with propriety. *I think the Prince had the good will of many in different regiments.* At the period I speak of the Prince sent me a work which he had published, and at the same time a letter. I complimented him at Baden, and expressed to him my admiration of the empire.’

Another prisoner who has displayed much honesty and courage (which qualities, according to the debates, can scarcely be attributed to Colonel Vaudrey, who seems to have been a tool of the party), M. Laity, confirms the testimony of Vaudrey by his answers during his examination.

‘President—When were you initiated into the conspiracy ?

‘Laity—July the 25th.

‘President—For the sake of honour and of your country, can you say who initiated you into it ?

‘Laity—For the sake of honour, I refuse to reveal that. On the 25th of July I was informed of the Prince’s intentions. I inquired if his principles were democratic or republican, as I am a democrat and a republican, and upon the answer I received I accepted.

‘President—But you must have perceived your error ?

‘Laity—I still think that the Prince would have suited France and the army. I was mistaken, and that is all.

‘President—Do you know what means they had at their disposal ?

‘Laity—I knew the feeling of Colonel Vaudrey’s regiment. As to the Colonel, it was on the 27th of October that I knew he would support the cause. I heard it from one of my friends whom I have refused to name, the same who had initiated me into the conspiracy.

‘President—Did you not have an interview with the Prince ?

‘Laity—I saw him in the month of August at Strasbourg. I can even mention the date ; it was the first or second Sunday in that month after the arrival of the King of Naples.

‘President—In what house did you see the Prince ?

‘Laity—He read us some proclamations, he had tears in his eyes. For the last twenty years, said he, I have been driven from my country. I swore to follow him, and I could not break my oath.

‘President—But your fidelity to your flag. You should have acted in the same way as Captain Raindre whom you heard yesterday. And who were the others present?

‘Laity—Fifteen officers.

‘President—Do you refuse to mention their names?

‘Laity—Certainly I do.

‘President—Did Persigny tell you what would be the form of government?

‘Laity—That which would suit the country.

‘President—And what would have been done here?

‘Laity—The National Guard was to have been called to arms, and we were to have marched to Paris.’

(Editorial note. It is known that the National Guard was dissolved three years ago for having chosen all its officers among the Republican party.)

‘President—And how would the town have been governed?

‘Laity—I do not know; I was not at the head of the conspiracy.

‘President—I respect your scruples, I acknowledge your frankness, and I shall not press you on that head. Have you heard anything about a provost-marshal?

‘Laity—This is an error in the accusation. When a body of troops is marching there is a provost-marshal with the treasurer. The accusation seems to say that this provost was a magistrate endowed with extraordinary powers, and that it was intended to have established a court that would have been under his jurisdiction.

‘President—On the morning of the 30th, at what hour did you go to the prince’s?

‘Laity—At four o’clock in the morning with Persigny.

‘President—You had, however, sworn fidelity to your country.

‘Laity—Yes, to the country—but not to the prince who serves it ill.—(A sensation in the Court.)’

Lieutenant Laity seems to be the only man among the accused party who avows a principle—a most dangerous principle for a lieutenant to entertain; the army should have no principles and ask no questions, or the noble profession of arms is ruined and useless. His Majesty maintains soldiers for the same reason that a butcher keeps a mastiff, to guard his meat, and to growl at those who would steal it; they are only spring-guns on the state

premises, to shoot trespassers whoever they may be, and to go off without respect of persons—at least such is Marshal Soult's opinion, who shows that his dogs are good for nothing without flogging and training; and such is the idea of the President of the Court, who was horrified at the notion that a lieutenant should dare to have an opinion of his own. Captain Parquin gives also these reasons for his conduct in the affair, on being asked what motives had induced him to join the revolt, and what part he was to play in it, he said, I did not trouble myself about the political pros and cons, my business was to remain at the Prince's side, and to die for him if need were.

The stout commandant was the Prince's mastiff, and this unhesitating fidelity is an admirable quality—in a mastiff. Thank God, in England, the army has a higher quality, if we may judge it, at least, by the standard of the honest and eloquent Colonel Napier. T.

P.S.—The Carlists have been striving to raise a report that Espartero has been defeated by that miraculous Infant Don Sebastian Gabriel, who has made the Christino General disgorge his twenty-five guns, taken in the battle of the 25th. This unlucky assertion only proves that Espartero did take the five-and-twenty guns, for the Carlists declared that he had only taken possession of three, which were found spiked and left in the snow.

In consequence of this defeat the Spanish funds have risen one per cent. I only trust that Don Carlos may have many more such victories.

38.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—THE OCCULT POWER —THE MOTION OF M. BARROT—THE LATEST FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

January 18.

PARIS, *January 15.*—The two last sittings of the Chamber have been very stormy. In the first the energetic discourse of M. Glais Bigoin led the ministry to perceive that the voice of the *Thiers-parti*, silenced during the past session, would be loud and angry in the present. The Radicals here have seen (and perhaps the late conduct of the English Radicals has in this given them a lesson) that delay is only dangerous, and compromise is folly.

They trusted in the promises of Thiers and in the liberal inclination of his cabinet ; but that ministry either could not, or would not, carry its promises into effect. In the first place they were not over sincere ; in the second they were overpowered by that superior will, to which Frenchmen dare not allude, which broke the national faith with Spain, and called to the Ministry the most hateful sect in Spain.

The King's influence, though not openly commented on, has, however, been the entire subject of consideration and attack ; all the world knows the mover of these ministerial puppets, all the world can remove the constitutional mask, and expose its wearer ; the measures attacked by the opposition have emanated only from the Crown, and the contest lies at present, as I said before, between the representatives of the people and the Crown.

It is hardly necessary to recapitulate the events which have formed the subjects of attack by the Deputies ; they are only too well known already.

The ministers of Charles X. have been set free, on an absurd fiction of penitence expressed by them. The associates of M. de Polignac expressed no contrition and asked no pardon ; they were liberated because the Government wanted supporters among the party to which the ex-Ministers belong ; and because they could not, with any show of consistency, pursue their own measures of rigour, and continue to punish those who had gone a little further than themselves.

The Government broke its faith with Spain, because it was offended at the popular nature of the Constitution, first proclaimed through the entire country, and then stamped at La Granja—not from any idea of the danger or the sacrifice which the co-operation would cause to France itself. I remember the time, said M. Garnier Pages, when men were enrolled, passports were distributed, and leaders were provided for the Spanish revolutionists ; the man who did this is now before me in the House, the declared enemy of intervention, the unblushing opposer of popular government.

M. Guizot sat in his place, and answered not a word. A great benefit to the nation, the reduction of the five per cent debt was proposed. A ministry who opposed it was compelled to retire, but the measure is still unfulfilled, although the actual cabinet brings forward its flourishing picture of the national prosperity, expends millions upon triumphal arches and picture-galleries, and boasts of the financial wonders it has performed. Why is the five per cent debt not reduced ?

A dangerous conspiracy broke out, whole regiments forsook

their allegiance, and were willing to march under the standard of the chief mover of the treason. Where is he? Is he a prisoner with the rest of the men who attempted and failed in the conspiracy? Why is the chief criminal absolved and absent? Who has dared to make himself superior to justice and the law?

It requires but little thought to see against whom these charges lie. The ministry did not break its faith with Spain. It was the Crown. The ministry did not release Louis Bonaparte; it was the Crown. The ministry did not oppose the reduction of the Five per Cents, the opposition came from another and more powerful source.

Two very important circumstances occurred in the last debate. The affair of the spy Conseil was brought forward by M. Odilon Barrot, and M. Thiers, in reply, declared solemnly that as to Conseil's character he knew nothing. The Minister for Foreign Affairs and the ambassador were alike deceived, the spy was sent by the Minister of Police, without the knowledge of either. He had private instructions, and he is not the first man who has been employed on a special service, for a special person, who acts independently of ministers, when it so suits his policy. The police minister, who had himself signed the passport of Conseil, with the forged name of Chele, could not venture to reply. He knew the fact, that the head of the cabinet had been deceived; but he asked time for his defence, which he is giving as I now write. But he can make no answer, except that the agent was despatched by the police, and that the police must keep its secrets.

Only reflect on this—France, to help a suffering neighbour, cannot afford a single man; but it was ready to make war about the affair of Conseil—to sacrifice men by thousands and money by millions, because a certain occult power in the state has certain ends and agents, with which the nation, the chambers, and the ministry have nothing to do. The wealth and the blood of the people, the honour and good name of the country, are as nothing compared to this, the occult power has private interests before which all others must bow.

What is the use of a ministry in such a case? Why continue the lie of a representative government and chamber if there is a secret authority placed above them all? The only answer of Gasparin yesterday was that the police is sacred? M. Gasparin might use exactly the same argument, and imprison all the members of the opposition—he might fling the Republicans into the Seine, and answer that it was a measure of police, the police is sacred, therefore no explanation can be made. Who moves the police?

Again, in another circumstance, M. Odilon Barrot spoke, as he always does, nobly to the point. He proposed an additional paragraph in the address relative to Poland, and recalling to Europe and his Majesty a point which both seemed inclined to forget—that the French had guaranteed the nationality of that unhappy country. Here he did more than perplex and disgrace the ministry, he defeated them and their boasted majority. M. Guizot went openly canvassing through the Chamber; it seemed too monstrous a proposition to him to attempt to recall a promise solemnly made, and to maintain the good faith of the nation. But, lo! to the surprise of all, the efforts of the ministry were quite unsuccessful, and a majority of eight declared itself for the proposition of M. Barrot.

The honours of the evening certainly belong to him. I wish I could give you any idea of the eloquence with which he gained them. I never heard anything more honest in thought and more noble in language than his brief speeches yesterday.

And now let me give you some of the news in this gay place; you know it is the season of merriment and masked balls, and that this capital is the pleasantest in Europe.

The place of chief of police has been given to M. Azevedo, now in the bureau of the Minister of Commerce. At least so it was whispered last night at my Lord Granville's, and other fashionable assemblies.

The plot of Avennes (where there was to be a military insurrection and a blowing up of magazines and arsenals) is now ripe for judgment. A gentleman by the name of Bievre is expected to show how he took a share in the affair, and by whose orders. You remember how the much injured M. Conseil acted in Switzerland, and how shamefully the world requited his sacrifices for the good of France. M. Bievre appears to be exactly in the same situation.

Yesterday sixteen or eighteen arrests were made by order of the Chamber of Peers. Some of the persons were merely seized out of precaution, others have been examined and let loose. It is better to prevent a disease than cure it. These people have been only imprisoned by way of caution; if their families are terrified, or their work is lost, so much the worse for them. When the King is shot at, you must seize somebody or other out of respect to his Majesty, and to give a proper emphasis to the law.

There is much talk of establishing a new police (the functions of the old one continuing always, as by reason). A thousand stout fellows are to parade the town nightly. Thus with

The National Guard	100,000
The Old Police, (at a very moderate calculation)	20,000
The Troops of the Line	30,000
The New Police	1,000
The <i>Journal des Débats</i>	1
	<hr/>
	151,001
	<hr/>

One hundred and fifty-one thousand and one persons are guardians of the public peace in this Capital! It is delightful to inhabit a place where one is defended by such a host of patriots, who maintain order, punish conspiracy, and clap suspicion into prison. Only this takes away the pleasures of a residence. A man may be obliged to reside *au secret* for a month in La Force, and be told on quitting prison, that his committal was a mistake.

For which privilege thank the glorious revolution, the enlightened ministries which have successively represented it, and, above all, that illustrious Monarch, whose wisdom has presided, whose will has ordained, and whose energy has perfected this noble system.

T. T.

39.

THE LAST DEFEAT OF THE CARLISTS—THE SPY SYSTEM IN SWITZERLAND AND AT STRASBURG.

January 19.

PARIS, *January 16.*—The testimony of that Carlist martyr, Mr. Stephen, has just reached us here, and creates no small stir and dismay among the suffering legitimist remnant at Paris. I have just had the pleasure of translating the famous despatch to a Carlist banker on the Bourse, who was especially touched by the account of the loss of my Lord Ranelagh's wigs and lavender-water. He entertains the most mysterious notions concerning the noble lord, asking whether Milor Ranelagh was not also Milor Vauxhall, and how it happened that his lordship was in Paris and at Bilbao at the same time. Thus confounding the bold Ranelagh, with the intrepid Gye, whose balloon is supposed to have a political tendency, and to give the proprietor the means of such excessive swiftness of locomotion.

Another fact, of not less detriment to Don Carlos's cause than

the loss of Lord Ranelagh's wigs, and the laurels twisted round them, has been likewise announced.

The universal minister Erro has resigned his place in the court of Don Carlos.

The *Quotidienne*, announcing this fact, which appeared by telegraph in the *Charte* of last night, states that it is merely a change *pro forma*, and likewise speaks in terms of touching panegyric upon the affection subsisting between Erro and the Bishop of Leon, his successor.

Anybody who reads Carlist documents, and is aware of their character, may easily judge this assertion of the *Quotidienne*. It is quite as great a fib as any of its previous rhodomontades concerning the war. In fact, Erro and the bishop love each other as cordially as two beauties who are contending for the same husband, or two dogs quarrelling for the same bone.

Erro's retreat was only the complement of Villareal's disgrace—the Biscayan party retires with them from court—the party whose bravery and skill have maintained so long and so gallantly the tottering fortunes of Don Carlos. I cannot conceive a measure more fatal to the Pretender than this ministerial change at this time. The successes of his generals in Castile and Aragon have not advanced his cause a jot; his strength lay in the northern provinces among the successors and the countrymen of Zumalacarreguy; and yet the provinces are sacrificed to the intrigues of the Castilian clique, and the stout defenders of his cause to the worn-out courtiers of Ferdinand, and priests in the Bishop of Leon's train. Instead of encouraging the army, whose bravery and devotion could not prevent the late disaster, instead of endeavouring to inspire new courage and hope among the men who have fought for him, well at least, if not successfully, he disgraces the leaders, depresses the soldiers and irritates the people by changing their governors, and trampling upon the national privileges which they hold so dearly. After a great success Don Carlos might have changed his ministry, and defied the danger of such a measure; after a defeat the change is little else than ruin; and the proofs of it are already too clear; the whole provinces are enraged, the troops are disbanding by hundreds. When, a few days back, the army was mustered, two thousand five hundred names did not answer to their names; they had retired to their homes, to spread fresh discontent and terror among the people already irritated and despairing.

And he chooses this particular moment for making a most unpopular change when the numbers and the courage of his army are thus diminished, and seventy thousand men are gathered

within a few leagues of this little capital, eager for battle, and flushed with recent victory. A little common prudence and honesty in the army, and a conciliatory proclamation from the Queen's party, would suffice to conclude the war in a month; and thus the pious vows of the government here would be fulfilled, and the defeat of Don Carlos effected without that fearful co-operation, which is so much dreaded by the King and the Ministry in France.

You will have received ere this an account of Saturday's debate, and the admirable speech delivered by Thiers.

The explanation of M. Gasparin was, I said in my last letter, a mere confirmation of the fact, that a spy had been employed by the police for a special purpose; that a war had been well nigh raised concerning him; and that both the present and the late Prime-minister had been kept in careful ignorance of the character of the spy in question, and of the peculiar purpose and circumstances of Conseil's mission.

M. Montalivet, in a letter read by M. Gasparin, took on himself the entire responsibility, at the same time stating that the nature of the case was such, as to render all explanations impossible. Everybody knew the nature of the case, the person for whose benefit the spy was employed, and the reasons why his mission was kept a secret from the Ministry. One or two deputies proposed to speak to the question, but the President at once crushed the discussion. It was a pity, he said, to rake up the embers of this affair; and so like the son of the Patriarch, he covered the minister's shame with his president's mantle, forbidding all the world to jeer at his errors or expose the circumstance of his fall.

I have no need to tell you the minister was here only guilty *by proxy*, and that M. Dupin's excessive delicacy arose from a wish not to compromise a much more illustrious personage than M. Gasparin. Perhaps the Chamber did well to stifle the discussion, and not to drag forward the disgraceful affair into light; acknowledging that in political, as in private economy, there are many mean and filthy duties to go through, which are better performed in the congenial privacy of the ministerial closet than in the light of public day. The *Thiers*, you may remember, showed exactly the same alacrity in the business of the Lyons spy—he who went among the starving workmen, inflaming them by skilful agitation, and urging them to revolt, *and to suffer afterwards*. This affair was quickly slurred over, it was thought to be unbecoming the dignity of the court to insist or to enlarge upon so ignoble a matter. We must allow and admire these

admirable maxims of government which our lords and masters have laid down. We must only look at the splendour and beauty of the outward state edifice, and not dare to examine the foul sewers and mean passages within. If men creep into our families, and spy out our opinions, if they worry us into discontent, and denounce the treason which they have raised, we must not question or complain—the state cannot prosper without it—at least M. Gasparin says so, and M. Gasparin is an honourable man.

A notable instance of the spy system has just occurred at Strasburg. Colonel Vaudrey received a letter, which by good fortune came to him unopened, and which he communicated to his counsel. The letter ran thus—‘I am sorry your attempt has failed. Meunier has been likewise unsuccessful. Never mind; we shall have better luck the next time, and it is my turn to strike next.’ The following is the account of the affair as it is given in the Strasburg journals:—

‘M. J. Barrot rose and said, “I am sorry to interrupt the interpreter, but I cannot contain my indignation, and I wish the Court to share it with me. Colonel Vaudrey has just received a letter by the post. This letter is not signed; and it has been evidently written to meet the eyes of the Procureur-General.”—(The letter was then read.)

‘The President—I cannot interrupt the translation which has been begun. When it is finished, you may make any application you may think proper.

‘M. J. Barrot—Yes, M. President, I will make an application on the subject.

‘M. Gerard—This letter was just now brought to me, and I transmitted it unopened to Colonel Vaudrey.

‘Colonel Vaudrey—I opened it, and passed it to my counsel.

‘The President—What reason do you give for the application?

‘M. J. Barrot—It is because the lives of the prisoners are sufficiently menaced without the circumstance of so infamous a letter endangering them still more. For if the Procureur du Roi had not behaved so loyally as he has done, he might have taken an advantage of this odious proceeding.

‘The Attorney-General opposed those conclusions, the letter had no connexion with the accusation, and it will not avail itself of it.

‘M. Parquin—Gentlemen, we are surprised that the Attorney-General should oppose the conclusions which he ought to have taken himself; it is not in the name of the prisoners that I demand those documents, I demand them in the name of public order and in the name of that Sovereign for whom we

would all of us risk our lives, in order that this document do not serve in this cause any others that might arise.

‘The Attorney-General—I pay homage to the doctrine of the defender, but it does not appear to me that this incident is of such importance as he gives to it. I shall consider of it later, if I think proper, but at present the producing of it would be useless, it is not worthy of the attention of the jury and the solemnity of this audience.

‘All the Defenders—This letter is a manœuvre of the police.

‘After a five minutes’ deliberation the Court declared that as the letter had no connection with the cause, it should not be produced, unless the Attorney-General should call for it, later.’

You see that, according to the usual plan, the judge is desirous to treat the affair as a trifle, and to pass it over altogether. In Heaven’s name, can there be a more infamous treason than this? Had it been successful there could have been no reply, no pity, for the man to whom it was addressed. Just as the jury are deliberating on their verdict, and the judge upon the degree of punishment which is to be inflicted on the prisoner, this letter arrives to inflame the anger of both, and to establish the prisoner’s connexion with the murderers of the King; and yet the Procureur du Roi declares that the letter is of no sort of importance, and the judge passes it over as a trivial circumstance, which hardly merits protest or publicity! The lives of half the men in the kingdom might be ‘policed’ away in this manner, and the same argument might be repeated, the same sickening modesty assumed, and M. Gasparin or his successors would rise in the Chamber to say—‘Gentlemen, it is all for the good of the country. We must meet treason by treason; we must have spies and informers, and the best plan is to acknowledge the necessity of the system, and the less said on the subject the better.’ Such was Montalivet’s letter, and Gasparin’s defence, and the *Débats* qualifies them both this morning, as sublime instances of patriotic devotion!

I need scarcely give you the trouble of perusing a discussion of the Crown Advocate’s speech on the Strasbourg question. The ingenious functionary endeavours to show that young Bonaparte was the least guilty of the party; and strives at the same time to destroy any prejudices which the jury may entertain in behalf of the accused. If, he kindly says, the chief criminal were dead, you would not allow the others to escape; do not therefore permit any feelings of mercy to overcome you, but punish the men before you to your heart’s content. Then he proceeds to dilate on the innocence of young Bonaparte, only a tool of Vaudrey and the rest of the conspirators. It is true that he

headed the plot, and was to have the chief share of the plunder ; but he is a sweet young lad of eight-and-twenty, and has not arrived at years of discretion. Nothing can be more reasonable and just, as you will perceive, than that the young gentleman should be set free, and the punishment fall on the villains who drew him into the scrape.

I will not recur to the simile of Master Blifil and Master Jones ; but, had he lived at the present period, Thwackum would certainly have been a Doctrinaire. T. T.

P.S.—I have delayed mentioning Thiers's speech until I could couple it with the reply of M. Guizot, which is now in the course of delivery. The minister's answer cannot, however, have been very successful, for there has been a fall in the French funds, and a rumour of a change of ministry. We shall then have Soult and Sebastiani—if you remember I told you, a fortnight since, that such would be the case. The King will have any one rather than Thiers, who, when he returns to power, will return with his new liberal notions and party.

40.

M. GUIZOT'S RECANTATION—BERRYER AND THIERS —THE CHOICE OF DUPIN.

January 21,

PARIS, *January 18.*—The whole town, as you may fancy, is busy with the present stormy debates in the Chamber, which have continued '*crescendo*' since my last letter.

The great oration of Guizot, produced after three days' laborious cogitation, and intended to destroy his late colleague and his principal adversary, Thiers, is an acknowledged failure ; it did not answer its purpose on the day of delivery ; and so little, in fact, was it admired by the deputies or the press, that its honest and ingenious author thought fit publicly to recant yesterday, and in a manner to swallow all the foul words which he had delivered the day before.

The ministry was fiercely attacked by M. Berryer ; and, being the only orator of the cabinet since the departure of the ready and versatile Thiers, M. Guizot was compelled to reply in its name. Whereupon he unsaid all his sayings of Monday, and uttered a series of opinions, astonishing for their novelty and

their liberality, thus excellently proving his own words to M. Thiers on a former occasion. When asked his opinion as to intervention or non-intervention, the philosopher replied, '*On peut tenir d'une ou l'autre conduite*'—you may do one or t'other, as you please; and so he affirmed one thing on Monday, and stoutly asserted t'other thing on Tuesday.

The first speech of M. Guizot was rank Carlism, the second was purely and frankly liberal; the change in his opinions is acknowledged by all parties, and each assigns for it a different reason; it appears to me that the reason was very simple. Doubtless the opinions uttered in the first discourse are the real sentiments of the government. It insults the Spanish revolution, and detests its popular origin; it oppresses the one and calumniates the other. To destroy or to paralyze the efforts of the people, no sacrifices are too great for it, and no prevarications too mean. What does it matter to M. Guizot or his employer, that once they urged and paid a revolt in Spain, and that they are bound by repeated promises to maintain the Queen and her cause? The moment the Queen's cause became the cause of the people, the French Government gave it up. Of this fact the King's speech is an avowal, and Guizot's long discourse of Monday only an amplification.

But the Court party reckoned too much on the forbearance of the Chamber; and hence the sudden change in Guizot's politics, and the affected liberalism of his speech yesterday. Already, since the opening of the session, some very heavy blows have been dealt to the government. It was shaken in the commission, beaten on the Polish question, and deeply injured by the exposure of the scoundrelly conspiracy of Conseil. It cannot dare, altogether, to brave the public opinion, or even that faint shadow of it, which exists in the Chamber; and when Guizot's first speech failed to refute the charges of Thiers, and only to leave on the House an impression of dissatisfaction and distrust, it was resolved to soften, in some degree, the ministerial politics.

Berryer's speech was only an occasion for the change,—the minister was compelled to adopt it, and would have taken any other opportunity to recant.

The arguments, however, of the Carlist deputy produced a strong impression. You know his character and his genius, and the eccentricity of his political position which enables him to attack all parties in the house. Perhaps this is the secret of his power—he thunders on all subjects and at all sides—he has no party-passions to manage, no secrets to keep. Thiers, in attacking, is equally eloquent, and far more caustic and keen; but he is

trammelled by his old ministerial connexions,—he dare not say all that he knows—and thus his statements are garbled and incomplete—his eloquence loses its vigour, and his wit half its sting. But Berryer is quite alone and unshackled. He is the Carlist trumpet, and, like the single fifer who composed the *corps d'armée* of the illustrious *Bombastes*, Berryer is himself the 'brave army' of Legitimacy. He cannot therefore do much injury to the enemy, but he can make a great deal of noise ; and he uses unceasingly his loud but harmless instrument, of blowing alerts, and sounding 'shrill alarms,' as though he had a host at his heels. He is not unlike the poor Knight of La Mancha, whose Tory principles and honourable feelings he shares ; and he fights with just as much success, and with exactly the same share of reason. But when he forgets his Carlist whimsies, and lays aside his party Quixotisms, M. Berryer becomes a redoubtable antagonist ; he mauled M. Guizot yesterday just as the Don discomfited the barber.

'When Don Carlos entered Spain,' said M. Berryer, 'M. Thiers professed not to care for the Pretender's arrival in that country ; with a few men, a little money, and time, he declared that he could turn Don Carlos out of Spain, and compel him to return to this side of the Pyrenees. It is possible, replied I, it is even easy ; but you will never be permitted to make the attempt. You cannot intervene in Spain, for the opposition desires by an intervention ends directly opposed to those desired by the government. The Spanish question may be simply reduced to this :—Shall the government of that country be the government of a majority, tempered and regulated by a royalty or any other supreme magistracy ? or shall it be a government founded on royal right, and tempered by a majority ? It is the question in Spain, and also the question in France. The question which for six years has divided the opposition, and all the successive ministries—the great question whether the French government shall be a monarchy tempered by a majority, or a majority tempered by a monarchy ? A compromise was made between the supporters of both principles, and a year since, when Messrs. Guizot and Thiers were together in office, the two opinions were represented by the two men. It is easy to see why in the cabinet of which they formed a part, the Spanish question remained undecided. I can understand that M. Guizot was never, and M. Thiers always, in favour of intervention ; the late Prime Minister retired, because he could not execute his plan ; he retired nobly, for he retained his opinions and his independence. M. Thiers is now in the opposition, and it is his place, for he is a

revolutionist. M. Guizot is of the contrary opinion, and would establish in France the kingly government tempered by a majority. We know his principles, he has declared them many times, he avowed them in his discourse of yesterday. I trust that the honourable gentleman has sufficiently calculated the consequences and the whole meaning of his speech.' 'Yes,' said M. Guizot, smiling.

—And so he had,—he had calculated them so well, that he was obliged to come forward and deny them; but pray remark M. Berryer's admirable distinction, which characterizes completely the two men now struggling for power.

It touched so nearly M. Guizot, that he presently rose, and, in endeavouring to refute his antagonist, refuted only himself. He showed that with regard to intervention he had no opinion—nor had he until he came into office in September last; and we all know the reasons of his conversion. 'You will never be allowed to intervene in Spain,' said M. Berryer, and he spoke with only too much justice. What is the cause, and who is the cause?

Why did Soult make his public protest the other day? Why did Guizot, before indifferent as to intervention, suddenly become so convinced and so hostile? Because for the last there was an actual ministry, and the first a probable one—the price of this new opinion. The interests of a single man in France would suffer by it, and the opinions of the whole country fall before his. If the Chambers were to vote for it unanimously, as the ministers did before, the King would dissolve the Chambers, as he dissolved the Cabinet; and the country is so governed by this constitutional Monarch, that it is treason to canvass his opinions, or the causes of them. His Majesty may be threatened by the foreign powers, or he may be interested in Don Carlos, or he may dread the republican notions which are prevalent in Spain, and may injure him, the monarch 'of the best of all possible republics.' But the nation must not judge, or has no right to judge or to complain; what is certain and acknowledged, what a few days ago (when ministers were more confident) was openly vaunted, is that the King does govern the country as well as reign over it; he has secrets which he does not think fit to impart to his ministers, plans which he sacrifices his cabinet to follow; he has confidential agents, such as the worthy Monsieur Conseil, who are labouring in foreign countries for his own royal interests; and doubtless private relations with foreign powers, which it is unnecessary to communicate to the country. I wrote to you, some months since, that the intervention must be granted. Alas! I thought that the

King's interests were those of the country, I was only aware of the public reasons which might induce his Majesty to take such a step. If he has private and mysterious causes for this persevering neutrality, we have no business to raise complaints or inquiries. How can we, who are unacquainted with the springs of the royal conduct, judge his august motives or prate about the public interest? The fact only is evident, but the causes are wisely kept secret. What business has the Chamber, or the ministry, or the happy unrepresented people, to wish otherwise than the King?

If they do, there is dissolution for the Chamber, dismissal for the ministry, and a great choice and variety of correction for the people. The law and the revolution have thus admirably defined the limits of the legal power.

I may as well conclude this letter by quoting a most unconstitutional speech of M. Dupin, uttered by him in the committee for the address. It is not public, but no less true for all that. If, said the President of the Chamber, to the Doctrinaires, 'if you persist in drawing this fatal distinction, and establishing through the country only these two parties, the royalist and the republicans, I will be a republican.'

Who knows how soon he may be called upon to choose, and how many millions of people will think with him? T. T.

41.

THE VICTORY OF THE MINISTRY—THE STRASBURG VERDICT.

January 24.

Jan. 21.—If M. Thiers calculated upon any personal influence which he might possess, or any special affection in which the Chamber held him, his reflection to-day cannot be too agreeable. His majority of last session has marched over in a body to the enemy, as they will march over to the next ministry, or as they will march back to Thiers, when his Excellency shall again be in office. There are a hundred honest fellows in the Chamber, who, by the blessing of Providence, will vote for anything—royalist, republican, regicide, any side, it is all one to them; they have such a confidence in the Cæsar for the time being, and such a keen notion of the benefits of this unhesitating loyalty.

The address was carried yesterday by a majority of eighty-five ; the Spanish amendment was negatived by a nearly equal number, nor did the Opposition think fit to do battle upon any other point of the discourse. Dupin, it is true, uttered his protest upon the illegal subtraction of young Bonaparte, but it was merely for consistency's sake that he introduced these stale commonplaces as liberty and equality, of which the majority in the house knows the right value. The King spared young Napoleon, he said, just as the crowd showed favour to one of their own caste, and cried, 'Give us up Barabbas ;' and the President of the Chamber thought he had done his duty by making this fine simile and speech. I did not think of Barabbas, but I thought of Pontius Pilate speechifying from his President's chair, and washing his hands while truth and liberty were carried away to sacrifice.

After law was thus duly buried, and Dupin had pronounced its funeral oration, a smart discussion took place on the conduct of ministers in the Strasburg affair ; who, when aware of the hatching conspiracy, allowed the chiefs to assemble, the people and regiments to listen to their offers of seduction, and yet never thought fit to quell the revolt, until the conspirators, who had been for many days in the town, were actually in arms. Some persons in the Opposition had the impudence to blame the ministerial conduct, or to demand at least an explanation. But Count Molé clearly exposed the treasonable nature of such remonstrances—' *Bon Dieu !*' he cried, 'Gentlemen, do we live in civilized times ? Are we in a free country ? Who dares to ask an explanation of ministers, or to sift the mysteries of the Police ?' This noble sentiment was received by the majority with shouts and tears of delight ; they know the benefits of the revolution, and the proper rights of Frenchmen ! The police is every man's birthright, it is the universal redresser of all wrongs, and the general answerer of all questions ! What prating talker in the Chamber dare, after this, cross-question the police ? What radical rebel dare grumble ? It is now in France as in old times, if your foot should stumble against the bleeding and mangled body of Justice, make no complaints—ask no questions—but look at the superscription which it bears, and *laissez passer la police du Roi*.

The prospects and liberties of this country are truly in a flourishing condition. The press is free and people dare not write ; ministers are responsible, and yet on matters of police no man must ask a question. The law is equal and inviolable, and yet his Majesty has entire power over it.

The ministerial majority glories in every one of these facts, as has been proved within the last few days ; it avows its intention

not merely to shackle but to destroy the Radical press;¹ it admits that the measures of the police are sacred whatever they may be; it authorises the King's intervention in the laws, nay, it goes further (as the *Débats* on the Bonaparte case) and states that an occasional violation of the law is only wholesome and judicious; its health improves by it. 'Sa vertu s'en affermit'—to quote the words of Voltaire in a circumstance somewhat similar.²

One would hardly believe that in a country where there existed a show or shadow of orderly freedom, such things should be gravely advocated or permitted; and yet the newspapers will give you daily instances of the facts and the opinions. M. Guizot is continually uttering the one, and performing the other. One would hardly fancy that in a representative Chamber, containing the honesty and intelligence of the whole country, such a vote as yesterday's could pass; yet here is the fact. The King chose to break his engagement with Spain, and was so bent on breaking his promise that he dismissed a ministry who were unanimous against him, and who commanded the majority of the Chamber. Three months afterwards, the same majority in the same Chamber deserts its old leaders and opinions, and adopts the sentiments of the new cabinet only professed at about ten days' warning, when it was found that the price and condition of office was the opposition to intervention in Spain. It was only by giving itself the lie that this conscientious majority could achieve the triumph which it has just won.

But the Opposition, baffled and disappointed, does not still hold itself for beaten; on former addresses the minority has been of 30, 40, or 60 votes; in the present it mustered a body of 160 against the 240 supporters of the Ministry. A defeat still, but nevertheless a great progress. To encourage their hopes further, it was said yesterday that the arrival of that most extraordinary piece of news, the acquittal of the Strasburg prisoners, influenced the vote on the address, and added at least 30 supporters to the Ministry.

The ministerial papers pass over this strange affair in a gloomy and boding silence. The *Charte* does not condescend even to mention the circumstance; only M. Molé takes care to rise in the Chamber, hinting ominously that the present law is not sufficient, and that government will speedily bring forward measures sterner and more complete. A ministerial orator follows him, and repeats the sneers and stigmas which a govern-

¹ The Procureur's speech on the prosecution of the *Courrier Français*.

² *Candide*.

ment journal lately cast upon the jury. Perhaps, in the present instance, the Strasburg jury somewhat deserves them.

They were there to judge on a point of special justice, and not on a matter of national equity. If the King committed an act of injustice, there was no reason that the jury should repair it by another; for this monstrous verdict is an outcry of popular passion, and not a solemn sentence of the law; it is revenge, not justice. If the King will liberate princes, the people will likewise defend themselves; and here is already the consequence of the shameful and daring illegality which set Louis Bonaparte free. The people have learnt to interpose their prejudices against the action of the law; the law is lessened and degraded by coming in contact with party passions; it loses its sacredness and inviolability, and the people their best defender. For justice, the people's father, will defend them much better than the King, and all his ministers and policemen together, and it becomes them ill to throw a stain on that which should be stainless at all costs. The law should be above partiality, and beyond the meanness of revenge.

However, the Strasburg jurymen will argue that to do a great good they have only done a little wrong; and the whole country will thank them for the false verdict which has saved Laity and his companions; and the result of it will be that his Majesty, seeing the inefficiency of juries, will further dock their privileges, already cruelly curtailed. What if the people murmur or refuse to help him?—a hundred honest deputies will not be so squeamish as the rabble; there they sit—they voted the laws of September, and will vote the abolition of the jury, or anything else which M. Molé may find necessary for the safety of the King and country. Would it not be better to abolish chambers and courts of justice at once, and decide all questions by the police? The people cannot or will not judge fairly (and this is true, for the verdict in the Strasburg affair is only a patriotic lie); the Chambers only follow the will of the King, and like Panurge's sheep, wherever his Majesty jumps this faithful flock jumps after him.

Now the police would be much safer, and far more expeditious and secret; by the late occurrence in France it is only the police which is inviolable, not the law,—the brazen lying strumpet has usurped all the privileges and power of the virgin justice, and as she has them in fact, let her have them in title. It would have been much more economical and easy to have employed the same spy who was sent to track Colonel Vaudrey, to despatch that officer at a proper season; it would have avoided all the expense of a public and protracted trial, and the disappointment of a

contrary verdict: a jury is a folly. The King should give up this useless council of twelve men, and adopt another more efficacious: a Council of Ten. T. T.

42.

SOME NEW LAWS OF REPRESSION—A NEW FRENCH SIBERIA—MINISTERIAL QUARRELS.

January 28.

PARIS, *January 25.*—Some new and ingenious improvements upon the September laws have been just brought forward by the ministry. In England the measures proposed would not call for particular anger or remark; you lessen in so many instances the severity of the laws, that on those rare occasions, where it is found necessary to increase their rigour, no particular charge of cruelty would attach to the legislature. But here the government never diminishes the degree of punishment ordained by law; never for six years has a single proposal emanated from the King or his government, to give more leniency to law, or more liberty and peace to the subject. The two laws proposed yesterday are only improvements upon the present method of torturing, two further steps in the dreadful but undeviating course of intimidation which the government of this country is determined to pursue.

Where will it end? How far will the King carry his plans of popular repression, and his ideas of regal authority? We dare not hope for more lenient times, we never hear a whisper of mercy; there is never a question of pardon (except for a few princes and princesses) or of a remission of the wicked and useless laws, which madden and degrade the people. On the contrary, whenever, by a fresh crime, the people makes the only reply in its power, to the present system, though it is seen that these laws only serve to irritate and not to repress, the King persists in his favourite plan, the ministry takes advantage of each crime as it occurs, as an occasion for a new law; and as it is made a fresh opportunity for tyranny, it also becomes a fresh excitement to treason.

The Government replied to Fieschi's attack by the laws of September; it answers by the following project of a law, the late resistance of the Strasburg Jurymen.

Yesterday, in the Chamber, General Bertrand, the War

Minister, arose, and read to the assembly a long discourse, containing the following plan :—

‘Crimes and offences specified in cap. I. of the first book of the Penal Code, and by the military laws, and those of the 10th April and 24th May, 1834, shall, for the future, in case of participation or implication of military men and civilians, be prosecuted and judged separately.

‘Military men, and those considered as belonging to the same class, shall be tried by court-martial; individuals belonging to the class of civilians shall be prosecuted and tried before the ordinary tribunals.’—Laid on the table, and ordered to be printed and distributed.

The General’s speech in defence of this new law is curious from the ideas uttered by him, and the confessions which he has been obliged to make. After stating that as the soldier’s condition is peculiar, his government must likewise be extraordinary (which means that a soldier being only used as a bulldog upon the state premises, must be fed and flogged as such), he goes on to say—‘We have seen political associations formed in our cities, which drew towards them the soldiers of our regiments, and debauched them from their duty. The parties (who are aware of the existing regulations) know also how to diminish the penalties to which they are exposed, how to gain time, and to weaken the impressions which are simultaneous with the crime, and to escape from the effects of a judgment, which ought to be prompt and efficacious. There never was a case of military insurrection in which some civilians were not concerned; but still the soldier and the civilian are judged by the same court; the former is thus carried away from the natural jurisdiction of a council of war, at the very time when such a jurisdiction is most necessary, and when the nature of the crime renders it indispensable.’

It is evident that the escape of Colonel Vaudrey has deeply affected the ministry; they are disappointed of that spectacle so grateful to all good men—a military execution. Had the affair been submitted to the Colonel’s ‘natural judges,’ he must have been shot with all his comrades—Parquin, Laity, De Brue, and the rest; nay, at a pinch, the whole regiment of artillery might have been tried, condemned, and murdered, by its natural judges. They were all in arms; they all shouted ‘Vive l’Empereur!’ Then there were the Pontonniers, and the regiment of infantry quartered at Finckmatt, who indulged in similar exclamations; justice might on the most moderate computation have taken the lives of two thousand men; a delightful and edifying notion; for as justice, which is good for one, is likewise good for all, hanging

or shooting must go in the same ratio. These fellows ought to have been all marched to the ground, and shot off by companies. Such a slaughtering as this should be gratifying to a soldier's heart, who is proud of his profession, and the court-martial his 'natural protector'—it would be almost as fine as a victory of Napoleon's.

God help the poor French soldier!—he is a government brave with a reward of twopence a-day, and (if he is too poor to purchase a substitute-bravo) he has no choice as to his condition; he must submit for seven years to the slavery and the uniform, and the natural government of courts-martial. According to the butchers' code which is made for him, he must be either a murderer or a victim, as the case may be. What was poor Marin, of whom I wrote to you the other day, or the honest fellows who marched out and shot him?

And if by any blessed chance or pretext the soldier is withdrawn from this kind of government, lo! the Minister of War rises in his place and beseeches the legislature to rectify the error, and restore the soldier to the protecting bosom of his 'natural' court-martial.

The next ministerial project is of a like merciful nature. You are aware that among the many hundred political convicts which at present fill the prisons of France a greater portion have been condemned for life, or for several years to 'deportation.' The sentence of expatriation was considered as only nominal, for the excellent reason, that France possessed no colonies which could be converted into dwelling-places for state or other criminals.

However, the ministry has discovered in the Isle of Bourbon a happy valley, which would be admirably fitted for such a purpose; and proposes that it should be immediately occupied by the persons whose banishment has been, or is to be, decreed. Listen to the pastoral description of M. Rosamel; you might fancy that Mr. George Robins was occupying the tribune.

'The general softness and salubrity of the climate—(Laughter)—are quite sufficient in themselves to have called the attention of government. Salazie (so called from the high mountains which environ it, and form a circus, as it were, around it) is exempt, by its situation, from changes which are experienced in other parts of the isle. The beneficial action of the temperature—(Roars of laughter)—I say the beneficial action of the temperature, and a discovery of mineral waters which has just been made, have already drawn several families to the spot, and cause it to be much frequented as a place for convalescents.

'Among the territories in the quarter of Salazie is one which in

size is admirably adapted to the establishment which we propose to create. This territory, known under the name of the little Sand Island, is on the borders of the Mat river ; it is in extent ten hectares, it is watered by a number of fountains, and intersected by a new road, which leads to the road surrounding the island. Here it is that government proposes to construct the prison destined for the metropolitan exiles. It is to be remarked that the circle of which this place forms a part, is in itself a kind of natural prison, for to enter or quit it you must pass by the Mat river, fifteen metres broad. Thus from the very circumstance that escape is rendered difficult, we shall be enabled to free the prisoners from that rigorous sequestration which would be necessary in an open country. We propose to erect a house of detention with its appendages, a chapel, and a barrack for soldiers.'

This is as charming as a description from *Paul and Virginia* ; as rural and pleasing as Marshal Clausel's Arab eclogue, which he introduced into the description of his defeat before Constantina. With what a pictorial grace does Admiral Rosamel point out the charms of Salazie one by one ! It is frequented by the best society, though to be sure the prisoners cannot partake of it ; it is laved by countless streams, and by mineral waters ; it has a delightful 'new road,' which of course the prisoners may follow at their will ; and as for the climate, it is '*ver perpetuum atque alienis mensibus æstas.*' There is a palace for the prisoners' dwelling, a chapel for their devotions, and a guard of honour to attend them—Louis Philippe himself has no more.

Now the plain English of M. Rosamel's speech is this : our prisons are filled with hundreds of discontented men, whose punishment only awakens sympathy, and whose opinions are shared by the people. We dare not keep them in the country, to inspire compassion for their sufferings, to give example by their courage, to furnish leaders and opponents in the event of an escape or a revolt. When they escape they only meet with kindness and aid ; when the law fails to condemn them the whole country applauds. If we find military men amongst the rebels, we must give them over to military tribunals, who will show them no mercy. With civilians we will be as severe as we may : we will drive them from the country, we will smother their complaints, and make the people forget their cause, and even their names. Here, though perpetually imprisoned, politically dead, they speak as it were from their tombs, they only create fresh disciples by their martyrdom, and perpetuate the cause which we would kill. As long as they are here the people will only pity and follow them, when they are gone it may perhaps forget them.

And therefore the government seeks out for a French Siberia ; nor is this the only point in which it follows the Russian model. The Chamber will no doubt accede to these laws—I have said before it will accede to anything. It will light the government step by step on its way towards despotism, if the government should be inclined to march so far, and will desert the government in the next step downwards, which is revolution.

As long as the law of elections in France remains in its present form, the government must have all the power, the Chambers must obey it, and the people, ruled nominally by the one, must be at the mercy of the other.

I told you some days since that the ministry, in its present condition, could not stand—it carries the seeds of dissolution in itself. As for the Chamber of Deputies, after a little schooling, you will find that the minorities will grow still more feeble, and the ministerial supporters increase daily. The Chamber has a natural appetite for the good things of the ministry, and will readily swallow the hook for the sake of the bait upon it. It is useless to repeat the rumour of intrigues and petty vanities which in the present instance will cause the change in the cabinet. M. Gasparin must, however, go out ; it is not improbable that M. Guizot will follow him, and it is almost certain that Marshal Soult will return to office ; for the two latter worthies do not at all agree.

With regard to the affair of Meunier, all we know is that arrests are continually made, although the man himself persists that he had no associates in his crime.

T. T.

43.

January 31.

PARIS, *January 28.*—Nothing of interest in the country or the Chamber has occurred since I last wrote ; the latter has been occupied with a discussion of the authority granted to mayors of communes, which the government, on its usual plan, is disposed to curtail. The cabinet desires that the prefect of the department should possess more than the power of veto which has hitherto been accorded to him, and that the mayors should attempt to execute no measure of municipal reform or economy which does not emanate from the prefect's office. The affair, as you will see, is of very little interest to you in England ; it only shows that the government is disposed to enter into its plan of repression by detail, have sufficiently exercised it in a grand scale—the rights of Frenchmen as citizens and members of the state are already at

the mercy of the administration—their little harmless privileges in their villages and communes, the regulations of their homes and families, are to be given over to the same guardianship.

All these measures of centralization, which make the mayors to depend absolutely on the prefects, the prefects on the cabinet, and the cabinet on the King, might be admirable in a despotic monarchy, where the sovereign was recognized as the governor of the law as well as the nation ; but the system can be little better than ruin to any people professing to live under a constitution. It reduces the qualities of a citizen to a mere shadow and absurdity ; he cannot speak, except with the approbation of the government ; he cannot consult his own interests without the permission of the prefect, who considers them for him. The prefect, too, has his orders and his superiors ; he receives his commands directly from the minister, and you very well know who commands the minister—the man who got rid of Lafitte and Lafayette, and turned out Thiers, who reminded him of a promise which he did not choose to fulfil.

Suppose the King of England was to have an army of half a million, all depending upon him for patronage, and pay, and promotion ; suppose he had two hundred thousand places to distribute among one hundred thousand men, who only, among thirty millions, enjoyed the elective privilege—suppose he could say to the meanest officer of the smallest village, you must receive your orders from the mayor of the market town, and the mayor from the high sheriff, and the high sheriff from the minister, and the minister from ME—you would hardly call this a constitutional government in England, I think you would call it a despotism—if not, the Emperor of Russia is only the head of a democratic government, and the Emperor of Morocco a republican king.

The gracious sovereign who governs these realms is evidently of this opinion ; his Chambers are at his will, his Ministers will adopt or deny all sentiments at his Majesty's orders ; and for his people, why, they are the most contented, easy, careless, happy dogs who were ever governed ; witness the revolt at Vendôme, the rebellion of Strasbourg, the deaths of Fieschi and Alibaud, the slaughter at Lyons, and the murders of the Rue Transnonain.

Another project of law has been read in the Chamber of Peers, it visits with punishment and imprisonment any person who, being aware of any projected attempt against the King and his government, does not instantly make public the conspiracy ; it is hard to say whether this and the law for the communes, to which I have above alluded, will pass ; the opposition journals stoutly say no ; I fear the government papers are right.

And here are the only news of the day ; they will account for the brevity of this letter, for it is useless to enlarge upon a subject of which you, in England, must be already tired. A man who has to relate events, as they occur in this country, has unfortunately but few other themes of discourse. He can only give catalogues of government aggressions, or retail the miserable scandal of cabinet quarrels and intrigues ; or, if he has to speak of circumstances in which THE PEOPLE take a share, it is only to enumerate the fresh grievances which are laid upon them, or to record some wild attempt at murder, or some lawless burst of insurrection. They are the only dreadful means which are left to the nation to express its opinion or its discontent. T. T.

44.

February 3.

PARIS, *January 31*.—Perhaps the most important event which has occurred within the last month, is the heroic conduct of M. Coulmann, and the letter he has written.

Coulmann is a deputy, and was invited to a certain grand ball given at Court ; but on arriving on the night of the festival, *La Garde qui veille à la Porte du Louvre* requested the deputy to retire, as the coat which he wore was not sufficiently laced and ornamented to allow him to appear in the presence of the King.

Coulmann, in his simple black coat, retired in wrath, and the next morning addressed a flaming letter to the journals, stating his indignation and his surprise that a gentleman should be refused an entrance to the Tuileries, unless he were tricked out like a mountebank or a marquis of the old regime.

The small papers published here have seized this circumstance, and made dreadful war on the Government for this new infringement on the rights of subjects ;—people have been to Court in coats borrowed from the masquerade shops ; the whole town views the affair with a universal sneer, and the miserable attempt at Court etiquette causes as much angry conversation as the defeat before Constantina.

There is no doubt that a man in a pig-tail, with a sword between his legs, and bundles of lace and rags covering his knuckles and his breast, is a graceful and noble object to behold ; and that royalty would lose half its splendour if deprived of such jewels as these. Thank Heaven, his Majesty has had the courage to make a stand at last—to restore the chivalrous customs of ancient times—to cleanse the prostrate crown of the mud in which he happened to find it—to gather his nobles around him, and to

rally them round the pig-tail of legitimacy. You may depend upon it (for I have the news from the highest authority, and no other journal will announce the fact except the *Constitutional* and the *Morning Post*), that it is his Majesty's intention to forsake the wig which he at present wears, and to adopt a handsome periwig, powdered and frizzled as in the best days of royalty. Thank Heaven, I say, that there is a chance of seeing the old monarchical splendour restored to France once more. Perhaps you will object that the present sovereign, being illegitimate, the institutions which he is desirous to establish can only be base forgeries and imitations of royalty; but be assured, that if his Majesty cannot re-establish the real thing, he will arrange something so like it as would deceive the closest observer.

Thus, he has five sons and three daughters. Would you, in the best days of the monarchy, have looked for anything more noble than the manner in which he intends to provide for them? He proposes that the nation should endow them all and severally; a million for one, five hundred thousand a year for another, and so on.

The castle, the estates, and forests of Rambouillet are to be handed over to the Duke de Nemours; the Queen of the Belgians is to be paid her million, and all the other princes and princesses, and, no doubt, all their offspring, are to be similarly portioned by the nation. Admire the wonderful genius of this man! He had, in his own private purse, the largest fortune in Europe; he has got possession of the Prince of Condé's property likewise; he has seized upon the estates belonging to the exiled family, in whose royal shoes he has stepped; and with all this demands a million of money from the nation to pay the marriage portion of his daughter! Speak of fatherly affection after this! Was there ever such an instance of paternal love as is exemplified by this magnanimous sovereign? Talk no more of tender pelicans feeding their young with their own blood; this kind of tenderness is only a *pis aller*. Who would feed their children with their own blood, when they could procure that of other people? I say, that you may search through history, and you will never find a father who has so provided for his family; never read of a man who has exercised so nobly that great virtue of charity—which beginneth at home.

The *Charte*, in treating of the question of appanage, argues the point in the following appropriate manner:—

'The civil list and the income of the crown are personal to the King; they were conceded to him in order to maintain the splendour of the throne. We ask all men of good faith, did ever Prince make a more noble use of the revenues confided to him?

‘But are the King’s children strangers to us? Have they not, like their father, received the baptism of the revolution of July? Have they not become the children of France? Is it not absurd to suppose that we have no interest in the alliances which they may contract; that princes, to whom the constitution reserves eventual rights to the throne, are merely private individuals, whose affairs do not concern us? If they hold from us this political rank, it is also evident that they should receive from us the means properly to maintain it.

‘It ought to be clearly established then, as a principle, that the royal family belongs to France, that the country has taken charge of their destinies, over which it will watch as over its own. What! when absolute kings did so much for the princes of their blood, shall we refuse to maintain the princes of our election? Shall we consent to break the bands which unite the King to the nation, to separate in our respectful affection the King and his children, to treat with cold indifference the princes who are the hope of the country?

‘Before such considerations, what, we ask, are the miserable calculations of economy? as if France were not rich enough to give a million to the Queen of the Belgians, or to grant an appanage to the Duke of Nemours!

‘It would be easy for us to bring forward many other arguments in favour of the plan proposed by the President of the Council, but we abstain from them to-day, as we shall have, no doubt, occasion to return to the subject.’

Now you would fancy from this ingenious argument that the King had not a penny in the world to keep his children from starving; that when he was born (on the 7th of August, 1830) his Majesty came into the world quite naked, without an acre of land, or a shilling in the stocks, and nothing but his innocence and poverty to recommend him.

The question then is, with due reverence for the honest author of the above paragraph, not whether the nation is rich enough to give a million to the Queen of the Belgians, but whether the King is rich enough? Good God! there are thirty thousand Frenchmen starving at Lyons! five thousand miserable Poles, whose meagre monthly pittance is daily and pitilessly reduced; there are five thousand French soldiers and officers in Spain, allured thither by the promises of the government, and left to starvation and disgrace—and yet the writer in the *Charte* brags of the prosperity of France, and its ability to bestow millions upon two young people who have millions of their own! If Louis Philippe and his family are to be pensioners upon the nation, let them at least

give up to it their own private wealth and means. I met, the other day, a poor Pole, who, because he had found means of earning a few pounds monthly, which were sufficient for his support, gave up the government subsidy: 'It was intended for the poor men,' he said, 'it would be dishonest for independent men to receive it.' And yet here is a man who can count his income by millions, and does not blush to ask for more.

It has been generally agreed, I believe, that a monarchy is the best government for the people; it would be dangerous in this country to argue the point; at least you will allow that we give rather an exorbitant price for the benefit we enjoy, and pay somewhat dearly for our whistle.

T. T.

45.

February 8.

PARIS, *February 5.*—Although there have been no facts to record during the last three or four days, there have been rumours in plenty. Every man has brought a fresh report of Guizot's retirement, and of the speedy arrival of Marshal Soult. Yet although the Marshal has not received his constable's sword, nor has M. Guizot resigned his portfolio, a few days, if I mistake not, will see the triumph of the one and the final retreat of the other. And although the change may be trifling, it will at least be beneficial to the country in dismissing from its government M. Guizot and his crew—the daring political quacks who seized upon the infant revolution, distorted its natural movements and strength, dragged and destroyed its honest health, and left it in its present maimed and puling condition. One would never have thought that his Majesty's speech on the opening of Parliament could have produced such a wonderful effect; and yet, so it is—the careful significance of the oration has here found a most important meaning, and the French doctrinaires have been well nigh drowned by Lord Melbourne's flood of milk and water.

For the people here are so unaccustomed to plain speaking and dealing, so used to hints and innuendoes and omissions, that purely because the English government forgot or disdained to make any mention of the French alliance and ministry, the whole country is astonished at the bitterness of the neglect, and cries out at the eloquence of the reproach. I am sure that Lord Melbourne's silence has hurt M. Guizot more, than the most brilliant harangues of M. Thiers, or all the furious talking of the opposition; and thus if all that has been said in the Royal speech goes for nothing, that which has been unsaid, has on the contrary a most emphatic

meaning. The conduct of the Ministry and the Tory opposition in England has at least done this good, to expose and stigmatize the mean Jesuitism of the government here, in its paltry attempts to get rid of the Spanish question ; the quadruple treaty binds us no more than France, and yet all parties in England agree that the plighted honour of the nation (whatever its interests may be) demands that the past should be maintained for benefit of the Queen of Spain. The French cabinet may expound the meaning of the treaty, and show that though they promised aid, they were by no means bound to keep their promise ; and the Chamber of Deputies has discussed and confirmed this honourable maxim ; it is a pity that before they came to a determination they had not been furnished with the precedent of another ministry and another chamber which had to canvass the meaning of the same words, and gave them so different an interpretation. It is too late, I suppose, for the chamber to retreat, and the ministry has very good reasons for maintaining its opinion ; but the nation has not such convincing reasons for shuffling as have been given to the cabinet, which will take a very different view of the question. The King's speech and the vote on it, prove at any rate, that that is a binding oath across the Channel, which is here only an idle ceremony of words, uttered by Louis Philippe, or withdrawn by him as it suits his pleasure.

It is pretty generally believed that the Separation Bill will not pass the Chamber of Deputies, but that revolters, civil and military, will continue to be tried by the same tribunal. As for the Municipal Bill of which I wrote in my last, it is proceeding rapidly towards completion, and will meet with no opposition in the Peers—which triumph will recompense the ministry for its anticipated defeat in the other question. Nay more, a great patriot and admirer of the present humane system of government proposes, in case of the failure of the Separation Bill, to bring forward another, with this slight difference, that both soldiers and civilians, in cases of revolt, shall be tried by courts-martial. This may be called an amendment with a vengeance, and proves fully that loyal appetite for summary justice and martial, or rather provost-marshal law, which so eminently distinguishes the legislators now in power. Good heavens ! what noble opportunities have been lost during the past six years, for putting into execution this admirable system, this relic of 'the antique monarchy,' the great object of admiring imitation to the government of July. There would have been no need of establishing colonies in the Isle of Bourbon, or filling prisons in France, or feeing useless lawyers to procure exculpatory verdicts—there would have been

no complaints, or escapes, or sympathy :—we ought to have had these people quietly shot, and then the government of July would have reposed peacefully and undisturbed, founded by popular love, and guarded by strong law—properly showing to the people that because a rebellion prospered on the 29th of July, there is no cause why it should flourish on the 4th of April,—at least the spirit of imitation is dangerous, and hanging or shooting is thought to be the only remedy for it.

You have this noble doctrine expounded thrice a week by M. Foufrede, in the columns of the *Paix*, which (as its name indicates) is the most ferocious advocate of the repressive system. He cries out daily for fresh laws, fresh authority for the King, and fresh rigour for the Radicals. He attacks the speech of M. Dupin as a monstrous display of daring Radicalism ; whereas it was but a harmless ebullition of oratorical froth ; he fulminates against the decree of the Strasburg jurymen, and calls down wo and ruin on the country where such things are.

But this ingenious and voluminous M. Foufrede, who calls out so loudly about popular discontent and treason, only points out the means (and what means !) for their repression, and forgets the causes of their existence. He shows how the Strasburg jury broke their oath and violated justice ; but he forgets who showed them the example. If the jury broke their oath to the law, they kept their honour with the country ; the man who set free young Bonaparte made himself independent of one and the other. If the people are discontented, is it the duty of government to punish it or remove it ? If their method of showing their discontent is unlawful, is it the fault of the people ? They are injured and they complain ; they are oppressed, and they resist as they may. They meet in secret companies because they dare not openly assemble together ; they resort to armed rebellion and to assassination, because they have no legitimate means of exposing their griefs ; they have no remedy, no hope, each successive government treats the people as its enemy, creates fresh barriers of separation, and attempts new means of oppression.

So that the system has gone so far as to settle and determine this separation between the people and the government in France. The one is not, as it should be, the emanation of the other, acting for its interests, and speaking with its voice—the government, on the contrary, is the people's master, not its servant. The King might change the ministry a dozen times, and would, if his royal interests so required ; but if he chose to recal M. de Polignac, or to establish the Inquisition, the people could not appeal—their anger would be as little regarded, and as much punished, as it is

now. A hundred thousand men only possess the right and the power to remonstrate, and their very position renders their honesty impossible. The thirty millions behind them can give them no bribes and places, as the government can; and you see, in consequence, that their deputies vote for every minister as he comes, and every measure; the majority follows M. Thiers, and waits on M. Molé; it votes the state of siege, and the laws of September, and I do believe would vote the Inquisition, if his Majesty were pleased to ordain it.

You can hardly say, that with this series of repressive laws the people has had anything to do—that it would put a bit in its own mouth, and fetters on its own hands; that the people dislike the power to meet or to read, consents to penal laws, longs for an opportunity of bestowing millions upon the King's family, prefers to be pestered by government functionaries, bullied by the government army, and tracked by policemen! God forbid that the present holders of power should be the people's representatives; that the 30 millions were so degraded and dishonest as to require these laws, and regiments, and policemen to menace them! It is not the people who need this defence—it is the government. And there can be no greater stigma cast upon the ministry and the King, than the avowal that such measures are necessary; that is, that the government would perish without them.

Thus the government and the governed are in a state of open hostility; and though the prisons and the bayonets and the spies in France are on the government side, it is no small confession of weakness in the reigning party to allow that they have no other means of safety than the measures which they employ. This necessity and condition of tyranny, on which the King holds his throne, implies the existence and the power of the popular enmity which he has to govern and overcome. As I said before, he has the prisons, the army and the policemen; but the prison walls have held many men of many parties in France, and the army has served many masters. Louis Seize and Egalité, Cadoudal and Ney marched out of the same gaol, perhaps, each to suffer for his different creed, and the army supported and deserted each in its turn.

T. T.

46.

SPANISH AFFAIRS—M. DUPIN'S EXPLANATIONS—
M. CLAUSEL'S RECAL—M. SALVANDY'S PATRIOTISM.

February 18.

PARIS, *February 15*.—We are here awaiting very eagerly the operations in Navarre, which are to end the Carlist war. Espartero has a million of rations, and has made about the same number of representations to his government. Sarsfield has published proclamations, and sacked money; and General Evans, in that affecting letter to the Westminster electors, has shown the wonders he intends to perform with the Westminster grenadiers. But the General's plans all relate to the future, or rather to that ingenious and indefinite period of time which is called by grammarians the *paulo post futurum*—for it was said last month that operations were to commence on the 20th of January; they were then deferred to the 4th of February; then to the 10th, and so on. All that we know is, that nothing is done as yet; that the good effects of the Bilbao affair are wearing fast away, and that the Carlists have had time to fortify their lines, and prepare for the attack which is to fall on them some day or other.

In a letter which I received from Bayonne, the other day, at least one satisfactory circumstance is mentioned, namely, that the Queen's government had sent down bills for the payment of the troops, and, what is more strange, that these bills had been immediately discounted on the place of Bayonne. Some Carlist troops have had the audacity to chalk the walls of Durango with epigraphs, proclaiming 'death to Don Carlos,' and 'long life to the Constitution,' whereat the Don was so frightened that he removed his royal residence to Tolosa, or passed his time in travelling between that place and some other villages in his royal and loyal provinces.

There are strange rumours afloat here that Don Carlos and his amiable relative, the Duchess of Berri, have addressed, severally, letters to the King of the French (for the time being). The Duchess entreats his Majesty, and with much reason, to look around him, and examine the consequences of his reign and system. See, says she, your army is ready to fly from you, the whole country is undermined by secret conspiracies, which at any moment may burst and destroy you; your only safety is in a compromise with those who, as they have a right to the throne, possess also the affections of the people, who, in event

of treason, have friends abroad who will repel it, friends who are the secret but zealous enemies of your Majesty. Don Carlos, or rather 'Don Quixote,' however, writes in a much higher strain; he calls upon the usurping musician, who has seized and governs these realms, instantly to yield them up, or, lo! Don Carlos will march down upon him—and then what chance is there for poor France? Wo betide the windmills when the Don couches his lance, and puts his charger to the gallop.

Perhaps it is in the event of being ousted from his actual quarters that Don Carlos meditates his invasion. General Evans proposes to put him beyond the pale of law; but the most important point is to place him beyond the Spanish frontier; and when will this be done? Never until General Evans has the opportunity to do something more than write letters to his constituents; until the Count of Luchana has ceased to brag of the Bilbao affair, in which he took no more share, and deserves no more credit, than the private who charged at his side; until justice be done on the brigand Alaix, and until the mystery and humbug which preside over all the measures of the Spanish Government be detected and destroyed.

For it requires no great wisdom to see that there is a secret influence which directs, or rather misdirects, the affairs of the country. Cordova could not fight, or would not. Rodil, 'the child of battle,' as he modestly called himself when placed in the chief command of the army against Gomez, instantly became no better than Cordova—the 'child of battle' kept at a most respectful distance from his father. Next came Alaix, a coward and sluggard first, and then an open rebel. And the only honest or capable man in the army, Narvaez, is an exile at Cuenca. His disgrace was certain as soon as his honesty was known. A Spanish gentleman in Paris, a sharer and a sufferer in the late wars in the country, said to me at the time of Narvaez's success at Los Arcos, 'His doom is sealed, he will never be allowed to conquer again. This man is too honest for us.' The event has only proved the justice of the prediction.

In the meantime the ministry at Madrid is pluming itself on its victory over the Catalonian deputies; these men were disposed to take the Constitution in earnest, and bitterly remonstrated with the Cabinet, at the evident favour shown to the officers who supported the *estatuto rial*. Sergeant Garcia threatens to explain the cause of the revolution of La Granja, and the persons who employed him. The government, under pretence that there is no further need of the national militia, disarms and disembodies that force, although the Carlist bands are swarming throughout the

country, and a large body of rebel troops are ready for an incursion into Castile. This invasion will be either the result of their victory in Navarre, or the last resource after their defeat. In the Court of the Queen, as in that of the Pretender, there seems to be no union, no principle. One and the other are jobbed by adventurers, or driven hither and thither by secret societies. It is a long time since the Queen has been strong enough to intrigue for herself; she is either led by the English party, or blinded by the French party, or bullied by the superior treachery of Mendizabal. The only consolation is, that the Pretender fares no better. I do believe his party would expire of itself: but when the last Carlist shall leave the country, the war will still be unconcluded: the great struggle which is going on all over the world, and which only in our own country seems to promise a peaceful issue, the struggle between power and people.

I have written so much on Spanish matters, that you may suppose that there is little of interest in French affairs; and so it is. Since my last letter the Chamber has been occupied chiefly with a discussion of the points of municipal law, voted for ministers, as you will have seen, by a large majority. The ticklish questions of the appanages, and the law of disjunction, have not been brought forward as yet, and the education question, which was to have elicited some brilliant oratory from M. Guizot, has likewise been deferred in consequence of the illness of the minister's son.

The war between M. Dupin and Marshal Clausel has concluded without bloodshed, as may be imagined. The worthy president will have on all occasions his privilege of small-talk, and, after the Parthian method, fires and runs away. In speaking of the late disaster at Constantina, he indulged in a long dissertation on the Jugurthian war of Sallust, and showed how the Roman governor, Calpurnius Bestia, was bribed by the worthy tributary, Jugurtha—hence came defeat and disgrace to the arms of Rome. Marshal Clausel begged an explanation of the president's speech, and desired to know its meaning. This was precisely the point on which M. Dupin would not yield, and far from replying (as no honest man will 'upon compulsion'), the president favoured the marshal with another long letter upon Numidian antiquities, upon the character of Calpurnius, as admirably depicted by Sallust, the affairs of Rome at the period, and the subsequent tyranny of Marius. It is always M. Dupin's plan. He makes a speech, and does not trouble himself about the consequences; if his assertions are false, let others contradict him; if they bring him into trouble, M. Dupin runs away. Luckily at the moment, when the

Marshal insisted on an explanation, some friends of the parties interfered, and these two distinguished patriots are at present at peace.

But Marshal Clausel has lost his government, and why? Because he is too liberal—because he failed in his Constantina expedition, and because the Doctrinaires would not give him the means of success. His government of the French colony was popular and wise. He met, however, with a disaster, which is not attributable to his fault, but is an excellent reason for his disgrace. All the honest servants of the King have been treated in a similar fashion, why should Marshal Clausel be more lucky than Lafayette and Lafitte? Accordingly that celebrated warrior, the Duke of Orleans, is to command the future expedition; his valour and experience are to remedy the errors of the Marshal. Furthermore, the Duke is to have the command in chief of the army, and perhaps of the National Guard. In case of any accident which may happen in his absence, M. Guizot says he will answer for the tranquillity of the country—and of course there can be no doubt that the country will be tranquil, when we have M. Guizot's word for the same.

M. Gauguier is about to renew his proposition for excluding all public functionaries from the Chamber of Deputies. You may imagine what success the honourable gentleman's proposal will meet, when (according to the statistics of the *Constitutional*) there are no less than 176 State officers at present in the Chamber. These noble and disinterested men, who view all ministers with a like patriotic impartiality, and vote for each in its turn, will hardly, I should think, consent to M. Gauguier's mad proposal, and quarrel with their own bread and butter. They hold office because they are Deputies, or they are Deputies because they hold office; their votes are the interest which they pay to Government for their places; and their places, as it were, the percentage of their patriotism. If they support the Government, the Government supports them in its turn; and surely it is a fair and honourable exchange. In fact, how could his Majesty's government continue, if 170 of its supporters were withdrawn all of a sudden? The greatest benefits and blessings enjoyed at present by the country are owing entirely to them. The public debt would have been reduced but for their forbearance, and the Five per Cents converted; the American subsidy would never have been paid, but for them, and the unhappy people ruined who had bought up the debt.¹ The Quadruple

¹ An American correspondent of the *National* showed that the American debt was entirely brought about by Frenchmen, and declared that the Orleans

Treaty would have remained in force, but for their ingenious arguments ; the laws of September would never have been voted but for their enlightened patriotism.

Let it not be said, then, that they present an obstacle to the welfare and good government of the country ; for how is that an obstacle which never opposes anything ? They vote for everybody. They supported Thiers yesterday and Guizot to-day, and to-morrow they are ready to return to Thiers, should his Majesty be disposed to recal him !

Let no man talk of loyalty who does not know M. de Salvandy. In Charles the Tenth's time he was one of a commission who were called upon to reconstruct the military law. He and M. Molé showed that it would be unconstitutional to separate in certain cases the soldier from the civilian ; and now this very Salvandy, and this very Molé, are ready in the same chamber to eat their former words, to swear that what was white then, is perfectly black now ; to remove the soldier from the civil jurisdiction, and hand him over to the tender mercies of a court-martial—a noble and touching instance of devotion, which shows that a good man should not hesitate to sacrifice his honour, and give himself the lie, for the benefit of his king and country.

T. T.

family were the chief holders. The Chamber at first refused to vote the sum, but the King promised payment, and of course the Chambers yielded.

TO THE READERS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL, *July 1, 1837.*

THE *Constitutional* makes its appearance this morning for the last time. The mourning border which it so recently put on¹ was but the shadow of the coming event; and the black margin is this day worn with a double significance. We can estimate the feeling of the gentleman who once walked at his own funeral.

This journal has been in existence for upwards of nine months. It was started at what seemed to some to be an auspicious period; the newspaper stamp duty being reduced on the day of its appearance. That this change did not promise any material advantage, in the opinion of the political conductor of the *Constitutional*, was evident from his opening article, in which the fatal influence of the penny stamp was predicted and exposed. Still there appeared at the time a fair chance of accomplishing what had been held to be impracticable—the establishment of an entirely independent, a thoroughly Radical morning newspaper—a journal that should aim not merely at gratifying the tastes of the few, but at advocating the interests of all—that should be free from party bias, and bent only on advancing the welfare and the liberties of the people.

This hope has proved a forlorn one. Why? The adverse circumstances have been various. In the philosophy of ill-luck it may be laid down as a principle, that every point of discouragement tends to one common centre of defeat. When the fates do concur in one's discomfiture their unanimity is wonderful. So has it happened in the case of the *Constitutional*. In the first place, a delay of some months, consequent upon the postponement of the newspaper stamp reduction, operated disadvantageously on the minds of many who were originally parties to the enterprise; in the next, the majority of those who remained faithful were wholly inexperienced in the art and mystery of the practical working of an important daily journal; in the third, and consequent upon the other two, there was the want of those abundant

¹ Owing to the death of William IV.

means, and of that wise application of resources, without which no efficient organ of the interests of any class of men—to say nothing of the interests of that first and greatest class whose welfare has been our dearest aim and most constant object—can be successfully established. Then came further misgivings on the part of friends, and the delusive undertakings of friends in disguise. Then came the *I will if you will* of the Radical leaders, which, of course, ended, according to the old English interpretation, in *We will not*. Much advice was subscribed, and little money. Everybody admitted that the *Constitutional* was essential to the well-being of the Radical cause, and very generous and eloquent were the suggestions for its improvement. It was frankly owned that the opportunity once lost might not occur again, but nobody stepped forward to convert that opportunity into a golden one. Many could not, more would not, and a few only performed in a very partial degree the duty which was acknowledged to be imperative upon all. Reported speeches were plentiful, and supplies scanty. The result was, that means were wanting—notwithstanding the chivalrous devotion of one gentleman whom it would be our pride, were we permitted, to name—to render the Radical journal an efficient and comprehensive vehicle for *news*, so as to adapt it to the wants of the classes on whose support it was dependent. It was increased to a size more than ample, had it been duly filled—yet it did not contain what was required. It incurred expenses for Parliamentary reports, which the sense of justice, or the notions of practical wisdom, of its Parliamentary friends, did not recompense; it ventured upon an expenditure for a foreign express (an exactly equal expense being shared among its five morning contemporaries, who excluded it from their arrangements) which its Radical readers could not immediately appreciate. In short, a sign of spirit only tended to dispirit those who should have been encouraged by the display; and in the meantime the necessary means of making, not merely the character, but the existence of the paper known among the Radical classes in all parts of the kingdom, were diminished to an unavailing heap. Then, came the general want of confidence, that cessation of the essential spring and impulse of enterprise, which such a state of things must necessarily induce; and finally, a resolution on the part of the few on whom the active duties had indecently been allowed to devolve, to discontinue the difficult, but not, they hope, the inglorious struggle.

In this hope the Editor of the *Constitutional* anxiously participates. For himself and all who have shared his labours, he may be permitted to entertain some slight trust, that the struggle

has not been utterly inglorious, as he is persuaded it has not been absolutely fruitless. He has only intruded upon the reader explanations which some may think superfluous or indelicate, with the view of vindicating from all suspicion of weakness the great cause of Radicalism, which this journal has consistently, although feebly, supported. If the *Constitutional* have rendered no service to its cause while living, its conductors would fain prevent it from injuring that cause in dying. The failure of this journal must not be mistaken for the symptom of a want of Radical spirit in the country. We have frankly stated to what the discomfiture is attributable. The field is in the possession of the monopolists who flourished during the old stamp-laws. The Millions are sufficiently wealthy, but not sufficiently combined, to establish a paper inculcating their own creed against such practised and powerful competitors; they are not wanting in spirit, but in system, while too many of those who dictate to them are wanting in both. That others will follow in our steps, and succeed better, we are assured—that this will be done speedily we believe—and happy should we feel if to this we could add a hope, that our own example and our own exertions had hastened on the day, whose dawn shall be brightened indeed by the rise of a Radical journal, destined to endure, as the advocate and representative of all who, in Parliament, can boast but of slender advocacy and no direct representation.

Is it necessary to prolong this leave-taking? If we write a long farewell, it is only because we have not leisure to frame a short one. Our chief aim is to warn both Whig and Tory that their joy over a Radical failure is in danger of being speedily followed by a lamentation over Radical triumphs. We have lived to see many a 'crisis,' but the present is most pregnant with good omen for the people. We stand upon a point whence the unquiet and stormy past is contrasted with the streaks of clear light that break through the future and promise a fair day. Property will yet be safe—safer than it has ever been, for Labour will have her reward, and it will then need fewer of those guards in which so much of danger and mischief are invariably centred.

The Editor of the *Constitutional* may perhaps be pardoned for adverting to a promise which he has with unceasing care endeavoured to fulfil. The *Constitutional*, Radical though it be, and therefore vulgarized in the eyes of the artificially refined among both parties in the state, has adopted and adhered to a mode of political warfare, not less polite and civilized, it is hoped, than that of its more influential and accomplished contemporaries. It will be something if we have helped to show, that Radical

politics may be written without rudeness ; and that the interests of the working classes may be advocated in language, less brutally insulting than that which is too much in favour with their oppressors. If we could hope for a good word it would be this—that we ‘have done our spiriting gently,’ and have called things by their right names without nicknaming those who have mis-called them.

To many men of honour and station out of Parliament we owe various obligations, and are grateful ; to several of our contemporaries, some of them our opponents, we are indebted for much courtesy, and gladly acknowledge it ; to our readers and correspondents, especially, our truest and most fervent thanks are due, for extreme indulgence and generous consideration, under circumstances of deficiency which, allowing of no explanation, seemed to admit of no excuse.

Our best wishes may be comprised in two cordial ones :—To the young QUEEN, a long reign and a merry one ; to the People—the Franchise, with Lord DURHAM for a minister.

THE END

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